INTERMAG

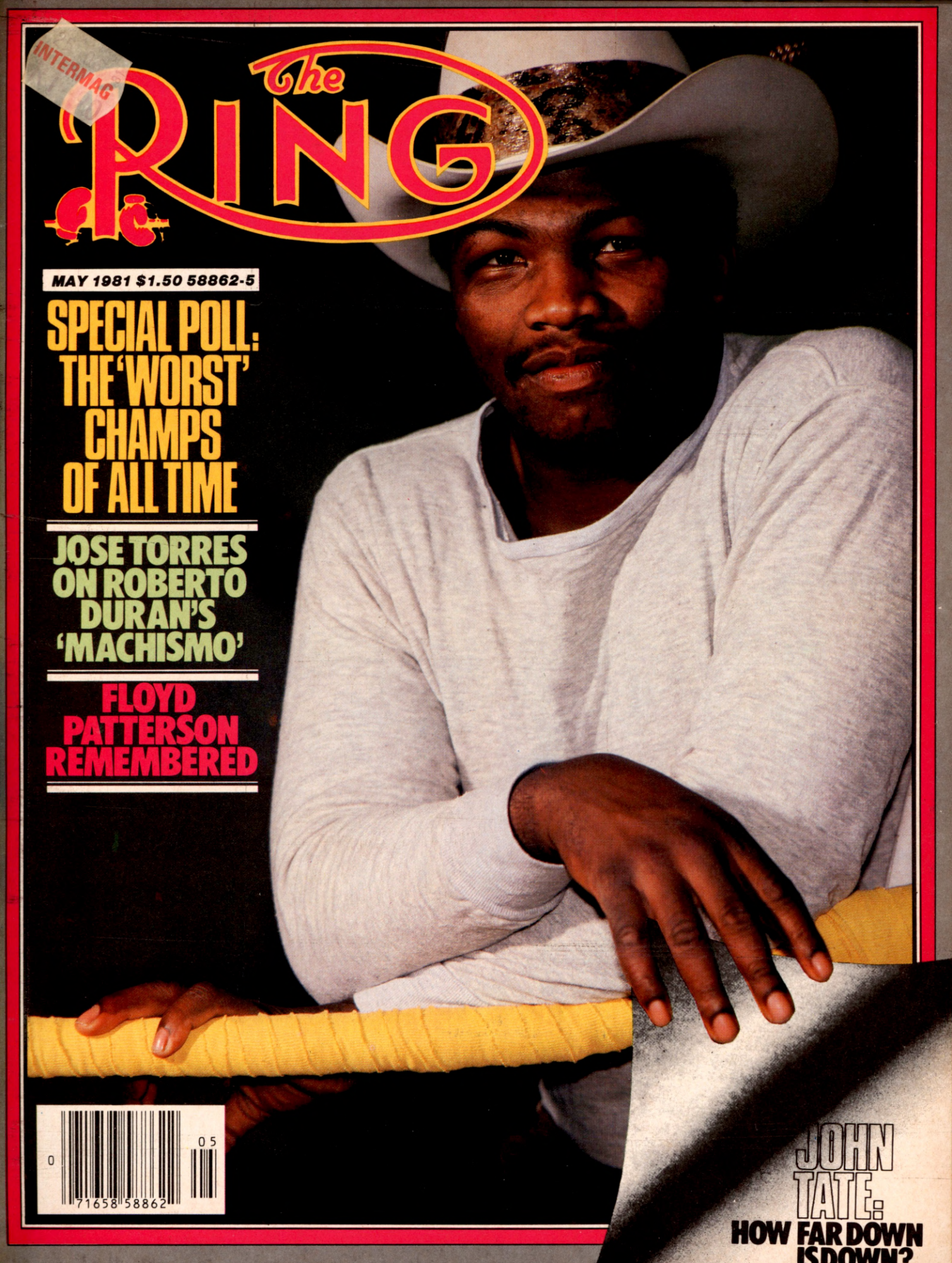
The RING

MAY 1981 $1.50 58862-5

SPECIAL POLL: THE 'WORST' CHAMPS OF ALL TIME

JOSE TORRES ON ROBERTO DURAN'S 'MACHISMO'

FLOYD PATTERSON REMEMBERED



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The RING

"THE BIBLE OF BOXING"

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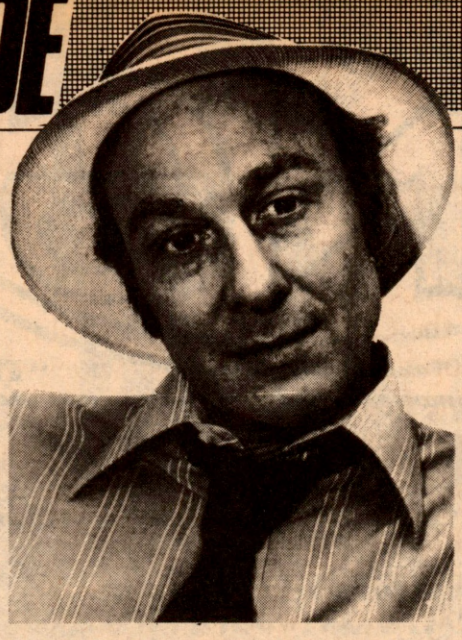


SHOLOM ALEICHEM, THE FAMED YIDdish storyteller and playwright, whose works formed the basis for *Fiddler on the Roof*, once wrote about the town of Chelm, which was inhabited by shmoes, shmegeggies, shimazels, shlemiehls and shmendricks. In short, losers.

All day long these losers would pass their days violating the laws of logic. If a Chelmite was worried about getting lost, he would merely slip a note into his pocket to remind him where he was. If the temperature dropped below zero, the mayor would order the building of a wall to keep out the cold. And, in one instance, more outrageously insane than most, the Chelmites, having raised funds to rebuild their burnt-out synagogue, decided that they had to devise a method to forestall any attempt to steal their moneys. One of the town elders hit upon a brilliant stratagem to remove needless temptation to robbers: With their money they would purchase hundreds of bags of feathers. No self-respecting robber, it was reasoned, in typical Chelmitic fashion, would be tempted to steal feathers. Once they reached Chelm, they would trade back their feathers for cash. But once the feathers had been bought, they found that the bags were too heavy to carry. So they released the feathers on a homeward-bound wind, all the better to save transportation costs. The ill-wind, obviously, carried no goods, and the feathers never arrived. Still, the Chelmites consoled themselves with the fact that they had tempted no one into the sin of robbery.

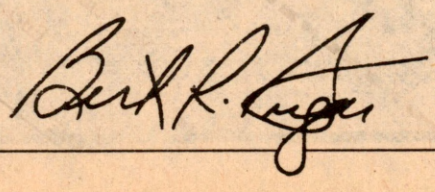
What does this parable have to do with boxing?, you may ask. Simple. Boxing, too, has several feather merchants, who, rather than tempt the fates, would, instead, put their faith in such illogical plans. One such plan recently came to light in the name of boxing safety. In a letter written to the New York *Times* a doctor from that hub of boxing, Belmont, Massachusetts, held that "the knockout should be eliminated as the primary goal of a boxing match." He reasoned, in his best Chelmite fashion, that the "primary goal" of boxing "is the inflicting of injury."

Has the good doctor never heard of the intransitive verb *win?* Defined as "To achieve victory over others in a competition", it still remains the "Primary goal" of boxing, regardless of what the doctor or other feather merchants say.

For, when *The Ring* polled its International Ratings Panel and asked them to select the "Greatest Fights of All Time", two of the top three fights selected—and seven of the top 13—were fights which went to a decision. Restated, no knockouts occurred; and, in four, no knockdowns occurred either. Moreover, the ten greatest vote-getters in Ring's "Greatest Fighters Ever" poll won less than half their total bouts by conking to stupor. Most of the rest were wins. For their "primary goal" was "to win". Nothing more. But nothing less.

And so, rather than spending masturbatory effort in trying to change the basic nature of the sport—including 90-second rest periods—why don't those in command pay more attention to providing safety within the framework of what they have. Better training of cornermen, a better system of communication between commissions to forestall those who have just suffered a loss from boxing elsewhere in too short a period of time, the elimination of scoring by the referee in order to free him up to control the bout and safeguard the participants, the mandatory presence of ambulances and, even, control over gymnasia and other training facilities would be a start.

Otherwise, boxing is doomed to be overrun with shmoes, shmegeggies, shimazels, shlimiehls and shmendricks, all seeking to employ their Chelmitic logic. And, if nothing is done—and soon!—these feather merchants may prove victorious.



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Nat Loubet

Associate Editor
Randy Gordon

Managing Editor
Herbert G. Goldman

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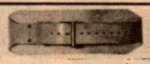

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ROUND ONE

AND YOU THOUGHT BOXING WAS TOUGH. . .

JOEY GIAMBRA CAMPAIGNED IN THE ring for 15 years—compiling a 65-10-2 record with 32 KO's—and was never knocked out. But, recently, the man whom some called "The Uncrowned Champion" has run into more than his share of hard knocks outside the square circle.

For Joey, a dealer at the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas, was laid off last Fall in the wake of new owners and a new pit crew. Then came the disastrous MGM Grand Hotel fire in December. And the only working member of the Giambra family, his lovely wife Lydia, was put out of work by the closing of the hotel—almost suffering a worse fate.

Lydia, working as a cocktail waitress at the Grand on the aptly-named graveyard shift—the nightworkers who cover those wee hours of the morning between three and eleven A.M.—was taking a break in the room near the Deli on the ground floor of the Hotel about 7:20 in the morning. Another cocktail waitress raced into the "break room" and screamed "Lydia, get up, there's a fire." They both ran out, hand-in-hand, to find the entire casino filled with dense smoke. Within three or four minutes the Deli and the room Lydia had just exited, blew up into a wall of flames.

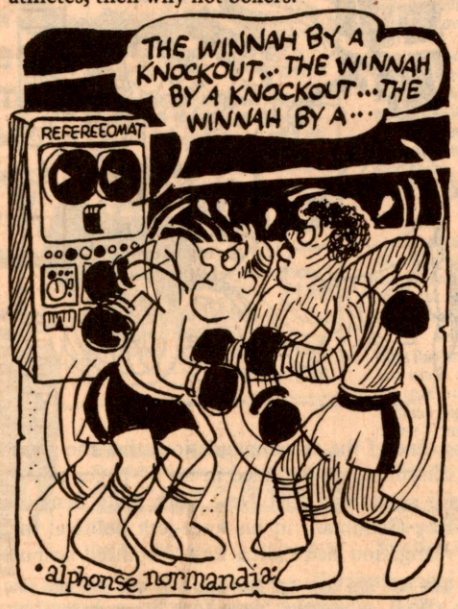
How did she get out of the hotel? "Everyone panicked," Lydia explained. "They were climbing over one another to get out. I remember we used to watch TV commercials with Dick Van Dyke showing us what to do when a fire with a lot of smoke and no visibility broke out. He said 'Get down on your hands and knees and grope your way to the nearest exit.' "

Lydia, somehow, someway, got out. But up to this date has not returned to the fire-gutted Grand. Nor has Joey returned to his job at the Aladdin. Maybe he shoulda stayed in the ring.

THIS COMPUTER CANNOT FAIL . . . CANNOT FAIL . . . CANNOT FAIL . . . CANNOT FAIL . . .

WEBSTER DEFINES THE WORD "GIGO" as meaning "Garbage in, garbage out" an anagram pertaining to computers. And their input.

We recently had occasion to see "GIGO" in action when the New York *Post* released their new boxing ratings, a set of rankings supposedly done with the help of computers which, according to the paper, "(are) accurate, impartial and represent the best rule of thumb to rate performance." After all, the *Post* went on, "If computers can rate all other athletes, then why not boxers?"



Unfortunately, it was a question which was far from rhetorical. In fact, it was one which the *Post* proved by its ratings cannot be done.

First of all, there were only six divisions—as opposed to boxing's traditional eight, *The Ring's* twelve and the WBA and WBC's God-knows-how-many. The cop-out used was that "because of the scarcity and inaccuracy of information regarding many of the bantamweight and below classes, we are not providing a rating of these fighters." Translation:"We know nothing about the fighters in these weight classes."

And then, there was the matter of champions. Not only were the champions—in *all* cases where there is a champion—those recognized by *Ring;* but in the one case where *The Ring* does not recognize any champion—the lightweight division, where the crown is held to be "Vacant"—the *Post,* obviously abhorring a vacuum as much as nature does, filled the void by selecting Alexis Arguello as *its* champion.

It's nice to see that champions no longer have to win their championships in the ring; the *Post* will suffice adequately if the computer is to be believed.

CHAMPION IN A DRUM?

EARNIE SHAVERS, WHO FOUGHT twice for the world heavyweight championship, has announced his retirement from the ring at the age of 36. Shavers is entering the business world as a partner in a nationally franchised janitorial supply business named "Earnie Shavers Cleaning System: A Real Knockout".

Also hanging up his gloves at the age of 32 is Clyde Gray, veteran Canadian and Commonwealth welterweight champion. Gray, who fought for the world title three times in his 80-bout career that began in 1968, will take a post with the Ontario recreation department.

A SAD TATE OF AFFAIRS

JOHN CONDON, MADISON SQUARE Garden's new Director of Boxing tells of the following negotiations to firm up a fight between Marvis Frazier and former WBA heavyweight titleholder John Tate:

"I first called Joe (Frazier) to tell him of the proposed match. He said, 'Get him.' I told him, 'Joe, if Marvis fights him and wins, he can never go back and fight at the four-round level again.' His answer was 'I don't care. Get him.'

"I then called Ace Miller (John Tate's manager) and tried to make the match. He said, 'Wait till he gets five or six more fights.'

"I thought he was talking about Marvis. But he was talking about Tate!"

A ROAMIN' SON COMES HOME

IT WAS A FAMILY REUNION. JAKE LaMotta, star of stage, screen and Senate Committee hearings, had just returned from a recent trip to Italy for a TV appear-

ance on a Milan television station where he was reunited with his father, Salvatore, whom he hadn't seen in 20 years. LaMotta fell into a clinch with his dad, both hugging and kissing and crying like babies.

One of the last times he had talked with his father was before his infamous fight with Billy Fox. That night, papa LaMotta came into the dressing room to wish his son "benevenuti," and tell Jake he had bet his last $300 on him to win. Jake, knowing that he was "going in the tank," did not tell his dad, who lost his entire bundle. Maybe he had reason to cry.

CRAMPS ACROSS THE SEA

IN A SCENE REMINISCENT OF LAST November's Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Duran fight, Rudi Koopmans of The Netherlands retained his European light heavyweight title when challenger Hocine Tafer of France suddenly threw up his hands and quit in the middle of the ninth round of a scheduled 12-round bout in Paris.

And, like Duran—who abruptly quit in the eighth round of his WBC welterweight title fight against Leonard in the Louisiana Superdome—Tafer later attributed the sudden finale to stomach cramps. He also stated that he was retiring from boxing. And not soon enough...

BOUTIST INTERRUPTIS

FOR YEARS FOOTBALL AND BASKETball fans have been complaining about the action-stopping, time-wasting time outs unnecessarily called so that the networks could insert another commercial. Or three. Well, it appears television has made its first inroad into boxing.

Have you ever wondered how the webs manage to cut from the ring action after the final bell of one round, fit in two thirty-second commercials and get back to ring side seconds before the opening bell of the next round, all within the space of the one minute alloted for the rest between rounds? Curious as to how this was done, we put a stop watch to the between-round breaks during the recent Bobby Czyz-Teddy Mann fight on NBC. The result-one minute, three seconds. Coming next: a mandatory thirty count so we can watch O.J. Simpson sail through an airport while some poor soul tries to lift himself off the canvas.

And if one minute and three seconds wasn't enough, both the WBC and New York state are experimenting with 90-second rest periods between rounds. With that much time, most fighters will have to be retrained!

FOUL OF THE MONTH AWARD

NEW YORK STATE ATHLETIC commission Chairman Jack Prenderville, in the wake of the Willie Classen tragedy, not only suspended boxing for a period of one month, but also issued a 37-page manifesto calling for improvements "to upgrade the sport of boxing and provide for the safety and physical well-being of those involved."

One of the recommendations that the good commissioner included in his 37-pages called for something that New York State Senator Roy Goodman, in his knee-jerk political investigation had called for—"required ambulance service."

Well, when the New York State Assembly brought forward a bill which included, amongst its provisions, that an ambulance be required at all fight cards licensed by the New York State Athletic Commission, guess who had it tabled? The same Jack Prenderville, that's who. His reasoning? Filled with the milk of human blindness, he opposed it on financial grounds, holding that "To tell some of the promoters they have to have the ambulance, which will cost $100 or $150—that could be his profit margin for the night."

Who needs the protection of the New York State Athletic Commission the most? The promoters or boxing's most precious commodity, its fighters? And, if the Commissioner believes that it's not worth "$100 or $150" to have an ambulance at ringside, he can either take it out of the 5% state tax the state takes from every promoter—whether he is making or losing money—or *The Ring* will pay the "$100 or $150" if any promoter can prove to us that he couldn't make a profit that night *because* he had to hire an ambulance.

In sacrificing the health and well-being of boxers to the profit of the promoters, Commissioner Prenderville not only wins our Foul of the Month Award, he also wins a permanent place in the annals of boxing as one who can talk in circles while remaining foursquare in back of the sport. Small wonder he advocates a national commission. Like the legless man who teaches running, he can't do it himself and needs others to do it for him.

BARTENDER'S TRIVIA CORNER

WHO WAS THE ONLY ONE OF THE eight boxers to take part in the Carnival of Champions in 1937 never to become a world champion?

Last Month's Trivia Question: What boxer competed for 22 years after his "retirement" from boxing?

Answer: Archie Moore retired in 1941 due to an extended illness after a six-year boxing career. He decided to continue boxing one year later and competed for 22 more years winning the light-heavyweight championship in 1952 and holding it for ten years and also challenging twice unsuccessfully for the heavyweight championship.

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

CAPRI, JACK, 88, LONG-TIME PORTland boxing manager and trainer from the 1920s through the 1950s, in Las Vegas, Nevada. Capri handled many of the Pacific Northwest's best fighters in that period, including Joe Kahut, Woodburn's "farm boy" heavyweight Chuck Hellman, known as "The Uncrowned Bantamweight Champion" of the Northwest; and Ah Wing Lee, the famous lightweight who may have been the most popular boxer ever to fight in Portland.

PUNCHLINES

BOSTON SPORTSWRITER GEORGE Kimball, describing a small crowd at a fight held in the Worchester, Mass., Loew's Theatre: "Being granted a promoter's license does not automatically give you the right to yell 'crowd' in a smoke-filled theatre."

E.J. GARY

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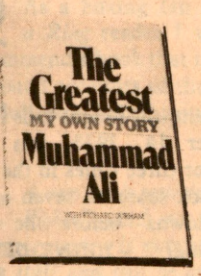

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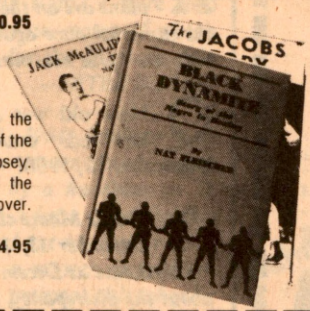

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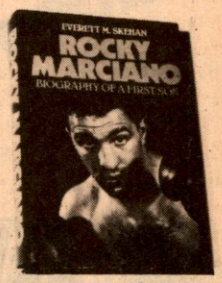

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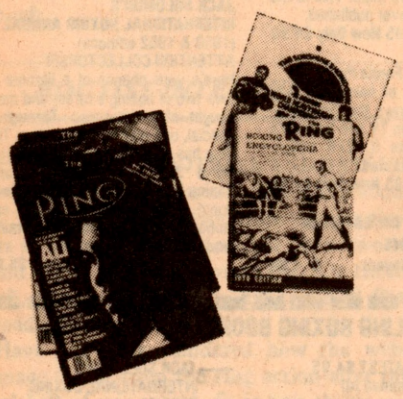

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QUESTIONS & AN

Q When Jack Dempsey fought Luis Firpo on September 14, 1923, was Jack knocked down two or three times in the first round? Also, did Jack score all seven of his first-round knockdowns before he was knocked out of the ring? *—JOHN J. DEWEY*

A *Jack was sent to the canvas with the opening punch of the fight and jumped right up. Later in the round he was knocked out of the ring and helped back by newspapermen at ringside. Jack achieved all seven of his knockdowns over Firpo prior to Jack's being slugged out of the ring. Thanks to the help he received, Jack beat the count to last the first round. In the second round, he dropped Firpo twice, the second time with a right uppercut that finished off the Wild Bull of the Pampas in 0:57 of that round.*

Q I can't obtain many of the *Black Dynamite* series of books. Is there any plan to reprint this series?

—SGT. REGINALD A. PENDER

A *The series is being brought up to date and plans are on the drawing board to reprint the material once again, consolidating the five volumes—plus new material—into one book.*

Q How old was Archie Moore when he knocked out Yvon Durelle on December 10, 1958?

A *Archie Moore claims that he was born on December 13, 1916, but his mother gave his birthdate as December 13, 1913. When asked about the discrepancy, Moore slipped the punch, stating, "I must have been three when I was born." When he knocked out Durelle in 1958, Archie would have been either 42 or 45, depending upon which date of birth one wishes to accept.*

Q When did boxing begin in the Olympic games? I read that Frankie Genaro boxed in the 1920 games, but can find nothing earlier than that. *—STEVE BLAKE*

A *Although Genaro won the flyweight gold medal in the 1920 Olympics—and subsequently went on to win the professional world flyweight title in 1928—boxing was first accepted as part of the program in the 1904 games which took place at St. Louis. Some boxing did take place in the 1900 games, at Paris, but it wasn't until the 1904 Games that boxing became an official part of the Olympics, but not so*

much so that it wasn't left out of the 1912 Games.

Q As a boxing fan for many years and a *Ring* reader I wonder if you could recommend a book that might have the round by round accounts of the old classics such as the Sullivan-Corbett punch fest?

—WESLEY K. RAY

A *A new book covering "Boxing's Greatest Fights"—and, not incidentally, called by the same name—is now being prepared by* The Ring *staff and will be out late this year. The book will include all of the great fights in history, one of which is the Corbett-Sullivan 21-round title fight.*

Q After the first fight between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier held in New York's Madison Square Garden March 8, 1971, the press reported that Frazier spent weeks in a hospital despite his 15-round successful defense of his heavyweight title. What injuries kept the champ in the hospital that long? *—AL LONGTIN*

A *Ali's body blows! Frazier had kidney injury.*

Q Was the December 6, 1964, featherweight fight between Vicente Saldivar and Fino Rosales a title fight? I have read many conflicting statements—some of which state that the fight was for the Mexican title but not for a world title. *—PETER DENNIS*

A *On September 26, 1964, Saldivar won the world feather crown from Sugar Ramos in Mexico City by a knockout in 12 rounds. His first title defense was against Rosales, whom he knocked out in eleven rounds to retain his crown. As a matter of policy a fighter cannot fight for a* national *title when he already holds a* world *title.*

Q Could you please give me the addresses of some boxing gyms in the Eastern, Pa., area? *—RONALD KOCH*

A *I am sorry to state that* The Ring *does not have the info you require but we are compiling a list of gyms around the U.S. and would appreciate our readers sending in the names and addresses of any gyms in their localities.*

Q Did Sugar Ray Robinson ever kill a man in the ring? *—STAN WILSON*

A *Not in the ring. On June 24, 1947, Ray knocked out Jimmy Doyle in eight rounds in Cleveland. Doyle later died of injuries sustained in the contest.*

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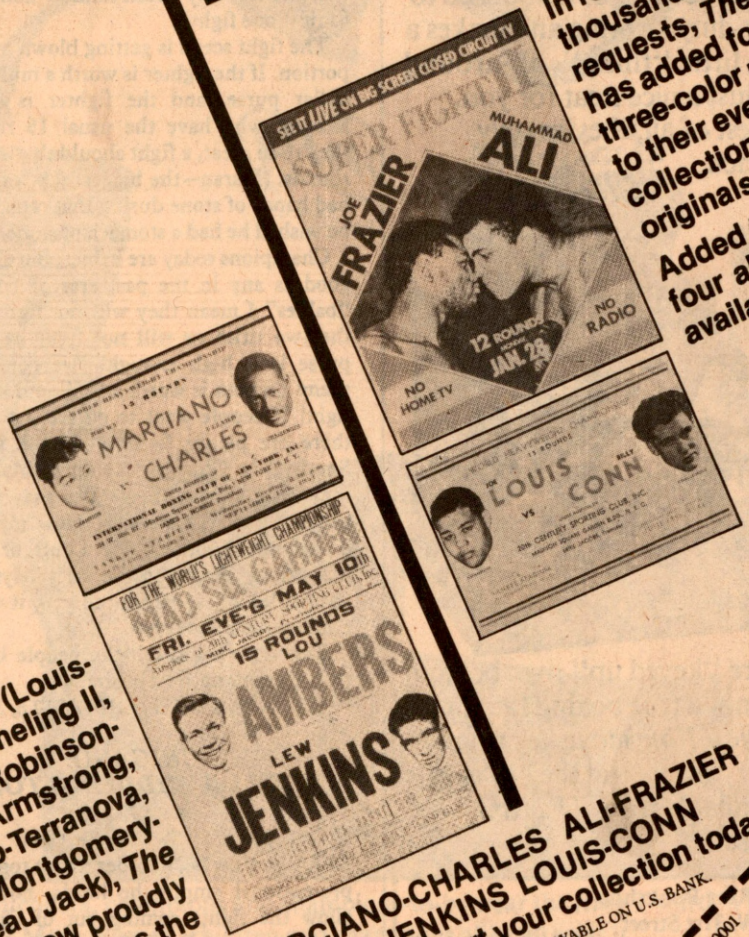

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COME OUT WRITING

MODERN BOXERS DO NOT PASS "GO"; SHOULDN'T COLLECT MILLIONS

I'VE BEEN A FIGHT FAN FOR SEVERAL years, but I guess I feel like most fans: Is a fighter worth eight million dollars—or for that matter, any multi-million dollar sum—for just one fight?

The fight scene is getting blown out of proportion. If the fighter is worth a multi-million dollar purse, and the fighter is so superhuman, why have the usual 15 rounds? If they're so great, a fight shouldn't go beyond 5 rounds. (Duran—the biggest joke of all—sure had hands of stone during that rematch! I bet he wished he had a stomach of stone.)

Champions today are babies; but they are as good as any in the past eras of boxing. By "babies" I mean they will not fight to unite the two titles or will not fight because the purse isn't high enough. I've got news for them: no man is worth a million dollars for a fight! If people want to go see a good fight, there are plenty for free on the streets of South Side Chicago. Another thing is that they only defend their titles maybe 2 or 3 times a year. That's sick! How many times did Benny Leonard, Joe Louis or for that matter any champ in the early days, defend their titles a year? I can tell you, it was more than two or three times.

Someone should tell the people in boxing that it's a sport, not a business!

DAN McCANIEL, LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

CHICAGO: STILL A TODDLING TOWN

IT'S AMAZING! AS BRIGHT AS BOB Arum must be, in order to put together the promotional empire he heads, how can he allow the fights coming out of Chicago to carry his name? Ernie Terrell, who is his own matchmaker, has to be the worst in the business. Those of us in downstate Illinois who watch Top Rank on Thursday nights enjoy the offerings from Totowa, N.J. and Atlantic City and Las Vegas. But Chicago? It's terrible!

There have been times when Terrell's cards have ended 30 minutes before the normal sign-off time, simply because the were so many mismatches. In January or February he gave us a card which had six of seven fights ending in the 1st round! And on March 9th he came back with another miserable offering, once again showing he has no respect whatsoever (Arum, too?) for his viewers.

The point of all of this being: A few more Chicagoes, another Ernie Terrell, who'll do anything—and has!—to save a buck, another show like the farce a few months back, and the sets all over America will start clicking . . . the sound of boxing being once again turned off. Watching a Terrell show isn't any different than watching strong-arm dudes mugging people on Clark Street.

JAMES RWALLS, PEORIA HEIGHTS, ILL.

WAS RING'S STORY ON "THE RAGING BULL" OUTRAGED BULL?

YOUR ARTICLE IN THE FEBRUARY issue of Ring, "Just How Raging Was The Bull", was a simplistic, self-righteous, cheap shot. I can understand your wanting to down play the fact that boxing was controlled by the mob and that LaMotta had been ranked #1 for four years without getting a shot at the title—that is until he dumped to Fox—because then someone might start wondering just how clean those who held the title were, as well as those who had gotten their shot at it while LaMotta cooled his heels. But what I don't understand is why you are making LaMotta the scapegoat. It seems to me it wasn't too long ago that *Ring* had its own scandal with unknown fighters suddenly appearing in your ratings. I guess there's more than one way to fix a fight!

STEPHEN WILLETT, ROCKLAND, MAINE

I WOULD LIKE TO VOICE MY OBJECtion to your recent cover story on the film 'Raging Bull'.

The author, Bob Waters, seems to become very indignant about the fact that Jake LaMotta was a "whiner" and a "despicable man". It is true that LaMotta was no angel; he never claimed to be one. It is true (by his own admission) that LaMotta pulled a fixed fight, but in those days fixes were quite common. What choice did he have? It was either that or get frozen out of the championship shot he rightly deserved. What would Mr. Waters, or anyone, have done in his place?

The fact is that LaMotta was one of the best middleweights of his—or any other—era. He had a very good record (83 wins out of 106 fights), beat most of the top contenders in his division, handed Sugar Ray Robinson a knockdown and his first pro loss, and truly went out like a 'Raging Bull' in losing his crown in 1951 to Robinson.

Instead of telling the readers about these accomplishments, Mr. Waters' article takes up more than half the space provided without even mentioning the subject involved, and when he does, it is a cheap, self-righteous put-down, thus proving that Mr. Waters (a) can't

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write and (b) knows nothing about boxing.

DAVID MILLS, MONTREAL, CANADA

DURAN, NO! LEONARD, NO!

I HAVE KEPT UP WITH THE DURAN "scandal"—or "embarrassment" (your choice)—in your magazine. After watching the fight on closed-circuit, I remained in a state of shock for a couple of days afterwards. As a Duran fan, I feel a little sympathy for him as no one knows why he did what he did; no one but himself, that is. We may never know, that's his choice. Of course, we can all sit back and pass judgement, that's the usual procedure.

Now, I'd like to pass a little judgement on the party of the second part—Mr. Media himself, Sugar Ray Leonard. Does anyone recall his "embarrassment" in Montreal last June? Didn't he also fall short of everyone's expectations? And isn't he continuing to do so by avoiding the top contenders—namely one Thomas Hearns? Isn't that an embarrassment for the boxing profession?

It proves to me that he is just as big a rip-off as people say Duran is. After all, he is ripping-off all the top contenders by not giving them their chance—isn't he? Could it be that he indeed has some serious doubts about himself and his ability? Can anyone say the same about Hearns? Or even Duran for that matter? Didn't they take on *all* comers (meaning the top contenders)?

No, I can't think of any excuses for Leonard. I do believe his feathers are beginning to show and one does not have to look hard to see them.

MRS. MARITA JOHNSON, WARM SPRINGS, OREGON

HOW TO SPELL MIDDLEWEIGHT: H-A-M-S-H-O

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE OF THE MIDdleweight division and his name is Mustafa Hamsho. In 34 fights his only loss was to Pat Cuillo, a light heavyweight. His aggressive southpaw style generated by powerful upper body stength carried him to victory over a completely exhausted Wilford Scypion.

His latest victory over Curtis Parker, another highly rated fighter, should make him the number one contender.

Marvin Hagler can take easy paydays on Chong-Pal Park, who is not even rated, and inactive Vito Antuofermo and Alan Minter—who bleeds on contact. Mustafa can box or punch, and is beating the best.

If Marvelous Marvin doesn't fight the Syrian Buzzsaw soon, then Hamsho will inherit Hagler's old title of "The Uncrowned Champion"!

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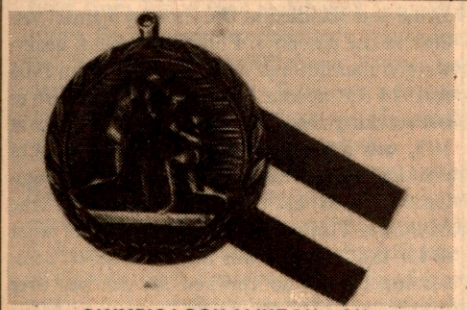

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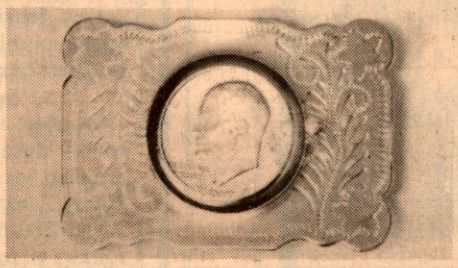

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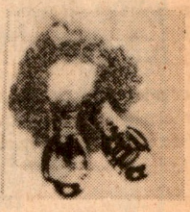

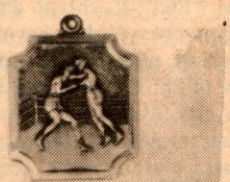

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INSIDE BO

FORMER MIDDLEWEIGHT AND WELTERweight champion Lou Brouillard asked me just the other day—"Where are the fighters today? The money is there, not like years ago—where are they?" I wonder too!

One of the truly great heavyweights was Ernie Schaaf, who died on February 10th 1933 after a match with Primo Carnera in New York City. Schaaf was a stablemate of the champion at the time, Jack Sharkey. The December prior to his match with Carnera, Schaaf had beaten one of the best heavyweights around in Johnny Risko at the Boston Garden and was headed for fistic stardom. Ernie was handled at the time by a smart veteran in the person of Phil Schlossberg, heavyweight champion of the U.S. Navy from 1906 to 1914 . . . Schaaf, who stood six-feet-two in his stocking feet and tipped the Fairbanks at 195, was a physical marvel. Keen judges of physical form selected Schaaf among all pugilistic figures as the ideal model for the Muldoon-Tunney trophy. But it never went to his head. Schaaf was the same quiet, unassuming chap who checked his sea bag over the side and bid adieu to the Navy to make his way in the harder whirl of the fistic wars.

Lew Jenkins held the world lightweight championship from May 10th 1940—when he knocked out then-champion, Lou Ambers in the third round in N.Y.C.—until December 19th, 1941, when he lost a 15 round duke to the late Sammy Angott. Jenkins boxed the likes of former champs Henry Armstrong, Bob Montgomery, Fritzie Zivic, Freddie "Red" Cochrane and Tippy Larkin, all top notchers in their hey-day!

Former ranking middleweight contender Willie Monroe of Philadelphia is now a police officer in the city. Monroe has also been a sparring partner for Marvin Hagler, when the Brockton, Mass., middleweight recently prepared to defend his title against Fulgencio Obelmejias at Boston Garden. Monroe and Hagler worked out at the very tip of Cape Cod at the Provincetown Inn.

John Conteh, former light heavyweight champ, has blown up to heavyweight proportions and has now opened up a classy restaurant in London. John better watch out for his chef's cooking! . . . Terry Krueger, Texas

heavyweight, is still around, although he was recently stopped by 256-pound, out-of-shape Larry Frazier in three rounds at Lake Tahoe the other night. What else is new?

As a member of the U.S. Navy, Schaaf won the Intrnational amateur heavyweight championship in 1927. He scored a three-round knockout over Bill Peterson of Denmark and followed this up by handily outpointing Nils Ramm of Sweden, all top talent at that time. Prior to this Schaaf won the All Service championship in 1926. He was destined to become a great heavyweight, until fate conspired to halt his career.

Jack Sharkey, now residing in Epping, New Hampshire, in retirement, is the only heavyweight who boxed both Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey. In the Dempsey match, Sharkey gave the Manassa Mauler all he could handle for four rounds. He had him wobbling as early as the first round, and the chances are he might have won if he had followed instructions from his corner and boxed instead of trying for a knockout. Sharkey's stupendous ego brought his downfall! Gene Tunney had been unable to stop Dempsey. Sharkey wanted to win that distinction. He would wind up with his face on the canvas!

Even so, the knockout that Dempsey scored that night was not wholly bereft of peculiar circumstances. It looked from the ring-side as if the three body blows that started Sharkey on his way to the floor were low. One of them seemed to be a full twelve inches south of the border. On the last one, Jack turned his head to complain to the referee, and bam!, it was all over. Whether the fight would have ended differently if these punches hadn't landed is something we will never know. Sharkey, however, still lives this match and says it would not have turned out as it did if this had not happened. Maybe he is right.

When Jack Sharkey met Joe Louis, he was long over-the-hill. Shrkey had seen his better days. He succumbed to Louis on August 18th, 1936, nine years after being stopped by Dempsey. Therefore, one cannot make a comparison.

Contenders among the heavyweights of the late twenties, in order of their ranking, were: Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, George Godfrey, Tom Heeney, Johnny Risko, Jack Delaney, Paolino Uzcudun, Knute Hansen, and Chuck Wiggins. Compare this group with the present crop of pretenders masquarading as top-notchers today and you'll see what I mean!

See you next month—keep punching!

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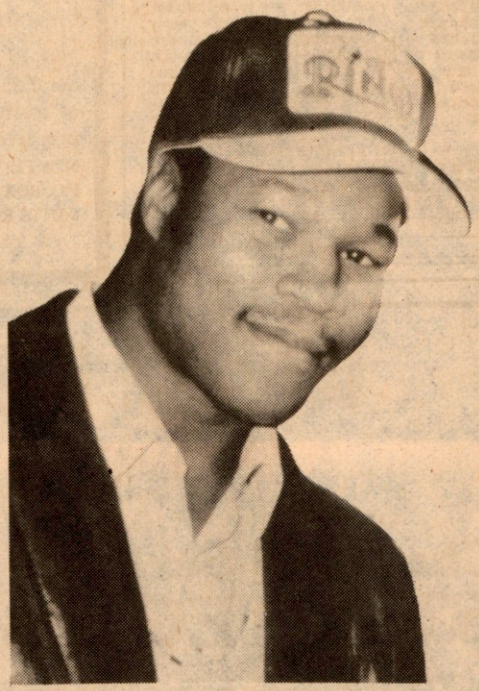

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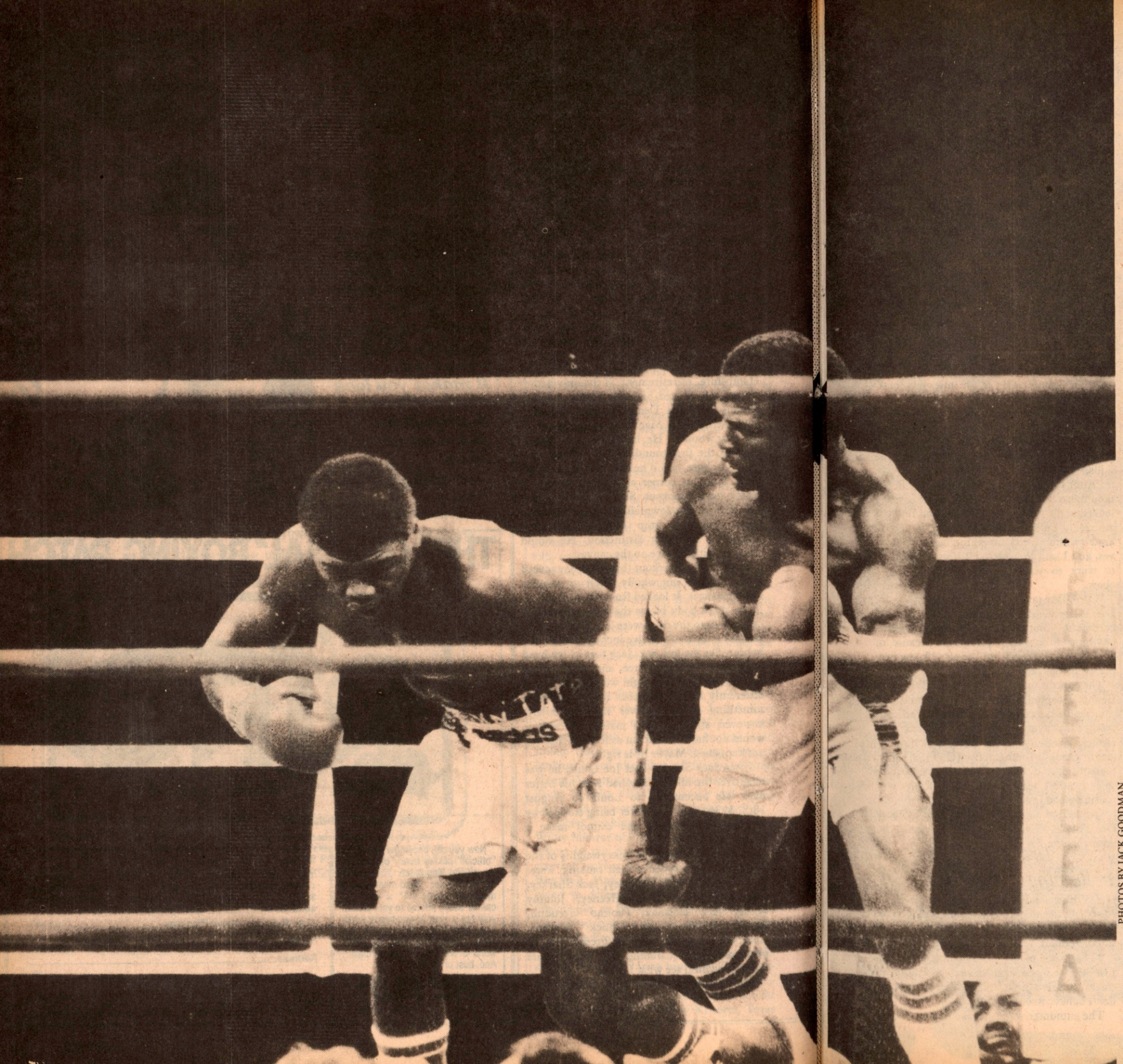

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BIG JOHN TATE?

BY GEORGE VECSEY

"If you go to the cotton fields, you don't always pick 100 pounds," said John Tate after having scored a unanimous decision over Harvey Steichen last February 15th in a heavyweight battle. "Sometimes you just pick 87. I'm satisfied with 87."

Tate, who knows enough cotton fields from his youth as a migrant laborer to use them in boxing analogies, was beaming and talkative. He knew he had held on to whatever credibility he had left, and that he could now talk of other fights soon against unspecified opponents.

After an eight-month layoff, a neurological checkup and clean bill of health from Dr. Robert Whittle, Tate did not look like anybody's version of a champion. But at least he survived a 10-round fight against a 229½-pound opponent who occasionally threw a menacing punch.

The last time John Tate was seen in a boxing ring, his head lay flat on the apron and one leg twitched ominously.

Death was in the air that night in Montreal: Cleveland Denny had been pounded toward his final coma by Gaetan Hart, and John Tate—a former champion—lay quivering in the ring.

"I was scared," says Ace Miller, the Little Napoleon of the Dogwood City who manages John Tate's life. "I wasn't scared when Mike Weaver knocked John out in March, but when somebody like Trevor Berbick hits John twice in the back of the head—that scared me a lot."

John Tate had been the World Boxing Association champion until Weaver knocked him out with 45 seconds remaining in the 15th and final round last March 31. When Berbick slugged him twice in June, Tate joined the vast circle of boxers about whom people cluck their tongues and say, "a nice guy, but he ought to get out."

When he fought the pivotal battle against Steichen, Tate was also battling rumors he cannot take a punch, his reflexes are shot, he has suffered brain damage far ahead of the grim actuarial tables of boxing, and that his East Tennessee supporters will push him until it is too late.

There is some evidence Tate is not the basket case of the rumors—at least outside the ring. Since his eight-month layoff, prescribed by his doctor, Tate has built his body on weight machines, has learned about diet (even forsaking his beloved Oreo cookies) and his proudly improved his speech and his reading under the tutelage of his wife, Claudia.

"I'm in better shape than ever, and I don't worry about the past," Tate said. "The only thing I know is that I'm beatable. When you know you're beatable, you work harder."

Hard work has been a constant fact of life of John Tate, formerly of West Memphis, Ark., who spent his middle teens picking cotton in the South and apples in upstate New York.

Because he grew to be six feet four inches tall with accompanying bulk, Tate had a chance to evade the life of a migrant worker. He came to Knoxville in 1975 for a Golden

PHOTOS BY JACK GOODMAN

THE ONCE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP NOW STRUGGLES TO COME BACK.

Gloves tournament and asked his opponent where he had learned to box.

The 28-year-old fighter pointed to Ace Miller, a bantam mountaineer with the flickering hand gestures of a carny barker, and thus began a love affair that matches Joe Palooka and Knobby Walsh, or Oliver and Fagan, depending on the source.

Ace Miller has been a newspaper machinist, a motel manager and a service station attendant ("a greaseboy, actually. I still do all the mechanical work around the gym"). He lost three fights as a child, decided it was safer on the other side of the ropes and in the 70's began accumulating fighters who were mesmerized by his glib tongue and his alley morals.

"I'm a dictator," Miller openly admits, "This is a nasty, vicious business, and you've got to be mean a lot of the time. But I'll be mean. I want my fighter to love me and love everybody else except his opponent. I'll take all the flack."

Miller wooed Tate with the magic words uttered after an amateur fight in 1975: "John Tate, you can be champion of the world."

Tate returned on a Greyhound bus a few months later to put his fate in the hands of the "Hillbillies"—a raffish collection of beer drinkers who go by nicknames like Mouse, Tank, Bad Eye, Mad Dog and Wrong Way.

John Tate was at least two worlds removed from the Hillbillies, Tennessee is comprised of three separate states—West Tennessee (Memphis), the Deep South, hot and brooding; Middle Tennessee (Nashville), the Mid South, upbeat and open, and East Tennessee (Knoxville), pious and rockbound-proud.

Outsiders, particularly with Yankee views, have found it unsettling to see this large black man, who came here signing "X" on the dotted line, being controlled by Ace Miller and his merry men. But John Tate might not be a fool. He says he saw similarities that transcended color, and he seems to have reasoned his best chance in this harsh world would come in the craggy hollows of East Tennessee.

"I like to hunt and fish and shoot guns and drive around, the same as these people," Tate said this week. "Knoxville is not too fast for me. It's just right for John Tate. I've lived in big cities where you need tokens to get on the subway and you've got to know what street to get off. Here I can ride my 10-speed bike.

"These people are different. I'm a quiet man. I'm not a person who makes the news. I'm not downing my own race, you understand, but there are people who think I'm too easy-going, too mild. I don't do a lot of bad things. Knoxville is my kind of town."

With public views like this, Tate has little following in the small black community here. Tate says, "I can go into a black school and kids say 'you ain't so special,' and I can go into a white school and kids say 'here's John Tate.' "

Most Sunday evenings Tate attends a Bible-study class with mostly white men. He says he prefers Bible-study classes to church services because "you can't interrupt a preacher and say 'I don't get that,' but in Bible-study you can go over something until you've got it right."

Since Tate settled in Knoxville, Ace Miller kept his word, sending him to South Africa where Tate defeated Gerrie Coetzee for the W.B.A. title.

Not everybody in boxing was convinced Tate had enough tools to stay healthy against the best heavyweights, but he was being groomed for Muhammad Ali last March as he defended his 20-0 record against Weaver here.

Tate, ahead on all three cards and with a mostly-white crowd chanting "Big-John-Tate," tried to entangle Weaver in the final round, but in the last minute Weaver caught him with a left hook that put him very down and very out.

"It wasn't one punch," Tate said last week. "You've got to look at what happened through the 15 rounds. Weaver got me with low blows in the third, the 11th and 14th. I was winning on points, but I was taking a beating, too. I was tired and I got stung. I lost that fight, it wasn't brain damage or anything like that."

Tate, his pride badly bruised, agreed to meet Berbick on the Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Duran card June 20.

"I can't blame anybody but myself," Miller said last week. "We got up to Montreal and John lost a lot of weight, down to 217 at one point. I kept telling him, 'get mean,' but he didn't get mean. They treated us like dirt up there, making John work out early or late.

"I've heard people like Angelo Dundee criticize me for putting John on a card with other fighters so soon after being champion, and they're right. My first instinct was to scratch the whole thing, but I didn't."

Miller says he also gave Tate bad advice during the fight, shouting at him to get away from the ropes, which caused Tate to stumble past Berbick, who blasted him with two shots in the back of the head. The unconscious stare and the quivering leg reminded ringsiders of Willie Classen, who had died in New York the previous November.

"The twitching leg, yes, that bothered him," says Dr. Robert Whittle, who has been serving Knoxville boxers for nearly a quarter century, and who vacated his ringside seat for the Leonard-Duran fight to accompany Tate to the dressing room.

"John was heartbroken, afraid he let everybody down," Dr. Whittle said this week. "He cried and cried, but the only injury he had was a small cut near his left eye. I checked his vital signs, observed him overnight, and saw him when we got back the next day."

Dr. Whittle says he has seen two boxers die after a fight—Denny last June and an amateur who died several years ago. He says those deaths "have left a terrible impression on me."

"I cannot forget them," he said. "I would not send John Tate out to fight if I thought he should not fight."

After the knockout by Berbick, Dr. Whittle says he told Tate to take a six-month vacation, and he told Ace Miller to do the same. The boxer went fishing, shot a 170-pound wild hog with a bow-and-arrow, and worked on his dream house.

He also married Claudia Bradley, who had come to Knoxville representing a California jeans manufacturer and who now works in community relations at City Hall.

"I use to go to a tutor to learn how to write and read," Tate said. "But this fine young lady who is my wife took that over. Every night she works on my speech. She talks with a California accent, no accent at all, and she lets me know when I start mumbling."

The man who was often unintelligible can now chat comfortably in an interview, making eye contact and smiling.

The layoff was less enjoyable to Ace Miller, whose oldest daughter was killed in an automobile accident, whose home was burglarized, and whose boxing business went on the skids.

"After my daughter died, I went up in the mountains with my bulldog," Miller says. "I looked at the hills for a long time and finally I asked my bulldog, 'do you like bones?' He kind of mumbled something which meant yes, and I said to him, 'well I better get back to work so you can have some bones to chew.' "

When Tate said he was ready to fight again, Dr. Whittle says he insisted upon a total check-out—"not because I thought there was anything wrong with John, not because of other things I'd seen, but because I knew people would ask questions."

The doctor says he checked Tate into Baptist Hospital overnight, and in consultation with a neurologist, submitted to an electroencephalogram, which measures the electrical activity of the brain; a Computerized Axial Tomograph (CAT), which measures the density of the brain and indicates possible lesions, and skull X-rays and routine blood tests.

"John Tate got an A-1 bill of health," says Dr. Whittle. "Every test put him right in the normal range."

Following the check-up, Dr. Whittle and Miller and the trainer, Don Marshall, decided Tate had not developed his upper body because of fear of becoming muscle-bound.

"That's one of those old boxing traditions, just like the one against sex for couple of weeks before a fight," Dr. Whittle says. "I don't believe in either of them."

The entourage went to Lake Helen, Fla., to

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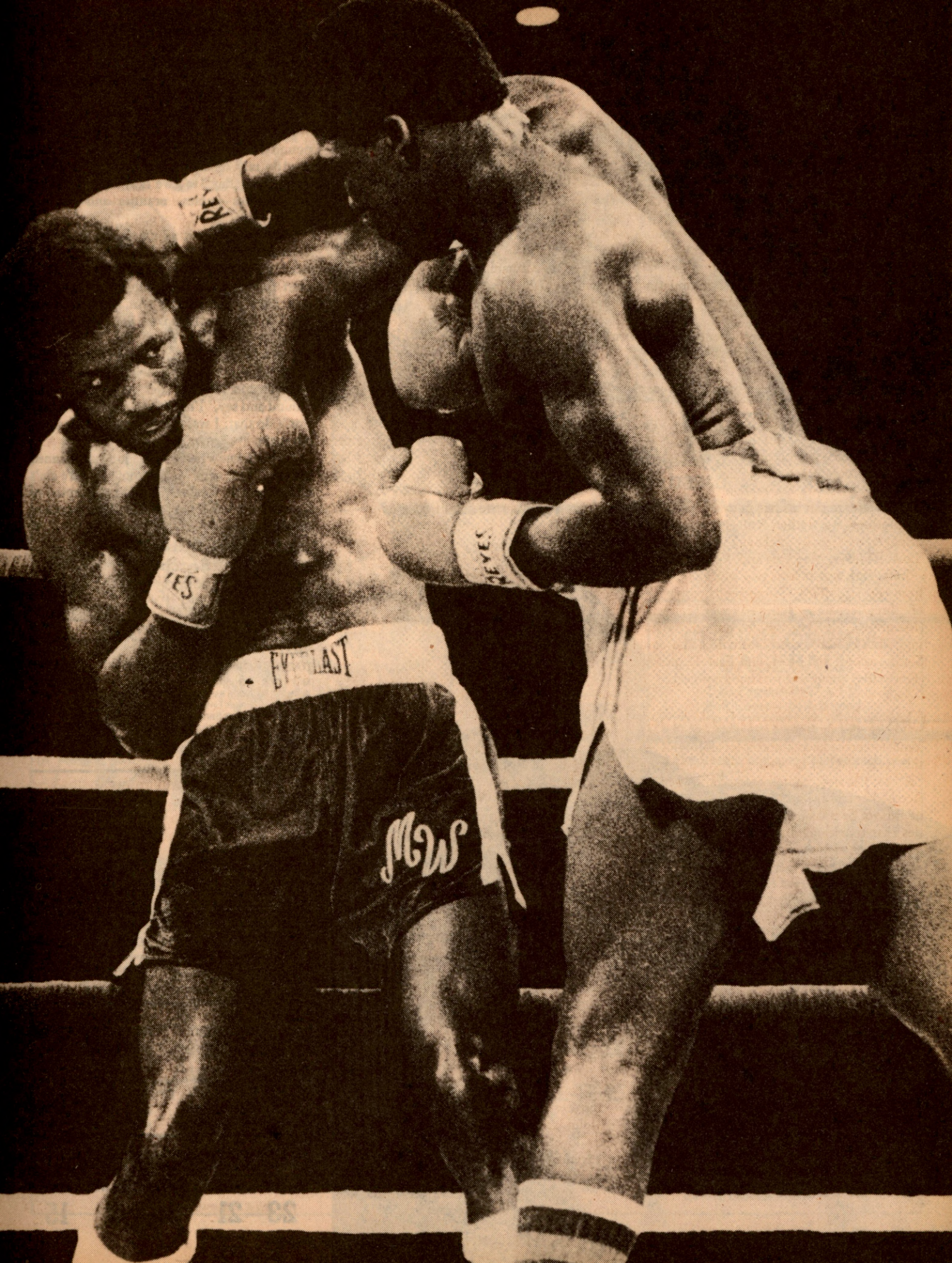
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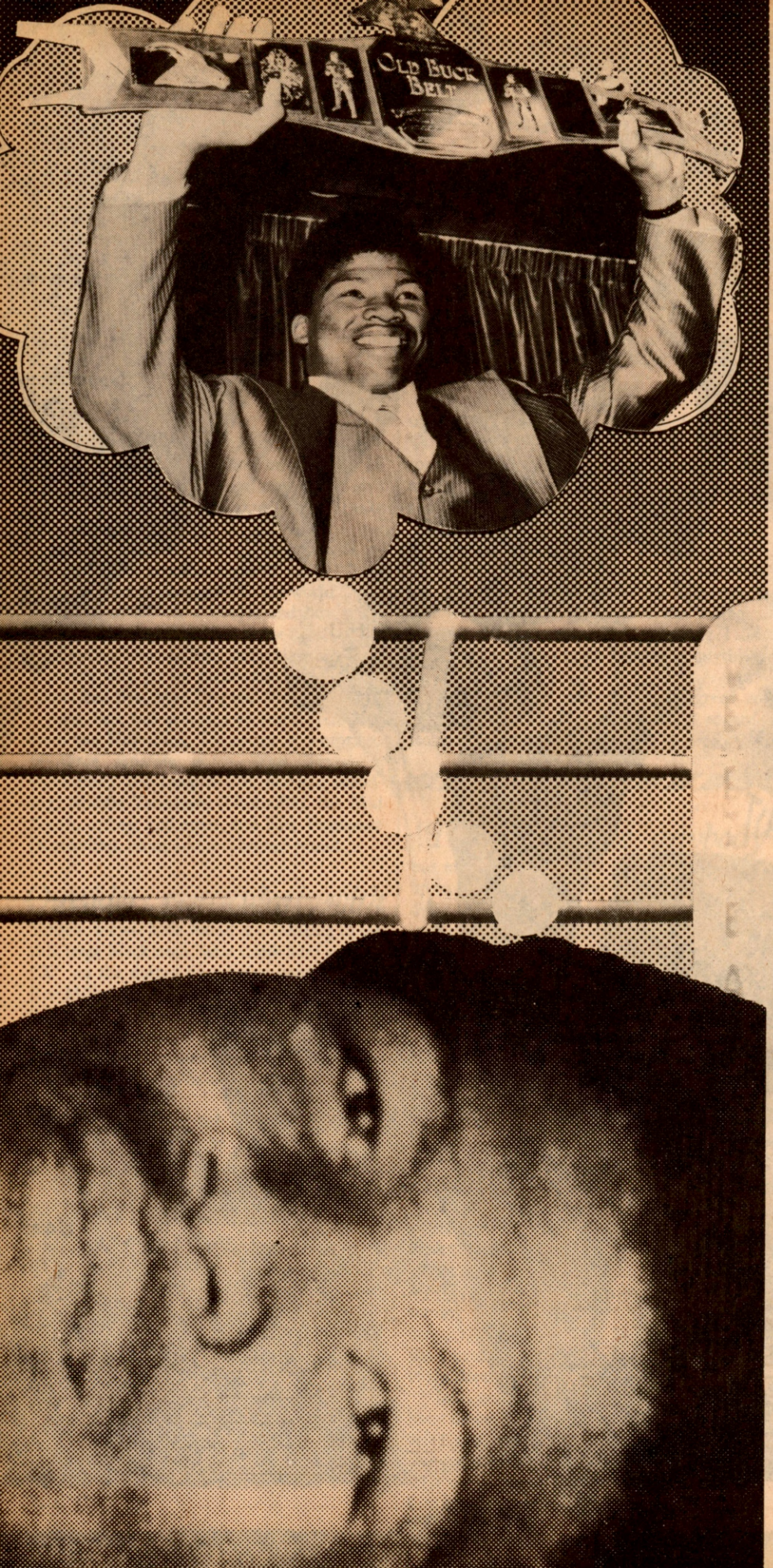

the base of the Nautilus weight machine, where Tate was put through a daily rigorous 30-minute workout that "left me exhausted the rest of the day." After three weeks last fall, Miller insisted Tate was "at least 75 percent stronger" and claimed "his neck has gone from a 16 to an 18."

Tate appeared to be a relatively solid 240 pounds, the result of the improved diet. He used to rely on candy bars and "a sackful of Oreos every day" to give him energy, but he, now stashes apples, oranges and bananas around him.

"You can get just as much energy from a banana as a candy bar," Tate says. "And you won't ruin your teeth and make you fat. I even follow a diet by some doctor who got shot by his girlfriend." (An allusion to the late Dr. Herman Tarnover, the creator of the "Scarscale Diet.")

The hardest thing has been the kids," Tate said. "I'd go to visit a school and those little kids, 10 and 12 years old, would fall on the ground and say, 'That's John Tate.' Now they won't do that. I want those kids to look up to me again.

"I don't know what else God has planned for me," Tate said. "All I know is there ain't no bad in me. I believe I will be accepted in Knoxville when I can't box and perform any more." ■

JOHN TATE
Height: 6'4" **Reach:** 80"
Weight: 240 pounds
Born: January 29, 1955, Marion City, Ark.

1977

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 7	Jerry Thompkins	St. Louis	KO 5
June 1	Norm Kues	Montreal	KO 1
Aug. 20	Baker Tinsley	Pikesville	KO 2
Aug. 23	Walter Santemore	Memphis	W 8
Sept. 13	Eddie Lopez	Los Angeles	W 6
Oct. 22	Lou Esa	Las Vegas	KO 3
Nov. 18	Frank Schram	Las Vegas	KO 1
Dec. 3	Charlie Jordan	Knoxville	KO 1

1978

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 29	James Dixon	Knoxville	KO 3
Mar. 14	Leon Shaw	Orlando	KO 7
Apr. 25	Harold Carter	Orlando	W disq. 4
May 13	Raul Gorosito	Orlando	KO 2
June 22	Bernardo Mercado	New York	KO 2
July 7	Walter Santemore	Orlando	KO 6
Aug. 25	Johnny Boudreaux	Houston	W 10
Oct. 14	Cookie Wallace	Houston	KO 9
Dec. 9	Ron Draper	Detroit	KO 5

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 17	Duane Bobick	Indianapolis	KO 1
June 2	Kallie Knoetze	Mmabatho	KO 8
Oct. 20	Gerrie Coetzee (Won Vacant WBA Heavyweight Title)	Pretoria	W 15

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 31	Mike Weaver (Lost WBA Heavyweight Title)	Knoxville	KO by 15
June 20	Trevor Berbick	Montreal	KO by 9

1981

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 15	Harvey Steichen	Knoxville	W 10

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
23	21	2	0	15

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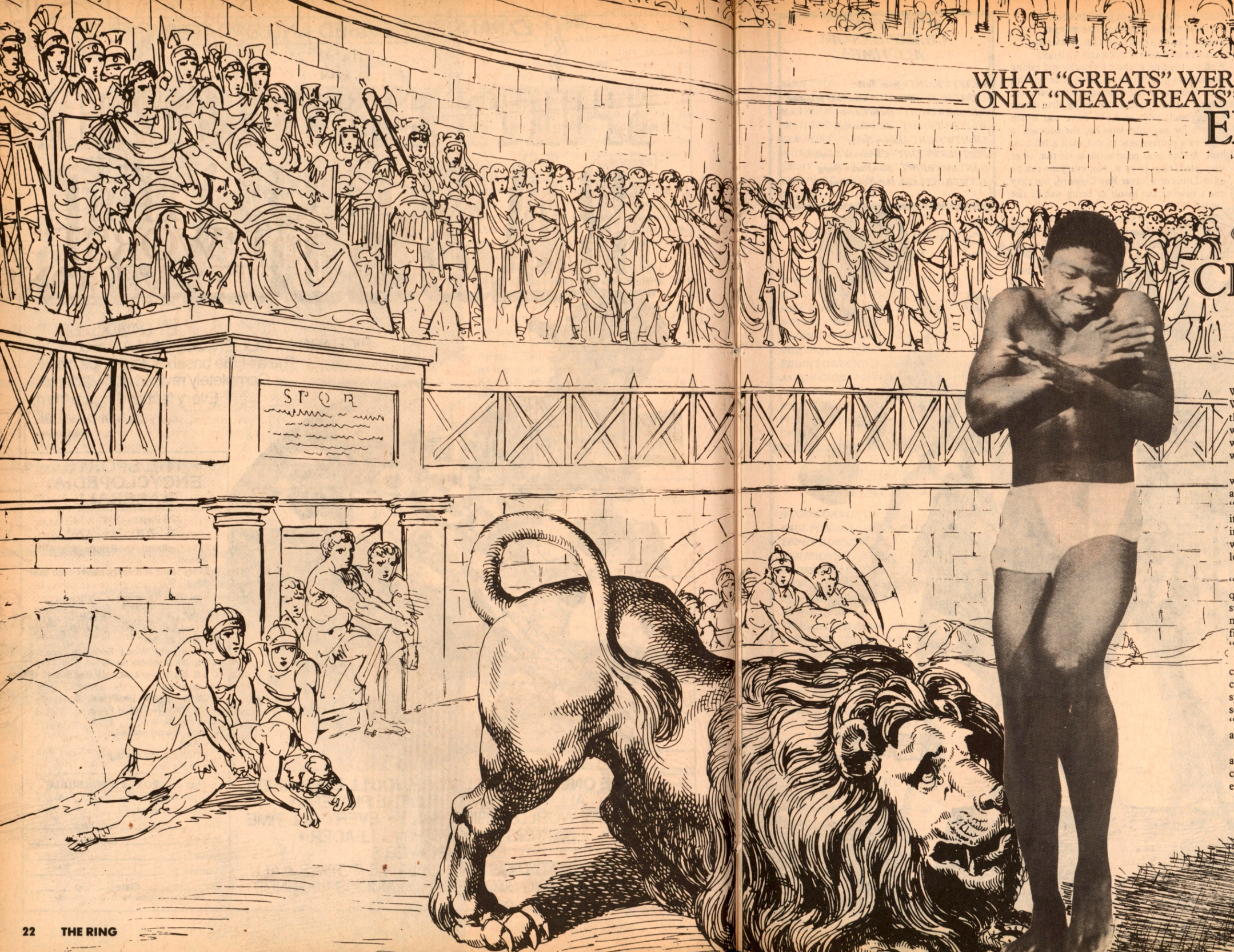


WHAT "GREATS" WERE ONLY "NEAR-GREATS"?

RING'S EXCLUSIVE POLL: THE "WORST" CHAMPIONS OF ALL TIME

WHEN HE WAS PRESIDENT OF YALE, A. Whitney Griswold liked to tell the story of the student, who, when asked by his dean whether he was in the top half of his class, would answer, "Oh, no sir. I'm one of those who make the top half possible."

Throughout the ages there have been those who have earnestly toiled to hold up those above them. The Naval Academy has its "Anchor Man," the Miss America Pageant its "Miss Congeniality" and Hertz, the leader in rent-a-cars, has its "Number Two", Avis, which takes delight in identifying itself as the leader in the supporting cast.

Boxing has long taken pains to list its "greats", those men who surpass all others in quality. But, like all systems of higher lunacy, such nonsense naturally begets the next natural step: To select those who are furthest from the ideal or standard. In other words, "the worst".

However, once we get to those who have climbed the highest pinnacle of success, the championship, we no longer are dealing in species. We are dealing in degrees. There are some who legitimately can be called "Greater"; Others who are merely "Great"; and still others who are just "Near-Great".

And, even though the championship is both a symbol and a state of mind, not all champs—like Orwell's pigs—are created equal. There are those champions who are

lowest on the pecking order of "greatness," perhaps those who have, in the words of Mrs. Malaprop, "climbed the pineapple of success".

To determine which champions were the least of the greatest—or "worst" of those who attained a measure of greatness by becoming champions—we sent out ballots to every member of *Ring's* International Ratings Panel. To that list we added a "Blue Ribbon" panel of boxing writers, including such knowledgeable "experts" as: Pete Axthelm, Furman Bisher, Lew Freedman, Bobby Goodman, Jerry Green, David Israel, George Kimball, Mike Marley, Barney Nagler, Phil Pepe, Ed Schuyler, Sam Skinner, Red Smith and Jack Welsh.

Their chore, simply stated, was to select the "worst" champions of all time. It was, at best, a bar bet question. At worst, it was reminiscent of Kipling's quatrain in "Mandalay":

"SHIP ME SOMEWHERES EAST OF SUEZ,
WHERE THE BEST IS LIKE THE WORST.
WHERE THERE AREN'T NO TEN COMMANDMENTS AND A MAN CAN RAISE A THIRST."

And so, tugging at their forelocks and taking two fingers of truth serum, they came up with their choices. In only one case did a balloteer submit a blank ballot, that being Eric Armit of England, who said, "I have too much respect for any man who has the courage to fight as a professional to put such a label on him. A man is as good as he is—if that's not very good, then so be it. Not everyone can be a Joe Louis or a Sugar Ray Leonard, but they don't deserve the insult of being named the 'worst' ".

But the other 59 sent in their selections. So here are those champions who, when opportunity knocked, complained of the noise, the noise of greatness.

These, then, are the "worst" of the "best". ■

THE "WORST" CHAMPIONS OF ALL TIME

*HEAVYWEIGHT—**John Tate***
*LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT—**Vincente Rondon***
*MIDDLEWEIGHT—**Hugo Corro***
*WELTERWEIGHT—**Billy Backus***
*LIGHTWEIGHT—**Lauro Salas***
*FEATHERWEIGHT—**Clemente Sanchez***
*BANTAMWEIGHT—**Soo-Hwan Hong***
*FLYWEIGHT—**Cpl. Izzy Schwartz***

THE "WORST" HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

JOHN TATE (WBA, 1979-'80)	19½
PRIMO CARNERA (1933-'34)	14
MARVIN HART (1905-'06)	8
LEON SPINKS (1978)	8
KEN NORTON (WBC, 1978)	4
INGEMAR JOHANSSON (1959-'60)	3½
JIMMY ELLIS (WBA, 1968-'70)	2
ERNIE TERRELL (WBA, 1965-'67)	1
JESS WILLARD (1915-'19)	1

THE "WORST" LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

VINCENTE RONDON (WBA, 1971-'72)	13
MATE PARLOV (WBC, 1978)	11
MIKE ROSSMAN (WBA, 1978-'79)	10
MIGUEL CUELLO (WBC, 1977-'78)	9
GEORGE GARDNER (1903)	4
BOB OLIN (1934-'35)	4
EDDIE COTTON (Claimant, 1963-'64)	3
ANTON CHRISTOFORIDIS (NBA, 1941)	2
JOHN CONTEH (WBC, 1974-'77)	1
JOEY MAXIM (1950-'52)	1
PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN (1905-'12)	1

THE "WORST" MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

HUGO CORRO (1978-'79)	19
PAUL PENDER (1960-'61; 1962)	13
TERRY DOWNES (1961-'61)	5
BEN JEBY (N.Y., 1932-'33)	4
GEORGE LA BLANCHE (Claimant)	4
JOCK MALONE (Claimant, 1923)	4
ALAN MINTER (1980)	3
AL McCOY (1914-17)	2
VITO ANTUOFERMO (1979-'80)	1
ROCKY GRAZIANO (1947-'48)	1
GORILLA JONES (1931-'32; NBA, 1933-'34)	1
CARL (BOBO) OLSON (1953-'55)	1
DAVE ROSENBERG (N.Y., 1922	1

THE "WORST" WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

BILLY BACKUS (1970-'71)	23
MARTY SERVO (1946)	10
ANGEL ESPADA (WBA, 1975-'76)	6
VIRGIL AKINS (1958)	4
WALDEMAR HOLBERG (Claimant, 1914)	3
CHARLIE SHIPES (Claimant)	3
JOHN STRACEY (1975-'76)	3
DON JORDAN (1958-'60)	2
TONY DE MARCO (1955)	1
JIM (RUBE) FERNS (1900; 1901)	1
LUIS RODRIGUEZ (1963-'64)	1

THE "WORST" FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

CLEMENTE SANCHEZ (1972)	13
EUGENE CRIQUE (1923)	9
JACKIE CALLURA (NBA, 1943)	8½
CECILIO LASTRA (WBA, 1977-'78)	7½
RAFAEL ORTEGA (WBA, 1977)	4
RAUL ROJAS (WBA, 1968)	3
DAVE SULLIVAN (1897-'98)	3
SAL BARTOLO (NBA, 1944-'46)	2
DAVID (POISON) KOTEY (WBC, 1975-'76)	2
BENNY BASS (1927-'28)	1
JOSE LEGRA (WBC 1968-'69)	1
RICHIE LEMOS (NBA, 1938-'39)	1
LEON RODAK (NBA, 1938-'39)	1
ANDRE ROUTIS (1928-'29)	1
KUNIAKI SHIBATA (1970-'72)	1

THE "WORST" BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

SOO-HWAN HONG (1974-'75)	11
ARNOLD TAYLOR (1973-'74)	8½
HAROLD DADE (1947)	6
ROMERO ANAYA (1973)	5
MARIO D'AGATA (1956-'57)	5
JOHNNY (KEWPIE) ERTLE (Claimant, 1915)	4
JOHNNY BUFF (1921-'22)	3½
GEORGIE PACE (NBA, 1940)	3
JOE BECERRA (1959-'60)	1
ROBERT COHEN (1954-'56)	1
JORGE LUJAN (WBA, 1977-'80)	1
TONY MARINO (1936)	1
EDDIE (CANNONBALL) MARTIN (1924-'25)	1
LIONEL ROSE (1968-'69)	1
BALTAZAR SANGCHILLI (1935-'36)	1

THE "WORST" FLYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

CPL. IZZY SCHWARTZ (1928-'29)	7
TERRY ALLEN (1950)	5
VENICEBORKORSOR (WBC, 1972-'73; 1973)	5
BERKERK CHARTVANCHAI (WBA, 1970)	5
ALBERT (FRENCHIE) BELANGER (NBA, 1927-'28)	4
CHARTCHAI CHINOI (1966-'69; 1964-'65)	4
PONE KINGPETCH (1960-'62; 1963; 1964-'65)	4
ALFONSO LOPEZ (WBA, 1976)	4
LUIS IBARRA (WBA, 1979-'80)	3
PERCY JONES (Claimant, 1914)	3
BILL LADLBURY (Claimant, 1914)	3
PETER MATHEBULA (WBA, 1980-present)	3
WALTER McGOWAN (1966)	2
MASAO OHBA (WBA, 1970-'73)	2
EMILE (SPIDER) PLADNER (1929)	2
SHOJI OGUMA (WBC, 1974-75)	1
CHAN-HEE PARK WBC, 1979-'80)	1

WIN, LOSE AND DRAW By CHARLIE McGILL

A PANEL OF "EXPERTS", WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO, PICKED THE FOLLOWING EX-CHAMPIONS AS **The Worst Of The Best!**

HEAVYWEIGHT— NONE OTHER THAN BIG **John Tate**, WHO WOULD HAVE DONE A LOT **FINER** 'CEPT HIS CHIN WAS...

...CHINA!

CRACK

LIGHTHEAVYWEIGHT— **Vicente Rondon** WASN'T EXACTLY A BALL O'FIRE VS. **BOB FOSTER** IN 1972...

F-F-FROZE

IF MIDDLEWEIGHT **Hugo Corro** COULD HAVE PUT HIS OPPONENTS TO SLEEP LIKE HE DID THE FANS...

IN 1970, WELTERWEIGHT **Billy Backus**, A TOUGH, WILLING JOURNEYMAN, CAUGHT **JOSE NAPOLES** MINUS A DECENT CUT MAN...

...SO, I **CUT** HIM!

BAND AIDS

Z Z Z Z

...BE **BACK** IN 5 MONTHS!

GENEROUS LIGHTWEIGHT KING **JIMMY CARTER**, NO KIN TO THE PEANUT FARMER, "LENT" 'OFT' BEATEN—AT LEAST 52 TIMES IN HIS CAREER— **Lauro Salas** HIS TITLE IN 1952.

RUMOR HAS IT THAT BANTAMWEIGHT **Soo-Hwan Hong** WAS SELECTED BECAUSE...

...ER, NOBODY COULD REMEMBER **WHO** HE WAS!

OFFICIAL PANEL MEMBER

FEATHERWEIGHT— **Clemente Sanchez** OUTGREW THE DIVISION IN 7 MONTHS AND NEVER EVEN DEFENDED

TOO MUCH FOR CLEMENTE!

MENU

135

OLDTIMER **Corporal Izzy Schwartz** GRABBED FLYWEIGHT HONORS

SERIOUSLY, ANY BOXER WHO COULD SPORT A CROWN HAS NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF

OUR ONLY REGRET IS THAT WE **NEVER** FOUGHT WHOEVER **THOUGHT** UP THIS TOPIC!

RANK HAS ITS **PRIVILEGES!**

CHARLIE McGILL — THE RING

A FORMER CHAMP TAKES A LOOK AT

HISPANIC MACHISMO & WHAT IT MEANT TO ROBERTO DURAN

BY JOSE TORRES

"YOU KNOW," THE LADY SAYS, "I HAVE been impressed by the protruding musculature of weightlifters, the roughness and huskiness of football players, the muscle definition of some baseball players; I have been taken by the enormity and strength of some professional wrestlers, and the true beauty of movie stars like Ryan O'Neil and Paul Newman." The young woman takes time to breathe. "But none turns me on as much as a prizefighter in the ring. "She throws a smile at her husband, who had undoubtedly heard this story before and who had thrown a few punches himself once upon a time.

"But if you really want to see an entire body overtaken by the asperity of goose bumps just let me watch good Latin fighters in action." This has been a condition that Jennifer has lived with since age 16 when she first met the man who would become her husband—a Latin heavyweight who in the late 1950s and early 1960s had the promise and potential of a future champion, but whose "guts" and "heart" stopped him short.

Notwithstanding the fact that the man closest to her heart had actually been ruined by an overdosage of machismo inside the boxing ring, Jennifer, 39, considers any man who dedicates part of his life to exchanging punches for a living as "very, very special. A super macho," she points out, "rid of fear and panic." And if that man happens to be related to the language, culture and country of Cervantes, then he's the closest thing to God. "Win or lose," she whispers.

This notion of the Latin boxer is not the exclusive province of Jennifer; it's neither an original idea of present-day boxing buffs, nor a monopolization of female sensitivity. This is a belief that has been rummaging the brains' wall of the boxing community long before Spain's Francisco Franco, the Dominican Republic's Rafael Trujillo, or Argentina's Juan Peron taught us that in this man's world, they were the closest souls of God, just a few steps ahead of the male population of their society.

The conscious, unconscious, brutal and subtle inculcation of this concept into the Latin society's psyche has been as consistent as it has been effective. Ads, commercials and, indeed, all the media itself, are dedicated to identifying—and hyping—male machismo. So much so that boxing crowds in Latin countries immediately boo if a defensive fighter is successful in preventing his opponent from connecting solidly while not doing much himself in return. The prompt and almost automatic reaction of the referee is to threaten the fighters with swift dismissal if

they don't start hitting each other to the satisfaction of the demanding fans. These days men who choose boxing as their occupation in Latin countries do so with the conviction that lumps, lacerations, cuts, broken bones and blood are important distinguishing emblems—not necessarily of defeat but are, instead, honorable and dignified badges of victory. There is not much fun in winning unless you can show evidence of machismo.

With very few exceptions, "macho fighters" come to mind when you start a boxing conversation in a Latin bar. True, no one can forget Mexican fighters like Raton Macias and Vicente Saldivar, Dominican fighters like Carlos Teo Cruz, Puerto Rico's Sixto Escobar, Carlos Ortiz, Wilfredo Gomez, Wilfred Benitez, Cuba's Jose "Mantequilla" Napoles, Luis Manuel Rodriguez and Kid Chocolate, or Panama's Ismael Laguna. These Hispanic fighters were fine boxers whose defensive posture made them prominent and memorable in the world of the Sweet Science. And the same honor can be accorded Nicaragua's Alexis Arguello, Argentina's Carlos Monzon, Columbia's Antonio Cervantes and Chile's Arturo Godoy. And many others—too many to enumerate here. These clever boxers, who rejected the traditional concept of the "Macho syndrome" and who became outstanding fighters—some world champions—executing their task in its most basic form, hit and don't get hit, does not quite evoke the same excitement as do other prizefighters, those who were unable to conceal vulnerable body areas from oncoming punches.

Cuba's Kid Gavilan is considered by many as one of the greatest of all Hispanic pugilists. His best quality? His ability to take a good wallop! He did not have a powerful punch. He simply walked through punches, seemed not to be bothered by direct hits to the jaw and had the unique capability of being able to absorb the best his rival had to offer. Result: opponents became discouraged and more often than not would give up and quit in disgust. Gavilan's countryman, Benny "Kid" Paret, and Pipino Cuevas, a Mexican, were also prominent because of their special faculty in assimilating punishment. Rocky Rivero, Florentino Fernandez, and Jose Gonzalez didn't go far in their boxing careers but their "Macho" performances will have a long-lasting life; certainly longer than the many others who acquired a higher status in *The Ring Record Book,* but never in the unwritten register of that selective boxing community who pass on the stories and anecdotes which supercede written history itself in the fight racket's heart.

Take Mexican Toluco Lopez. He embodied every ingredient essential to the making of a macho prizefighter; he engaged in bar fights, refused to do necessry road work, visited the gym only when in the mood and consumed alcohol continually, abstaining temporarily only when he stood inside the ring.

For almost ten years Jose "Tuluco" Lopez transcended the unwritten law of what a prizefighter should be all about. People remember Toluco with joy. In a Los Angeles tavern: "He was one of the greatest we ever had," said a Mexican, a glass of tequila in hand. "He was the most exciting fighter in the entire world. He had the women, he loved tequila, he only trained a few days . . . and he won almost all his fights." The Mexican took a sip. "I was only 15 when the entire Mexican population cried as Toluco got knocked out by Willie Parker in 1958." The Mexican man recalled this fight and his face turned sad. "It was pathetic," he said.

Calling himself Tato—and an old friend of the famous Toluco—he transported himself back to Acapulco and the unforgettable night of May 11, 1958. "Toluco had been drinking heavily for days," he remembered. "Even the day before the fight he had gone to bed totally bombed. In round nine, unable to contain a day-long attack of diarrhea, my man walked out and, bam!, he got hit with a straight right to the guts." There was a pause and Tato's eyes got wet. "Everyone in the arena became a witness to Toluco's sick stomach. Evidence of it dripped down his leg and tears of shame down his cheeks. He literally got the *mierda* kicked out of him." Tato asked for more tequila and smiled. "Six weeks later Toluco got Parker back and gave him a boxing lesson. Toluco won every single round." Possessing a record of 114 fights—with only a dozen defeats—Toluco held the Mexican bantamweight championship from 1955 to 1959. He also held the nation's attention when he finally put some of his ring earnings in a bank. "Toluco Opens a Bank Account" read the headlines in *El Nacional.*

The first Hispanic to earn prominence in this country's rings was Luis Firpo, *El Toro de Las Pampas* (The Wild Bull of Las Pampas). He also brought "Hispanic Machismo" with him. With a large entourage and a conviction that hard training was harmful to boxers, *El Toro de Las Pampas* was hardly seen in the gymnasium, instead he paid more attention to beautiful senoritas and wine. And to prove that he had the right idea, the huge Argentinian heavyweight began to impress American fighters with the wisdom of his ways. He scored six straight knockouts, including one over Jess Willard, the 250-pound, 6'7" former heavyweight king, who could not resist Firp's power past the 8th round.

On September 14, 1923, *El Toro de Las Pampas* squared off against champion Jack Dempsey. It was a fiery fight! The first punch thrown in the fight was a wild right which sent an off-balance Dempsey to the canvas. The embarrassed champion got up and walked toward the anxious Argentinian. Before the first round was over both fighters had been on the canvas nine times. And, although Firpo had been beaten 7-2 in canvas visits, he scored the most sensational knockdown when he drove Dempsey through the ropes and into the lap of shocked sportswriters. A round later Firpo was flattened for the full count. In Buenos Aires, the local press bragged about the "guts" of Firpo and how he had lost like a true "macho".

Ruben Olivares was another fighter of great tenacity and one who seemed to find enjoyment in taking a couple to give a couple. He had the determination to out-macho many of his rivals. He also possesses a special place in the heart of the boxing people in general—and the Mexican boxing fan in particular.

Until recently the crop of Hispanic macho fighters was highlighted by Roberto "Manos de Piedra" Duran. Not only did he behave like a typical "Machista" but the newsmedia found in the Panamanian marvel the ultimate in "Hispanic Machismo." When he performed, Duran was detached of emotion. And to confirm what the media proclaimed him to be, Duran played this part quite well: He spoke about killing opponents. He grunted like an animal and his eyes would become cold as ice. There was foam in the corners of his mouth as he snarled at his rivals. Whether in training or in the ring, no one would ever see Duran smile. It was the macho syndrome at its best.

The publicity given to Duran before his fight against Sugar Ray Leonard converted he Panamanian pug into a wild animal who could only be beaten by being shot. Films of his previous fights showed the courage, "guts" and machismo of "Manos de Piedra." Given the social background of Duran—growing up very poor in the ghettos of Panama and shining shoes to survive—old philosophies were revived and new ones were developed about "Hispanic machismo." There is the notion that poverty creates bullies, that in such subcultures only the strong survive, the super macho. As soon as Duran was placed in our consciousness and his past was revealed to the world, his behavior with words, and flattered by the *rationale* expressed by the media about his fearful performances in the ring, Duran thought that perhaps the boxing experts of the press and TV had the right definition of his conduct in the ring: He *was* a true super macho!

Believing that is to be under extreme pressure. If, in the past, fear had somehow, someway peeped out from somewhere in Duran's psyche and he was able to dismiss it as a mirage, now the psychological pressure could make him aware of the difference between true or imagined fear. With all the complexities that seem to clutch good fighters once they find themselves en route to the championship, Duran had an additional one: now he *had* to deal with fear, an emotion that an overwhelming majority of champions learn to dispense with long before they consi-

Top: Angel Espada lands a straight left to Pipino Cuevas' face. Cuevas, however, just kept coming. Bottom: Thomas Hearns lands with a right to Cuevas' nose and mouth. Pipino's defeat was a minor tragedy to many fans in Mexico

Overleaf: Luis Firpo has one knee drawn up in agony as referee Jack Gallagher counts him out in round two of his title bout with champion Jack Dempsey.

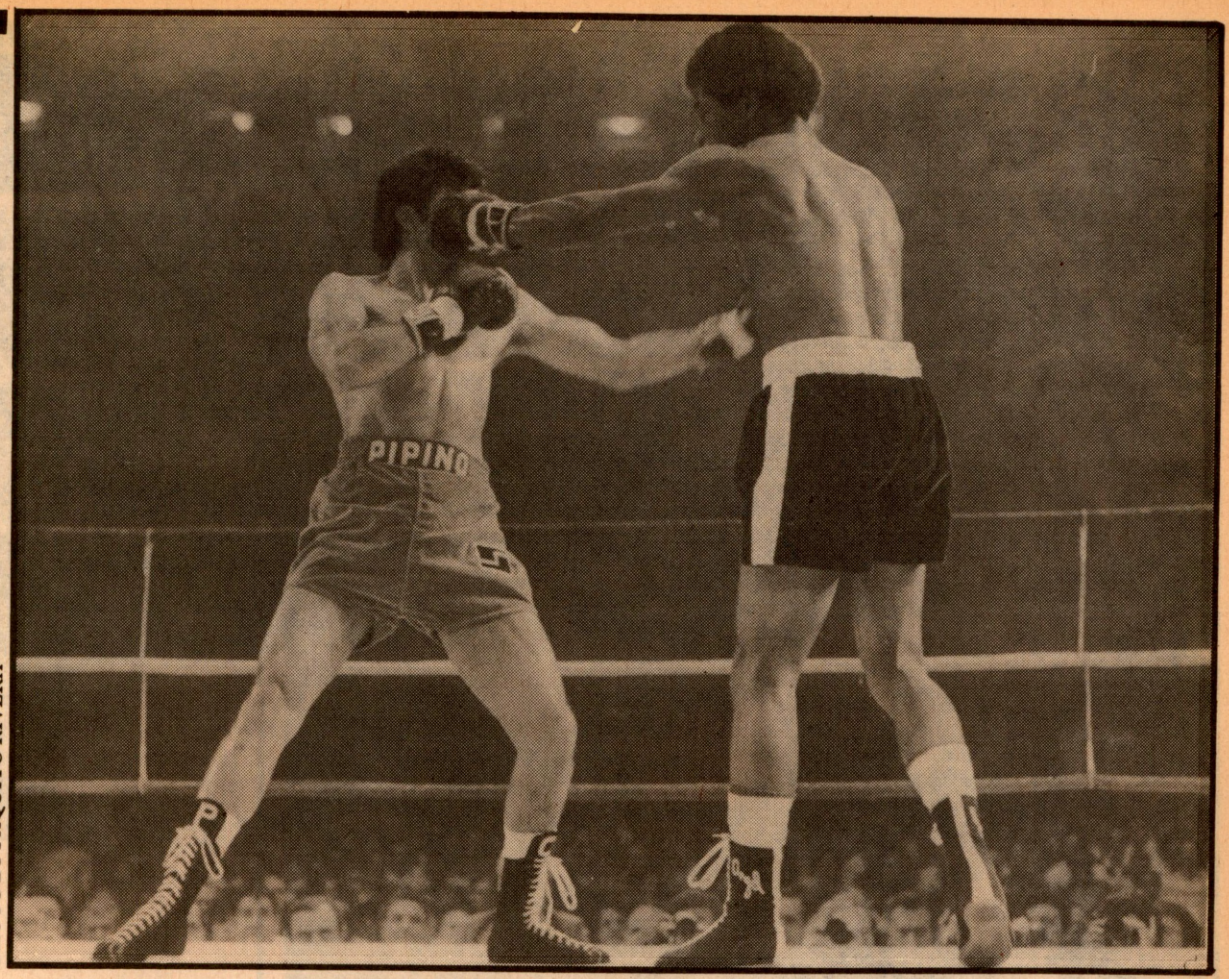


PHOTO BY PAQUITO RIVERA

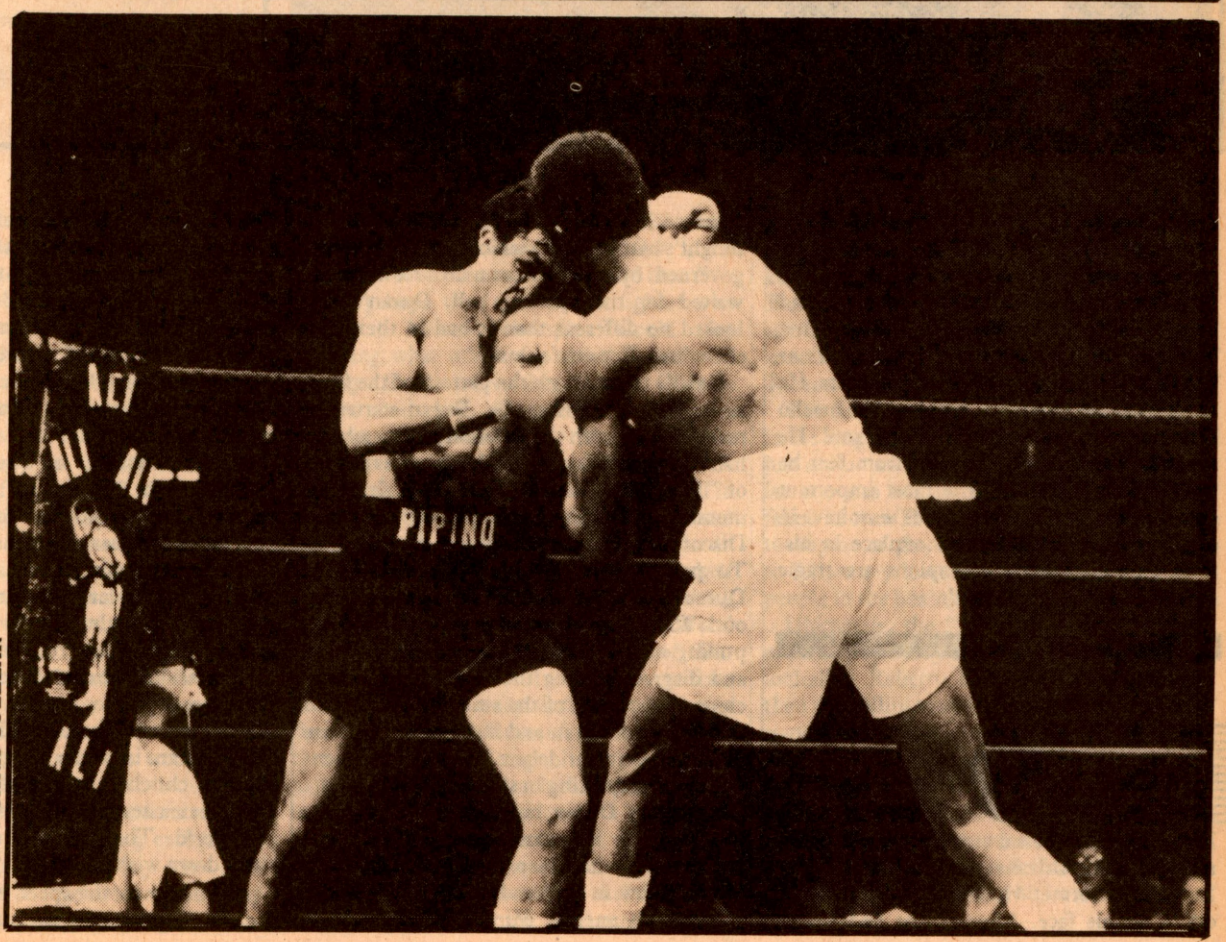
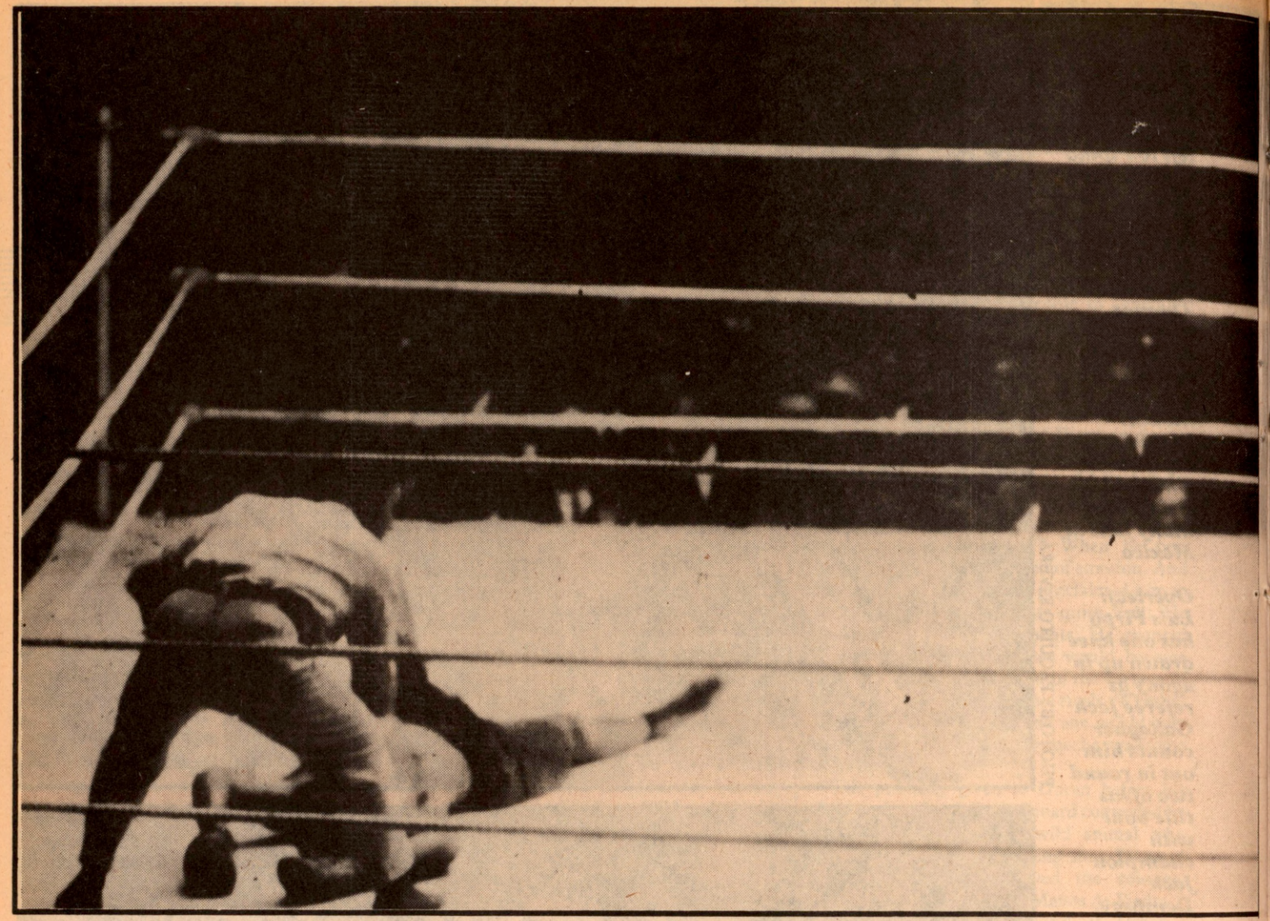
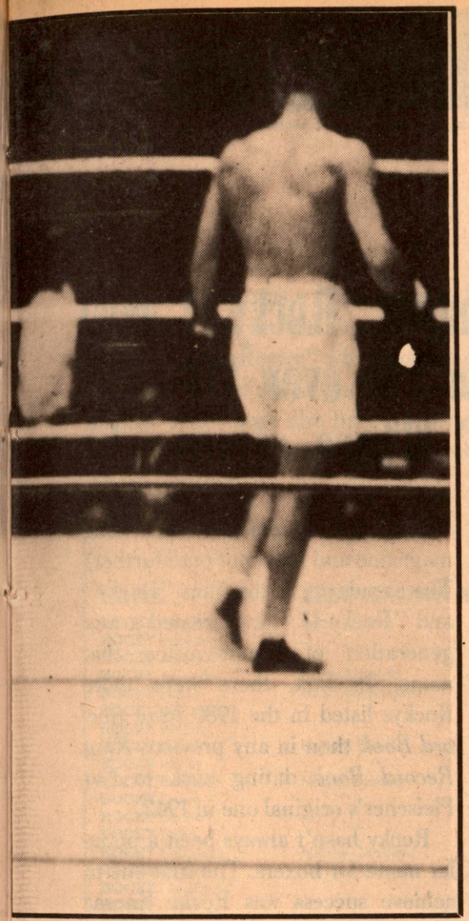
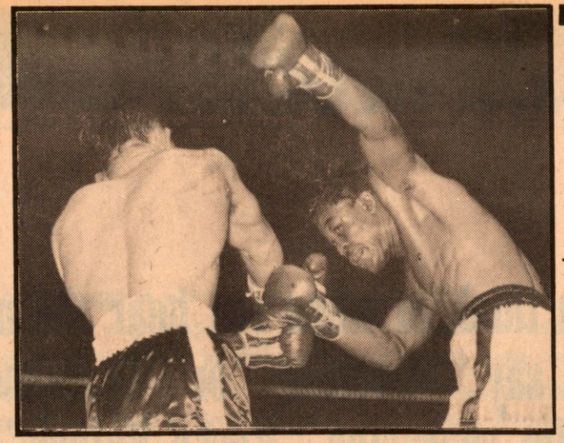
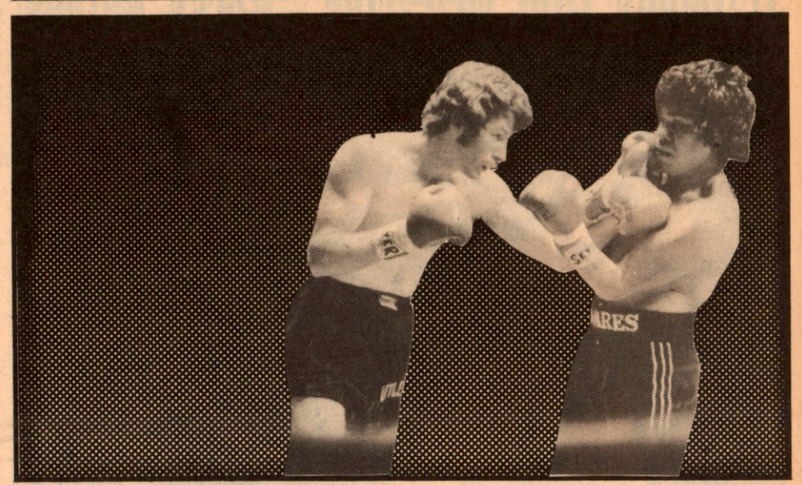


PHOTO BY CHRIS CUELLAR









This page, left: Carmen Basilio and kid Gavilan battle it out in Syracuse. "The Keed" connects with a left to Carmen's head in the first round. Gavilan was decked for a nine-count in the second, but came back to win a split decision. Bottom: Danny Lopez and Ruben Olivares slug it out in California. Lopez won by K.O. in the seventh.

der themselves real pros. For there should be no doubt about it, a "Hispanic Macho" pugilist is the man who knows *no* fear!

For Duran it was a phenomenon. He had been able to reach the top without first bothering to inquire about strong emotions and their role in exceptional prizefighters. He never learned that to accept the macho character was to erase fear from his soul. He never knew that to rid himself from fear he was actually discarding the most important component that great champions *must* have in order to transcend the commonplace in history. Fearless boxing champions are tragic accidents of the fight racket!

On the night of November 25, 1980, Roberto Duran looked at the other end of the ring in New Orleans and saw Sugar Ray Leonard, a former victim. There was confidence on his face. After all, he had beaten Leonard just a few months before in a hard-fought battle, one which was obviously governed by the Panamanian. Now, as he waited for the opening bell, Duran's face looked no different than it had in their first encounter. But not for long!

Unable to dominate the pattern of the fight as he had in the first one, Duran started to make contact with the emotion he thought he had conquered: fear. Now the grand exponent of "Hispanic Machismo" doubted. It was a moment of humiliation and indignity. Discovering fear in himself was self betrayal. To paraphrase Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Duran feared fear itself. The champ freaked out! With ego, pride, dignity and decorum pulling one way and the fear of humiliation and disgrace pulling the other, his subconscious took control of the situation. It came to the rescue of Duran and his courage. It came to stop the violent debate. It came to prevent Duran from quitting in shame.

Suddenly, Duran began to feel a strange weakness of his arms and legs; unusual cramps began to creep into his midsection. He was now in pain and unable to raise the gloves with energy. Mind over matter! To Duran, this weird condition was unbearable; enough to stop the action at once. The will to win and the courage and determination to resist wholly gave out to a deeper emotion. A proper justification for Duran—in that complex combination of emotion and physical mechanism struggling to become a workable coordination—to desist from going on as usual.

It was a moment of discouragement and frustration for the champ. And, too swift a decision. He had no time to realize that this sudden action was an unsuspected knockout to the boxing fan in general. And to the sports media in particular. They are important components of the fight racket whose reaction and opinion play a major role in the business part of professional boxing. The press, as well as the general public, jumped on poor Roberto with a passion. Those who had converted the Panamanian into the greatest of all super machos clutched to the dagger protruding from their chest shouting curses at Duran to the world. They felt Duran was dragging them down with him!

As I had come to expect, ever since my days in the ring, most sportswrighters began to analyze Duran's "strange behavior" in their accustomed simple way. Only a very few bothered to dig into the invisible and subjective ingredients that makes a fighter tick. Most conceded that Duran was not the super macho they had portrayed him to be over and over again during the 71 previous fights that Duran had won with cleverness, guts, will and raw determination. All of a sudden, the hero became a pussy cat with a weak heart and the courage of a cloth doll. And Duran, who had played these people's game until that unforgettable eight round, obtained no relief when attacks on his character, personal life and boxing career began to assault him from all sides.

"Hispanic Machismo" took a pounding. We were not super macho, after all. The fact that any boxing experts can cite more than four Hispanic names among the ten most courageous prizefighters in the world today did nothing to dispel this latest notion that Duran ruined the macho syndrome among the Hispanics who make a living exchanging punches for pay in public. They were relegated to that level of machismo where they encourage docility, submissiveness and weakness of the female species; to that place where they were now "the man of the house", and one who "wears the trousers around here."

I only hope that every Latin fighter who wants to become champion would stop believing what others say about "guts" and courage in the ring. My friends Obdulio Nunez and Jose Gonzalez, two former fighters who pounded at the door of the championship for various years, had trouble separating the macho image others planted in them from the true quality a man or a woman needs to reach the top. Like many other Latin fighters, Gonzalez and Nunez spent their long boxing career defending and protecting their so-called macho image—both inside and outside of the ring. They went out of their way to prove to the world that they were fearless, macho men ready and willing to give their life in the defense of their honor. So there was anger and rage, fury, passion and hatred behind every punch they threw. Their intelligence and objectivity were gravely affected by the strong emotion which overwhelmed them. They never made it!

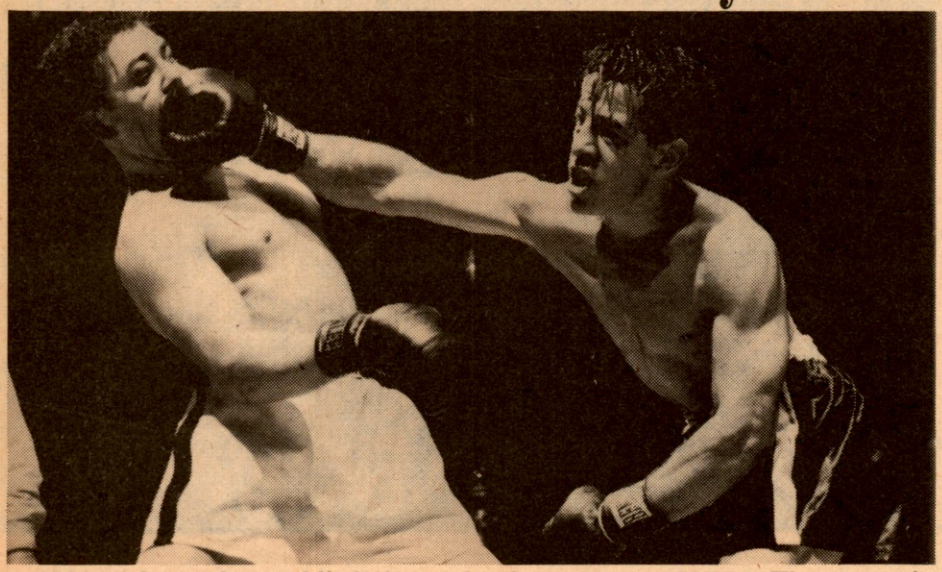
I grew up in a macho culture that taught me that men didn't cry, that professional people had to be male, that soldiers and police officers, presidents and executives were all superior and, not incidentally, were all male. But luckily for me, I was also inculcated with the idea that tall, blond, blue-eyed American men were better in every aspect than Puerto Ricans.

The first big white American man I fought in the ring became living proof that they were just as human as I was. However, this particular one was not as clever as I was. He was felled in one. The second took me two rounds to dispose of. So, early in my career I learned to follow my instinct and listen to the right people in the boxing world, It worked!

Ultimately, the "Hispanic Machismo," as practiced by every outstanding Latin fighter, including Roberto Duran, is nothing more than the ability to outthink, outsmart and outpunch your opponent. It's your capacity to anticipate punches and moves; to have perfect timing and to have the skill to see *every* oncoming punch. But above all, a true macho-man in the ring is the man who spends every second of fighting time dedicated to hitting his rival while not getting hit in return. ■

FOR THE RECORD

What do you think of when you hear the name "Rocky"? Most likely you'll say "Marciano" or "Graziano" or even Sylvester Stallone's film character "Rocky Balboa." (Those of you who



said "Colavito" or "Bleier" or "Bridges" are reading the wrong magazine and need not read further). The popularity of the films "Rocky" and "Rocky II" have created a new generation of boxers using that name. In fact, there were more Rockys listed in the 1980 *Ring Record Book* than in any previous *Ring Record Book* dating back to Nat Fleischer's original one in 1942.

Rocky hasn't always been a popular name for boxers. The first one to achieve success was Rocky Kansas who boxed professionally from 1911 to 1932 and was the world's lightweight champion in 1925-26. There wasn't another Rocky who achieved any measure of success until Rocky Rayo, a welterweight who appeared in ten bouts in 1937. Middleweight Rocco (Rocky) Luciano started campaigning professionally in 1940. The number of Rockys grew during the 1940's and due largely to the success of middleweight champion Rocky Graziano there were 18 Rockys in the ring by 1949.

The most famous and successful Rocky began boxing professionally in 1947, using the name Rocky Mack to protect his amateur status. After winning one bout by knockout, he returned to the amateur ranks and as Rocco (Socko) Marchegiano won the New England Golden Gloves championship in 1948. He lost to Coley Wallace in the Eastern Regional Golden Gloves in New York and turned professional shortly afterwards. Using the name Rocky Marciano, he went on to win 48 more consecutive bouts, 42 by knockout, before retiring as undefeated world's heavyweight champion in 1956.

Although the most famous Rockys have been white Americans of Italian descent, there have been black, Hispanic and Oriental Rockys as well as British, Australian, and Canadian Rockys. Filipino boxers seem to like the nickname of Rocky with eight Filipino Rockys having competed in recent years. There was even a Syrian who called himself Rocky Estafire for awhile but later used the name Mustafa Hamsho.

In fact, the name "Rocky" comes up in a trivia question: What father and son team, both named "Rocky", boxed on the same card? The answer is a pair of Rockys—Mosley Senior and Junior. In Everett, Washington on September 23, 1976 Rocky Sr. was stopped in two rounds. His son avenged the defeat with a two-round knockout of his own.

The name Rocky in no guarantee of success as Clisby "Rocky" Ford, Rocky Corkins, Rocky Dadio, Frank "Rocky" Haynes, Juan "Rocky" Orengo and Joe "Rocky" Tomasello can attest. Each of them lost more than half of their bouts. Rocky Ford, in fact, won only one of 17.

Rocky Brown was a Philadelphian heavyweight as was the fictitious Rocky Balboa. But it is unlikely that he was used as a source for the film, "Rocky", since he only campaigned two years and lost all of his eight bouts.

The "Rocky Roster" which follows is an attempt to list all the professional boxers whose records have appeared in the *Ring Record Books* and the predecessors produced by Andrews, Post and Everlast. It includes the records of 125 Rockys. There have also been a few near Rockys such as Brockie Crowe, Yaqui Lopez, Roque Montoya, Rokoru Ishiyama, Hardrock Harden and Rockjaw Johnson. But since they were not *pure* Rockys, they aren't included in the "Rocky Roster."

BY JOHN GRASSO

ROCKY ROSTER

NAME	ALSO KNOWN AS	FROM	CLASS	YEARS	RECORD W-L-D
ROCKY Alarde	Ramon Alarde	*PHILIPPINES*	JR. WELTER	*1959-69*	20-14-5
ROCKY Anobling		*PHILIPPINES*	LIGHT	*1978-79*	1-2-1
ROCKY Armando		*MONTREAL*	LIGHT	*1949-51*	5-8-3
ROCKY Azevedo	Curtis Azevedo	*HAWAII*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1979*	2-0
ROCKY Beau	Rocky Beauregard	*HOLYOKE, MASS.*	LIGHT	*1954-56*	11-1-1
ROCKY Beaumont		*ENGLAND*	LIGHT	*1977-78*	4-3
ROCKY Bentley		*LENOIR, N.C.*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1975-77*	1-5
ROCKY Bethel	Bernard Bethel	*BAHAMAS*	LIGHT	*1957-64*	4-2-4
ROCKY Boulay		*CANADA*	FEATHER	*1962-70*	16-5-3
ROCKY Brisebois	Marcel Brisebois	*MONTREAL*	WELTER	*1949-54*	29-18-6
ROCKY Brown		*PHILADELPHIA*	HEAVY	*1951-52*	0-8
ROCKY Burton		*ENGLAND*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1978-79*	3-7
ROCKY Butler		*ENGLAND*	JR. WELTER	*1977*	1-3
ROCKY Caballero	Manuel Caballero	*AUSTIN, TEX.*	MIDDLE	*1952-59*	26-9-3
ROCKY Cafarella	Carmine Cafarella	*NEW YORK*	WELTER	*1947-48*	4-3-2
ROCKY Campbell		*ANTIGUA*	HEAVY	*1965-75*	22-18-3
ROCKY Carey		*MEXICO*	FEATHER	*1956*	0-2
ROCKY Cartier	Edward Couture	*NEW BEDFORD, MASS.*	WELTER	*1961-64*	11-5
ROCKY Casale	Guy Casale	*NEWARK, N.J.*	HEAVY	*1977-79*	10-2-4
ROCKY Casillo	Mike Casillo	*BLUE ISLAND, ILL.*	WELTER	*1951-55*	22-8
ROCKY Castellani*	Attilio Castellani	*LUZERNE, PA.*	MIDDLE	*1944-57*	65-13-4
ROCKY Clark	Rodrique Beaupre	*QUEBEC*	LIGHT	*1962-63*	2-5
ROCKY Compitello		*BROOKLYN*	MIDDLE	*1949-51*	16-6
ROCKY Constantino		*PHILIPPINES*	BANTAM	*1978-79*	0-2
ROCKY Corkins		*LOS ANGELES*	MIDDLE	*1948-53*	14-18-7
ROCKY Cudney	Dennis Cudney	*SHELBY, OHIO*	WELTER	*1972-74*	10-2
ROCKY Dadio	Paul Wilder	*GRAFTON HILL, MASS.*	LIGHT	*1948-52*	4-15-1
ROCKY DeFazio		*CHICAGO*	MIDDLE	*1972-76*	18-2-2
ROCKY Dixon		*ATLANTA*	WELTER	*1948-49*	3-7-1
ROCKY Drago	Bobo Drago	*LOUISVILLE*	LIGHT	*1947-50*	24-23-5
ROCKY Drouin		*QUEBEC*	FEATHER	*1955*	5-0
ROCKY Dufour		*CANADA*	MIDDLE	*1953-55*	5-2-3
ROCKY Estafire	Mustafa Hamsho Mike Estafire / Mike Estaire	*SYRIA/NEW YORK*	MIDDLE	*1975-79*	22-2-2
ROCKY Ferguson	Henry Ferguson	*BAHAMAS*	WELTER	*1957-61*	11-7-1
ROCKY Figerillo	Charley Figerillo	*CALIFORNIA*	FEATHER	*1945*	2-1
ROCKY Finegan		*LOS ANGELES*	MIDDLE	*1951*	2-1
ROCKY Fischetti		*BROOKLYN*	LIGHT	*1958-60*	4-5-2
ROCKY Fontnette	Ernest Fontnette	*SAN DIEGO*	FEATHER	*1957-58*	6-7-3
ROCKY Ford	Clisby Ford	*BROOKLYN*	WELTER	*1957-59*	1-16
ROCKY Fratto		*GENEVA, N.Y.*	MIDDLE	*1976-79*	18-0
ROCKY Friend	Gordon Friend	*LOS ANGELES*	WELTER	*1959-60*	3-4
ROCKY Fukumoto		*JAPAN/LOS ANGELES*	LIGHT	*1977-78*	2-2
ROCKY Fumerelle	Richard Rocco	*BUFFALO*	MIDDLE	*1956-63*	26-2-1
ROCKY Fusco	Carl Fusco	*STATEN ISLAND, NY*	FEATHER	*1948-55*	22-5-3
ROCKY Garcia	Constancio Garcia	*MEXICO*	FLY	*1966-73*	39-8-2
ROCKY Garcia	George Garcia	*LOS ANGELES*	BANTAM	*1978-79*	9-0
ROCKY Garcia		*LOS ANGELES*	JR. LIGHT	*1979*	6-0
ROCKY Gatlin		*NEW ORLEANS*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1948-52*	14-6
ROCKY Gattellari		*AUSTRALIA*	FLY	*1961-68*	21-2-1
ROCKY Gattellaris		*AUSTRALIA*	FEATHER	*1979*	0-1
ROCKY Gernandizo		*PHILIPPINES*	JR. LIGHT	*1979*	0-3
ROCKY Graziano	Rocco Barbella	*NEW YORK*	MIDDLE	*1942-52*	67-10-6

ROCKY Haro	Ralph Haro	*HANFORD, CALIF.*	LIGHT	*1947-50*	16-6-7
ROCKY Haynes	Frank Haynes	*OAKLAND*	HEAVY	*1953-61*	15-26-3
ROCKY Hernandez		*MEXICO*	MIDDLE	*1965-71*	33-16-3
ROCKY Holliday	Rocky Halliday	*WILKES-BARRE, PA.*	MIDDLE	*1964-77*	11-19-3
ROCKY Hudson		*AIKEN, S.C.*	MIDDLE	*1953*	3-1
ROCKY Jackson		*PHILADELPHIA*	WELTER	*1944-45*	4-10
ROCKY James	Len James	*ENGLAND*	HEAVY	*1963-68*	10-15-1
ROCKY Johnson		*BOISE, IDAHO*	WELTER	*1963-64*	5-0
ROCKY Jones	Fred Jones	*CHESTER, PA.*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1950-54*	10-12-1
ROCKY Kalingo		*PHILIPPINES*	WELTER	*1957-63*	21-12-2
ROCKY Kansas	Rocco Tozzo	*BUFFALO*	LIGHT	*1911-32*	64-12-88
ROCKY Lane		*MEMPHIS*	HEAVY	*1979*	0-1
ROCKY Leone	Carlo Leone	*ROXBURY, MASS.*	LIGHT	*1953-57*	7-5
ROCKY Lockridge		*PATERSON, N.J.*	FEATHER	*1978-79*	9-0
ROCKY Lombe		*BRIDGEPORT, CONN.*	LIGHT	*1972-73*	8-1-1
ROCKY Love		*HARVEY, ILL.*	HEAVY	*1951*	0-2-1
ROCKY Luce		*WORCHESTER, MASS.*	MIDDLE	*1966-67*	10-15-2
ROCKY Lucero		*LOS ANGELES*	LIGHT	*1949-51*	12-10-2
ROCKY Luciano	Rocco Luciano	*PENNSYLVANIA*	MIDDLE	*1940-47*	32-35-6
ROCKY MacDougall		*NOVA SCOTIA*	FEATHER	*1964-71*	16-6
ROCKY Mack			MIDDLE	*1979*	1-0
ROCKY Maguire		*AUSTRALIA*	JR. WELTER	*1979*	0-1
ROCKY Major		*U.S. ARMY*	LIGHT	*1944*	2-0-1
ROCKY Makapil	Roberto Macapili	*PHILIPPINES*	FLY	*1968*	3-1
ROCKY Marciano*	Rocco Marchegiano	*BROCKTON, MASS.*	HEAVY	*1947-55*	49-0
ROCKY Martin		*MIAMI/VANCOUVER*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1965-71*	10-14
ROCKY Matthews	Richard Matthews	*OKLAHOMA CITY*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1975-78*	4-11
ROCKY Mattioli		*ITALY/AUSTRALIA*	JR. WELTER	*1970-79*	55-5-2
ROCKY Mazza	Gene Mazza	*BROOKLYN*	MIDDLE	*1952*	5-4
ROCKY McCaleb		*MIAMI*	HEAVY	*1976-78*	5-0-1
ROCKY McKay	Stanley McKay	*PANAMA*	FEATHER	*1949-50*	13-3
ROCKY Mello	Tony Mello	*PAWTUCKET*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1947*	1-3-1
ROCKY Mijares		*MEXICO*	FLY	*1979*	0-3
ROCKY Montalvo		*SAN FRANCISCO*	MIDDLE	*1963-66*	13-5
ROCKY Montano	Dominion Boy	*PHILIPPINES*	FEATHER	*1951-54*	10-5
ROCKY Montante		*PHILIPPINES*	WELTER	*1964-65*	3-3-1
ROCKY Mosley, Jr.		*SEATTLE/LAS VEGAS*	JR. MIDDLE	*1975-79*	27-5
ROCKY Mosley, Sr.	Roxell Mosley	*CLEVELAND/LAS VEGAS*	MIDDLE	*1957-76*	11-13-2
ROCKY Morales	Armando Morales	*SAN ANTONIO*	BANTAM	*1957-58*	3-1
ROCKY Mundy	Rocky Munday	*ENGLAND*	WELTER	*1975-76*	9-0
ROCKY Nelson	Peter Nelson	*ENGLAND*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1961-62*	6-0
ROCKY Ocasio	Rogelio Ocasio	*PUERTO RICO*	JR. LIGHT	*1970*	1-2
ROCKY Orengo	Juan Orengo	*NEW YORK*	JR. LIGHT	*1967-75*	9-17-2
ROCKY Ortiz		*PUERTO RICO*	LIGHT	*1979*	1-0
ROCKY Petrole		*WORCHESTER, MASS.*	MIDDLE	*1953-54*	5-4-1
ROCKY Proano	Roque Proano	*CLIFTON, ARIZ.*	WELTER	*1957-59*	15-1
ROCKY Ramon	Rosendo Ramon	*SAN ANTONIO*	LIGHT	*1972-79*	33-15-3
ROCKY Ramos	Joe Ramos	*PROVIDENCE*	MIDDLE	*1954*	0-4
ROCKY Randall	Gary Randall	*ROME, GA.*	LIGHT	*1953-65*	75-49-13
ROCKY Rayo			WELTER	*1937*	8-1-1
ROCKY Rios	Chago Rios	*MEXICO*	FLY	*1956*	3-0
ROCKY Rivero	Juan Rivero	*ARGENTINA*	LIGHT HEAVY	*1956-69*	45-22-3
ROCKY Robinson	Don Robinson	*LOS ANGELES*	HEAVY	*1951-53*	12-3
ROCKY Romair	Wendell Romair	*HOUSTON*	WELTER	*1952-54*	8-3-1
ROCKY Russo		*ELIZABETH, NJ*	LIGHT	*1949*	1-0-2
ROCKY St. Clair		*AUSTRALIA*	HEAVY	*1977-79*	6-2-1
ROCKY Schiavone	Richard Schiavone	*NEW YORK*	LIGHT	*1945-47*	11-5-1
ROCKY Scott		*BROOKLYN*	WELTER	*1954*	1-2
ROCKY Slater	Wesley Slyapich	*FRESNO*	MIDDLE	*1949-56*	35-24-13
ROCKY Smith		*MIDWEST CITY, OK.*	BANTAM	*1975-76*	7-3
ROCKY Stevens		*JACKSONVILLE*	MIDDLE	*1979*	0-1
ROCKY Sullivan		*SPOKANE*	FEATHER	*1946-47*	4-2
ROCKY Sullivan		*BELCHERTOWN, MASS.*	WELTER	*1945-46*	3-4-1
ROCKY Sullivan	Jimmy Sullivan James J. Salamone	*BOSTON*	WELTER	*1947-57*	59-42-9
ROCKY Sutherland	Roy Sutherland	*NOVA SCOTIA*	MIDDLE	*1953-54*	3-5-1
ROCKY Tassone	Tony Tassone	*PHILADELPHIA*	MIDDLE	*1975-79*	17-4-2
ROCKY Thein		*W. ALLIS, WIS.*	LIGHT	*1951*	3-0
ROCKY Tomasello	Joe Tomasello	*MATTAWAN, NJ*	MIDDLE	*1950-57*	18-27-2
ROCKY Volpe	Lupo Volpe	*CHICAGO*	MIDDLE	*1955-56*	4-4-1
ROCKY Walker		*DETROIT*	MIDDLE	*1951*	0-6
ROCKY Wargo	See entry for Rocky Castellani				
ROCKY Whitehurst	Leon Whitehurst	*BRONX, NY*	HEAVY	*1977-79*	0-3
ROCKY Wilson		*MILTON, FLA.*	WELTER	*1958-59*	11-0
ROCKY Zales	Hruston Bevoie	*LOS ANGELES*	HEAVY	*1969*	2-2

*Also used name of Rocky Wargo from 1944-46

*Boxed first bout as Rocky Mack

RISE OF THE ROCKYS

YEAR	NUMBER OF PROFESSIONAL BOXERS NAMED ROCKY	YEAR	NUMBER OF PRO BOXERS NAMED ROCKY
1911-1932	1	1960	11
1933-1936	0	1961	12
1937	1	1962	13
1938-1939	0	1963	15
1940-1941	1	1964	14
1942-1943	2		
1944	5	1965	15
1945	7	1966	15
1946	5	1967	15
1947*	10	1968	15
1948*	12	1969	13
1949	18		
1950	18	1970	13
1951	23	1971	11
1952**	18	1972	10
1953**	21	1973	10
1954**	21	1974	8
1955**	16	1975	14
1956**	14	1976***	14
1957	17	1977	16
1958	15	1978	18
1959	15	1979	24

*Rocky Graziano middleweight champion **Rocky Marciano heavyweight champion ***movie "Rocky" released

ROCKY RECORDS

Number of boxers named Rocky—**125**

Most bouts by a boxer named Rocky
- **164—ROCKY KANSAS**
- **137—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **110—JAMES (ROCKY) SULLIVAN**

Most bouts won by a boxer named Rocky
- **75—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **67—ROCKY GRAZIANO**
- **65—ROCKY CASTELLANI**

Most bouts lost by a boxer named Rocky
- **49—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **42—JAMES (ROCKY) SULLIVAN**
- **35—ROCKY LUCIANO**

Most knockouts won by a boxer named Rocky
- **52—ROCKY GRAZIANO**
- **43—ROCKY MARCIANO**
- **42—ROCKY MATTIOLI**

Most decisions won by a boxer named Rocky
- **49—ROCKY CASTELLANI**
- **39—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **32—JAMES (ROCKY) SULLIVAN**

Most knockouts lost by a boxer named Rocky
- **9—JAMES (ROCKY) SULLIVAN**
- **9—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **8—ROCKY HAYNES**
- **8—ROCKY SLATER**

Most decisions lost by a boxer named Rocky
- **40—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **33—JAMES (ROCKY) SULLIVAN**
- **30—ROCKY LUCIANO**

Most draws by a boxer named Rocky
- **13—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **13—ROCKY SLATER**
- **9—JAMES (ROCKY) SULLIVAN**

Most no decisions by a boxer named Rocky
- **81—ROCKY KANSAS**

Most consecutive bouts won by a boxer named Rocky
- **49—ROCKY MARCIANO**
- **19—ROCKY CASTELLANI**
- **19—ROCKY ESTAFIRE (MUSTAFA HAMSHO)**

Most consecutive bouts lost by a boxer named Rocky
- **10—ROCKY RANDALL**
- **10—ROCKY FORD**
- **10—ROCKY HAYNES**

Most consecutive knockouts by a boxer named Rocky
- **19—ROCKY RIVERO**
- **16—ROCKY MARCIANO**
- **11—ROCKY ESTAFIRE (MUSTAFA HAMSHO)**

Most years competed by a boxer named Rocky
- **22—ROCKY KANSAS**
- **20—ROCKY MOSELY, SR.**
- **14—ROCKY CASTELLANI**
- **14—ROCKY HOLLIDAY**

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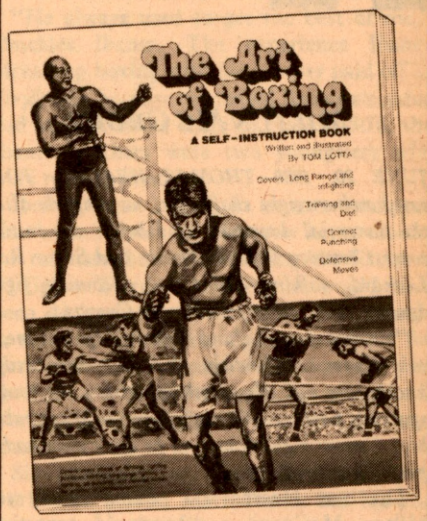

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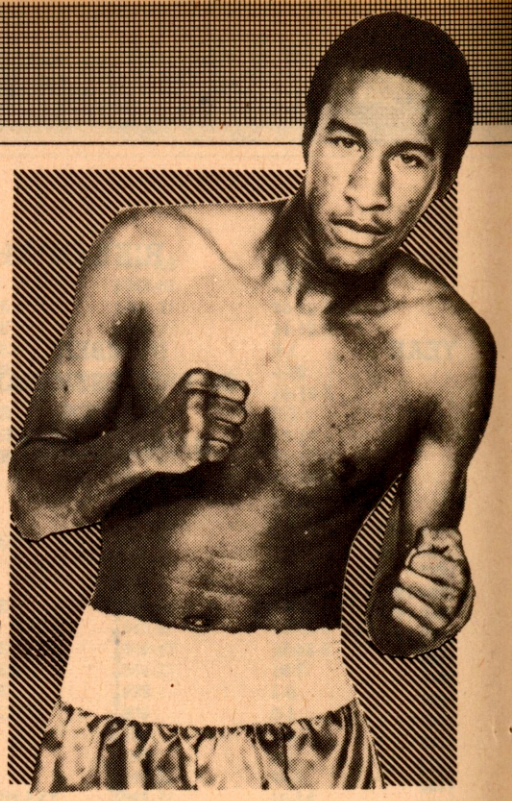

MILTON MC CRORY

JUNE 20, 1980—THOMAS HEARNS, TOP-rated welterweight challenger, sat ringside after the torrential downpour and before the initial contest between Roberto Duran and Sugar Ray Leonard, talking about his upcoming fight against WBA champion Pipino Cuevas.

"Cuevas doesn't stand a chance against me," said Hearns confidently. "I'll beat him easily; knock him out. I'm working with some tough sparring partners. One of them could probably beat Cuevas right now, and he ain't even had a professional fight yet."

The man Hearns was talking about was Milton McCrory, a 19-year-old sensation from Detroit; another gem from Emanuel Steward's diamond mine at the Kronk Gymnasium.

October 1, 1980—Hearns walked around the casino in a Las Vegas hotel the night before the Larry Holmes-Muhammad Ali heavyweight championship bout. Finding the time between winning at blackjack and craps, he once again praised his stablemate and sparring partner, "Chillin' " Milton McCrory.

"He ain't even 19 yet," said Hearns in awe. "He can box like a veteran and bomb you out with either hand. Every fighter down at Kronk likes to think of himself as a 'Bad' fighter. Well, I'm tellin' you, McCrory is more than 'Bad.' He's 'Super Bad!' "

Hearns was no longer speaking about McCrory the amateur. He was speaking about McCrory the professional. The 2-0 professional. Both victories had been first-round knockouts. Three more successive first-round knockouts followed in the next five weeks. By the time 1980 had ended, McCrory had blasted his way to eight consecutive knockouts—six in the first round. He is currently 10-0, all by knockout, seven of his victims failing to answer the bell signaling the beginning of the second round.

"Milton has incredible natural ability," said Steward, who has molded Hilmer Kenty and Hearns into world titleholders. "He won fights as an amateur with only a long left jab and his right. he didn't throw any hooks. He didn't know how to. I taught him to stay away and use his height. Now, he stiffens people with his hook. I consider Thomas Hearns to be the best finisher in the game today. But even Hearns doesn't chill opponents the way McCrory does. He puts them out cold!

"He has hand speed, foot speed, power, tremendous reflexes and a computer-like mind in the ring. He thinks about what he is doing, and then reacts instantly. He's in command every step of the way. I'm sure that all the sparring sessions McCrory had with Hearns helped tremendously in McCrory's development, just as I'm sure all those sessions helped in Hearn's development, as well. If you play chess with the best, you can only become a better player. If you run daily with the best runners, you'll become a better runner. If you spar daily with Thomas Hearns, you've got to become a better fighter." he jokingly added, "Either get better or get beat up."

McCrory was 11 when he walked into the gym Steward ran and first met the man who was recently selected as "Manager of the Year" for 1980 by the Boxing Writer's Association. Immediately, Steward—like a jeweler who can effortlessly differentiate between a real diamond and an imitation—knew there was something special about McCrory. Seven years later, after watching McCrory capture a gold medal in the first World Junior Boxing Championships in Yokohama, Japan, Steward decided it was time for McCrory to start earning money with his fists instead of winning trophies and watches.

His first fights in front of 1,860 fans in Detroit's Cobo Arena, lasted just 89 seconds. For his brief introduction to the professional ranks, McCrory earned $500.

"That's the easiest $500 you'll ever earn," Steward told him afterwards.

But, seemingly, they've all been easy as McCrory racks up victory-after-victory. His development is reminiscent of the young, unheard-of Thomas Hearns, who knocked out his first 17 opponents on the way to becoming a solid world-class fighter.

"McCrory will have an easier time than Thomas did in getting important fights and recognition," stated Steward, "because when Hearns was on the way up, knocking opponents over, who needed us? Over at Kronk, the guys all knew how good we were. It was the rest of the world that needed to find out."

Then came 1980, and world titles for Kenty and Hearns. Kronk would never be the same again. Now, Steward can't make matches fast enough for McCrory and the rest of his young, ultra-talented stable of fighters.

McCrory's spirit typifies the energy and enthusiasm which seems to be contagious at Kronk. When asked how long he wants to fight before hanging up his gloves, McCrory exclaimed, "Retire! How can I even think of retirement? I just got started. I've got a long, long way to go!"

Presently, McCrory is rated 10th among United States welterweights. At his present active fighting pace and rapid development, he is sure to be a world-class fighter by the end of this summer.

Mark the name Milton McCrory. It may sound like the name of a chain of five-and-dime stores, but its really the name of another million-dollar baby from the crowded counters of Kronk.

MILTON MC CRORY

Height: 6'1"
Weight: 147 pounds
Born: February 7, 1962
Amateur Record: 105-15, 30 KO's

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 10	Kevin Straughter	Detroit, Mich.	KO 1
Sept. 20	Rodney Kennebrew	San Juan, P.R.	KO 1
Oct. 16	Chuck Smith	Toledo, Ohio	KO 1
Oct. 23	William Hodges	Detroit, Mich.	KO 1
Nov. 8	Raul Aguirre	Detroit, Mich.	KO 1
Nov. 22	James Dixon	Cincinnati, Ohio	KO 5
Dec. 2	Bill Roberts	Toledo, Ohio	KO 1
Dec. 12	Alphonso Hayman	Detroit, Mich.	KO 3

1981

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 29	Mao De La Rosa	Detroit, Mich.	KO 1
Feb. 19	Santiago Valdez	Detroit, Mich.	KO 2

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
10	10	0	0	10

MARK IBANEZ

IN MARK IBANEZ' GENETIC MAKEUP IS A mixture of Hawaiian, Portuguese and Filipino ancestry. That's why it is so hard to understand why he fights like a Mexican.

There is nothing subtle about a Mexican fighter. What they lack in finesse they make up in aggressiveness. What they lack in talent they make up for in heart. They give and take in equal amounts. Hard Punches. Soft punches. Plenty of punches. Just watch a Mexican fight. The action you'll see will leave you drooling for more.

Action. That's Mark Ibanez' middle name.

"I don't try to be cute out there," said the powerfully-built Ibanez. "When the bell rings, I go out to do a job, and to finish it as quickly as I can."

As a "finisher," Ibanez has few equals in boxing.

"I won't let up on a man once he's hurt," said Ibanez. "When I hurt him, I'll finish him."

His manager-trainer, Fred Perreira, sees vast and steady improvement in Ibanez,

seventh-rated among United States welterweights.

"Ibanez will be as good as he wants to be," said Perreira, "He's tremendously strong for his weight, is durable, can bang with either hand and is always in great shape."

Well, almost always.

The only exception came on July 29, 1979. Ibanez, then a cocky 22-year-old who thought he knew all there was to know about boxing, brought a 4-0 record into the Hilo Civic Auditorium against Los Angeles veteran Jose Osuna. An ill-prepared Ibanez dropped an eight-round split decision to Osuna in a rough fight that Ibanez says taught him a lesson. He appears to have learned the lesson well, and now spends every moment he can in the gym.

"We'd love to get Osuna back," claims Perreira, "but he doesn't want any part of us now."

The biggest victory of Ibanez' career—and the one which brought him international recognition—came on August 19, 1980. His opponent was the highly-regarded, vastly-talented Sammy Ayala, winner of all but one of his 16 fights. Thirteen opponents had failed to last the limit. The pre-fight talk was that Ibanez had been terribly mismatched.

The "terribly mismatched" Ibanez stopped Ayala in 2:40 of the first round.

"We were set up," claimed Sammy's father-manager-trainer, Tony Sr. "We got to Hawaii expecting royal treatment. We got dirt. They (Kuwashi Enterprises) never gave us a set training schedule. We trained at one time one day, another time the next day, and another time the day after that. We had to be there or the gym would not have been ours to use. Then, they never provided us with a scale to keep a check on Sammy's weight. It was as if they hid all the scales in Hawaii. On the day of the fight Sammy had to sweat off three pounds. It was a well-done thing. I've got to give them that."

Ibanez shrugs his shoulders at Papa Ayala's story.

"Sour grapes," he said. "They're just making excuses. It's their fault if he was overweight. I was overweight that day, too. I made the weight. Why couldn't they?"

Sour grapes, rotten coconuts, whatever, Ibanez looked like a world-class fighter as he hooked and body-punched Ayala in the stunning upset, which gained him recognition by *Ring's* International Ratings Panel. This month the panel of experts has rated Ibanez 15th among the world's leading junior welterweights.

Born on the Waianae Coast of Hawaii, Ibanez first became interested in boxing, when, in elementary school, his father bought him and an older brother boxing gloves.

"He always used to get the best of me," chuckles Ibanez. The experience Ibanez picked up boxing with his brother paid off in dividends, because the school Ibanez attended had more than its share of bullies. Still, the Ibanez brothers were two youngsters who were rarely picked on.

Ibanez began boxing in amateur competition when he was 13. He never kept records, but estimates he won something like 70 out of 90 fights. Tired of knowing he would have been declared the winner after three rounds in many of his amateur fights were it not for terrible decisions, Ibanez decided to turn pro. On June 20, 1978, he began his quest for a world title, stopping his opponent in the third round.

Since knocking out Ayala and moving into world-class status, Mark Ibanez has become the most popular fighter in the exotic, sun-drenched, Hawaiian Islands.

The fans there are certain Ibanez will become the first world champion they've had since Carl "Bobo" Olson reigned nearly 30 years ago. They'll bet dollars to pineapples and coconuts on that.

MARK IBANEZ

Height: 5'6" **Weight:** 140 pounds
Born: September 3, 1956

1978

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
June 20	Clinton Campbell	Honolulu	KO 3
July 18	Alfredo Logan	Honolulu	W 5

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 30	Ful Sumagaysay	Honolulu	W 6
June 12	Frankie Balaski	Honolulu	KO 4
July 27	Jose Osuna	Hilo	L 8

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 19	Vito Meredith	Honolulu	KO 2
Mar. 4	Rudy Mata	Honolulu	KO 1
Apr. 8	Jose Lim	Honolulu	W 10
May 12	Daniel Patino	Honolulu	KO 4
June 17	Jale Fotu	Honolulu	KO 1
July 22	Rogelio Casteneda	Honolulu	KO 2
Aug. 19	Sammy Ayala	Honolulu	KO 1
Sept. 23	Albert Guevara	Honolulu	KO 7
Nov. 18	Armando Ramirez	Honolulu	KO 3

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
14	13	1	0	10

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RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

The WBA, proud of its international reputation for providing the stiffs of which dreams are made—for championship bouts, that is—recently had one of its nightmares actually turn into a dream come true when one of its mismatches misfired.

The story goes like this: On February 2, 1980, Mexican flyweight Pedro Flores lost to one Alfredo Hernandez, another flyweight who was to go on to lose his other four fights in 1980. But it made no difference to the open minds which run the WBA, for in October of last year they had the 31-year-old Flores, then 14-6, fight Yoko Gushiken for their version of something called the "Junior Flyweight" title.

The fight went to a decision, and the WBA, quick on the trigger, immediately called for a rematch on the basis of a "close" fight. Those at the fight thought they must have been watching the wrong fight. For, to most of them, the fight, if not the result, was anything but close: Referee Vicente Rainone of the U.S. scoring it 146-140 for Gushiken, judge Masao Kato of Japan scoring it 146-142 for Gushiken and judge Marcos Antonio Rodrigues—the Mexican fighters' friendly *amigo,* who had already officiated at seven of Pipino Cuevas' title fights—had it 146-145, Gushiken.

And so, on the basis of a "close fight," or, restated, on the basis of Rodrigues' vote, the WBA called for a rematch. Flores, true to form, fought one title warm-up, losing to oft-beaten Miguel Leal in the third round this past January. That made him 14-8; but the logical contender. At least, in the eyes of the WBA, whose eyesight is normally beclouded by nationalism.

In fact, Yoko Gushiken's previous title defenses point up more than mere nationalism. They even hint of favoritism, monied or no. For example, Gushiken fought one Monteayarm Manachi back in 1977, an undistinguished fighter with a 5-1 record, but rated No.10 in the world; he fought Tito Abella, who gained entrance into the ratings a mere 21 days before his fight; he fought Chung Sang II, who had a sterling 9-3-1 record; and he fought Yonghyun Kin (11-4-3). Obviously, knowing that the lighter weight divisions attract little or no international notice, the WBA and the WBC are the most blatant in the type of manipulation which disgraces both them and the entire sport of boxing in these lower classes.

But miracle of miracles, in his fight with Flores, Gushiken was stopped in the 12th round. Maybe that's why *The Ring* doesn't recognize the title; or the WBA's ratings. And why *Sports Illustrated*, in calling for an overhauling of the sport—and its rating system—advocated "Adherence to a new and realistic set of boxer ratings, which might well be those of *The Ring* Magazine, now highly respected."

We think so.

BERT R. SUGAR

RING RATINGS 25 YEARS AGO

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Rocky Marciano, Brockton, Mass.
1. Archie Moore, San Diego, Calif.
2. Tommy Jackson, Far Rockaway, N.Y.
3. Bob Baker, Pittsburgh, Pa.
4. John Holman, Chicago Ill.
5. Johnny Summerlin, Detroit, Mich.
6. Nino Valdes, Cuba
7. Willie Pastrano, New Orleans, La.
8. Harold Carter, Linden, N.J.
9. Bob Satterfield, Chicago, Ill.
10. Heinz Neuhaus, Germany

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Archie Moore, San Diego, Calif.
1. Floyd Patterson, Brooklyn, N.Y.
2. Gerhard Hecht, Germany
3. Yolande Pompey, Trinidad, B.W.I.
4. Chuck Speiser, Lansing, Mich.
5. Willi Hoepner, Germany
6. Joey Maxim, Cleveland, Ohio
7. Harold Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.
8. Ron Barton, England
9. Charles Colin, France
10. Marty Marshall, Detroit, Michigan

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Ray Robinson, New York, N.Y.
1. Carl (Bobo) Olson, Honolulu, T. H.
2. Charley Humez, France
3. Milo Savage, Salt Lake City, Utah
4. Bobby Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
5. Eduardo Lausse, Argentina
6. Gene Fullmer, West Jordan, Utah
7. Rocky Castellani, Cleveland, Ohio
8. Ralph Jones, Yonkers, N.Y.
9. Artie Towne, New York, N.Y.
10. Charley Joseph, New Orleans, La.

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Johnny Saxton, Brooklyn, N.Y.
1. Carmen Basilio, Syracuse, N.Y.
2. Tony DeMarco, Boston, Mass.
3. Isaac Logart, Cuba
4. Vince Martinez, Paterson, N.J.
5. Virgil Akins, St. Louis, Mo.
6. Ramon Fuentes, Los Angeles, Calif.
7. Art Aragon, Los Angeles, Calif.
8. George Barnes, Australia
9. Joe Miceli, New York, N.Y.
10. Emulio Marconi, Italy

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Wallace (Bud) Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio
1. Duilio Loi, Italy
2. Ralph Dupas, New Orleans, La.
3. Jimmy Carter, New York, N.Y.
4. Ludwig Lightburn, British Honduras
5. Frankie Ryff, New York, N.Y.
6. Cisco Andrade, Compton Calif.
7. Johnny Gonsalves, Oakland, Calif.
8. Kenny Lane, Muskegon, Mich.
9. Don Jordan, Los Angeles, Calif.
10. Larry Boardman, Marlboro, Conn.

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Sandy Saddler, New York, N.Y.
1. Fred Galiana, Spain
2. Hogan (Kid) Bassey, Nigeria
3. Carmelo Costa, Brooklyn, N.Y.
4. Flash Elorde, Philippines
5. Martin Rodriguez, Cuba
6. Ciro Morasen, Cuba
7. Ray Famechon, France
8. Cherif Hamia, France
9. Paul Jorgensen, Port Arthur, Texas
10. Willie Pep, Hartford, Conn.

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Robert Cohen, France
1. Mario D'Agata, Italy
2. Raton Macias, Mexico
3. Emile Chemama, France
4. Billy Peacock, Los Angeles, Calif.
5. Little Cezar, Philippines
6. Jose Lopez, Laguna, Mexico
7. Alphonse Hamili, France
8. Piero Rollo, Italy
9. Peter Keenan, Scotland
10. Jean Renard, Belgium

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Pascual Perez, Argentina
1. Memo Diez, Mexico
2. Leo Espinosa, Philippines
3. Young Martin, Spain
4. Danny Kid, Philippines
5. Dai Dower, Wales
6. Tanny Campo, Philippines
7. Jake Tuli, South Africa
8. Oscar Suarez, Cuba
9. Guy Schatt, France
10. Hitoshi Misako, Japan

From the May, 1956 issue of The Ring

Budweiser Presents The Ring International Ratings

THE WORLD RENOWNED BUDWEISER LAGER BEER

GENUINE

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** .... Easton, Pa.
1 Mike Weaver* .... Los Angeles, Calif.
2 Gerry Cooney .... Huntington, N.Y.
3 Leon Spinks .... St. Louis, Mo.
4 Michael Dokes .... Akron, Ohio
5 Gerrie Coetzee .... South Africa
6 Marty Monroe .... Los Angeles, Calif.
7 Trevor Berbick .... Halifax, Canada
8 Greg Page .... Louisville, Ky.
9 Ken Norton .... Compton, Calif.
10 James (Quick) Tillis, ... Chicago, Ill.

11. Bernardo Mercado, 12. John Tate, 13. Renaldo Snipes, 14. Stan Ward, 15. Randall (Tex) Cobb, 16. Scott LeDoux, 17. John L. Gardner, 18. George Chaplin, 19. Tim Witherspoon, 20. Marvin Stinson, 21. Pinklon Thomas, 22. Osvaldo Ocasio, 23. Lynn Ball, 24. Eddie Lopez, 25. Floyd (Jumbo) Cummings, 26. Jimmy Abbott

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD** .... Phila., Pa.
1 Eddie Mustafa Muhammad* .. Brooklyn, N.Y.
2 Michael Spinks .... St. Louis, Mo.
3 Jerry Martin .... Philadelphia, Pa.
4 James Scott .... Rahway, N.J.
5 Marvin Johnson .... Indianapolis, Ind.
6 Carlos DeLeon .... Puerto Rico
7 Yaqui Lopez .... Stockton, Calif.
8 Lotte Mwale .... Zambia
9 Marvin Camel .... Missoula, Mont.
10 Mustapha Wasajja, ... Denmark

11. Mike Rossman, 12. Murray Sutherland, 13. Bashiru Ali, 14. Jerry Celestine, 15. Jesse Burnett, 16. Dwight Braxton, 17. Young Joe Louis, 18. Tony Mundine, 19. Vonzell Johnson, 20. Louis Pergaud, 21. Richie Kates, 22. Pete McIntyre, 23. Rudi Koopmans

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MARVIN HAGLER .... Brockton, Mass.
1 Alan Minter .... England
2 Dwight Davison .... Detroit, Mich.
3 Vito Antuofermo .... Brooklyn, N.Y.
4 Mustafa Hamsho .... Syria
5 Fulgencio Obelmejias .... Venezuela
6 Curtis Parker .... Philadelphia, Pa.
7 Wilford Scypion .... New York, N.Y.
8 Frank Fletcher .... Philadelphia, Pa.
9 Tony Sibson .... England
10 Ronnie Harris .... Canton, Ohio

11. Vinnie Curto, 12. Ray Seales, 13. Mike Colbert, 14. Ernie Singletary, 15. Matteo Salvemini, 16. Sammy NeSmith, 17. Ruben Pardo, 18. Norberto Sabater, 19. Marcos Geraldo, 20. William "Caveman" Lee, 21. Chong-Pal Park, 22. Ralph Moncrief, 23. Jose Macias, 24. J.D. Williamson, 25. Loucif Hamani, 26. Frank Wissenbach

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AYUB KALULE* .... Denmark
1 Maurice Hope** .... England
2 Kenny Bristol .... Guyana
3 Rocky Mattioli .... Australia
4 Rocky Mosley .... Las Vegas, Nev.
5 Carlos Herrera .... Argentina
6 Walter Gomez .... Argentina
7 Tyrone Rackley .... Tucson, Ariz.
8 Odell Leonard .... Palmer Park, Md.
9 Nick Ortiz .... Puerto Rico
10 Tony Ayala, Jr. .... San Antonio, Tex.

11. Tidashi Mihara, 12. Mario Maldonado, 13. Carlos Santos, 14. Roger Leonard, 15. Marijan Benes, 16. Steve Delgado, 17. Tony Chiaverini, 18. Zeferino Gonzalez, 19. Babs McCarthy, 20. Charlie Weir, 21. Nino Gonzales, 22. Nicanor Camacho, 23. Andoni Amana, 24. Ray Hammond, 25. Luigi Minchillo, 26. Clemente Tshinza, 27. Jerry Cheatham

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD** .... Palmer Park, Md.
1 Thomas Hearns* .... Detroit, Mich.
2 Wilfred Benitez .... Puerto Rico
3 Pipino Cuevas .... Mexico
4 Roberto Duran .... Panama
5 Randy Shields .... N. Hollywood, Calif.
6 Pete Ranzany .... Sacramento, Calif.
7 Adolfo Viruet .... Hoboken, N.J.
8 Jorgen Hansen .... Denmark
9 Luis Primera .... Venezuela
10 Clint Jackson .... Nashville, Tenn.

11. Babs McCarthy, 12. Josef Nsubuga, 13. Victor Martinez, 14. Harold Volbrecht, 15. Larry Bonds, 16. Bruce Finch, 17. Pepe Dominguez, 18. Greg Stephens, 19. Milton McCrory, 20. Carlos Santos, 21. Mario Guillotti, 22. Tito Yanni, 23. Alfredo Lucero, 24. Colin Jones, 25. Luis Resto

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR* .... Cincinnati, Ohio
1 Saoul Mamby** .... New York, N.Y.
2 Jo Kimpuani .... Zaire
3 Lennox Blackmoore .... Guyana
4 Sang-Hyun Kim .... Korea
5 Domingo Ayala .... Puerto Rico
6 Dujuan Johnson .... Detroit, Mich.
7 Miguel Montilla .... Dominican Rep.
8 Willie Rodriguez .... Allentown, Pa.
9 Bruce Curry .... Los Angeles, Calif.
10 Monroe Brooks .... Los Angeles, Calif.

11. Sal Lopez, 12. Roberto Alfaro, 13. Jeff Malcolm, 14. Mark Ibanez, 15. Teo Ozuna, 16. Jorge Morales, 17. Hugo Luero, 18. Maurice (Termite) Watkins, 19. Juan Jose Gimenez, 20. Esteban DeJesus, 21. Cristobal Torres, 22. Thomas Americo, 23. Arseneo Green, 24. Steve Early, 25. Obisia Nwankpa, 26. Guiseppe Martinese, 27. Curtis Harris, 28. Nick Furlano, 29. Jose Salazar, 30. Hugo Quartapelle

How *The Ring* International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all five major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under *The Ring*'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions as of March 19, 1981. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. After the top ten were tabulated, those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

(AS OF MARCH 19, 1981)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

TITLE VACANT (Unrecognized by The Ring)
1 Hilmer Kenty* .... Detroit, Mich.
2 Jim Watt** .... Scotland
3 Alexis Arguello .... Coral Gables, Fla.
4 Aaron Pryor .... Cincinnati, Ohio
5 Rodolfo Gonzalez .... Mexico
6 Howard Davis, Jr. .... Glen Cove, N.Y.
7 Sean O'Grady .... Oklahoma City, Ok.
8 Claude Noel .... Trinidad, W.I.
9 Edwin Viruet .... Puerto Rico
10 Ernesto Espana .... Venezuela

11. Gonzallo Montellano, 12. Herman Montes, 13. Roberto Elizondo, 14. Vilomar Fernandez, 15. Johnny Lira, 16. Andy Ganigan, 17. Cocoa Sanchez, 18. Jorge Morales, 19. Ralph Aviles, 20. Jose Luis Ramirez, 21. Charlie Nash, 22. Francisco Leon, 23. Ray Mancini, 24. Leonidas Asprilla,

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

YASUTSUNE UEHARA* .... Japan
1 Cornelius Boza-Edwards** .... England
2 Rafael (Bazooka) Limon .... Mexico
3 Samuel Serrano .... Puerto Rico
4 Roberto Elizondo ...... Corpus Christi, Tex.
5 Ildelfonso Bethelmy .... Venezuela
6 Johnny Sato .... Los Angeles, Calif.
7 Victor Echegaray .... Argentina
8 Frankie Baltazar .... Los Angeles, Calif.
9 Leonel Hernandez .... Venezuela
10 Ruben Riani .... Argentina

11. Greg Coverson, 12. Enrique Maxwell, 13. Rolando Navarette, 14. Johnny Aba, 15. John Verderosa, 16. Oscar Arnal, 17. Carlos Pinango, 18. Il-Bok Lee, 19. Guillermo Morales, 20. Robert Mullens, 21. Ruben Veliz, 22. Jorge Alvarado, 23. Armando Perez, 24. Evans Gwiji, 25. Reynaldo Hidalgo

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SALVADOR SANCHEZ** .... Mexico
1 Eusebio Pedroza* .... Panama
2 Wilfredo Gomez .... Puerto Rico
3 Ruben Castillo .... Bakersfield, Calif.
4 Rocky Lockridge .... Paterson, N.J.
5 Roberto Castanon .... Spain
6 Patrick Ford .... Guyana
7 Noel Arriesgado .... Honolulu
8 Juan LaPorte .... New York, N.Y.
9 Francisco Manzo .... Mexico
10 Paul Ferrari .... Australia

11. Gustavo Salgado, 12. Mario Miranda, 13. Johnny Sato, 14. Pat Cowdell, 15. Juan Malvarez, 16. Alberto Collazo, 17. Luis Avila, 18. Guillermo Morales, 19. Juan Escobar, 20. Royal Kobayashi, 21. Freddie Roach, 22. Hiraku Tomonari, 23. Gilberto Acuna, 24. Cesar Ligan

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** .... Puerto Rico
1 Sergio Palma* .... Argentina
2 Ricardo Cardona .... Colombia
3 Leo Cruz .... Dominican Republic
4 Mike Ayala .... New York, N.Y.
5 Nicky Perez .... Tucson, Ariz.
6 Carmelo Negron .... New York, N.Y.
7 Edwin Rosario .... Puerto Rico
8 Jose Caba .... Dominican Rep.
9 Juan (Kid) Meza .... Los Angeles, Calif.
10 Soon-Hyun Chung .... Korea

11. Carlos Mendoza, 12. Jaime Garza, 13. Jose Cervantes, 14. Derrik Holmes, 15. Baba Jimenez, 16. Juan Antonio Lopez, 17. Ric Diamale, 18. Hurricane Teru, 19. Shuchi Isogami, 20. Jesus Caicedo, 21. Julio Soto Solano

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JEFF CHANDLER* .... Philadelphia, Pa.
1 Lupe Pintor** .... Mexico
2 Julian Solis .... Puerto Rico
3 Albert Davila .... Los Angeles, Calif.
4 Jorge Lujan .... Panama
5 Roberto Rubaldino .... Mexico
6 Eijiro Murata .... Japan
7 Oscar Muniz .... Los Angeles, Calif.
8 Jose R. Narvaez .... Argentina
9 Norberto Cabrera .... Mexico
10 Chul-Ho Kim .... Korea

11. Carlos Bejarano, 12. Rafael Orono, 13. Shuchi Isogami, 14. Ronald Sumalis, 15. Johnny Carter, 16. Ricardo Bennett, 17. Jose Uziga, 18. Ramon Soria, 19. Julio Saba, 20. Weilie Nkosinkula, 21. Takeshi Uezo

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SHOJI OGUMA** .... Japan
1 Hilario Zapata .... Panama
2 Peter Mathebula* .... South Africa
3 Pedro Flores .... Mexico
4 Yoko Gushiken .... Japan
5 Betulio Gonzalez .... Venezuela
6 Miguel Canto .... Mexico
7 Willie Jensen .... Las Vegas, Nev.
8 Luis Ibarra .... Panama
9 Charlie Magri .... England
10 Guty Espadas .... Mexico

11. Joey Olivo, 12. Chan-Hee Park, 13. Gustavo Ballas, 14. Mario Maldonado, 15. German Torres, 16. Tae-Shik Kim, 17. Jovito Rengifo, 18. Candido Tellez, 19. Antonio Avelar, 20. Stephen Muchoki, 21. Prudencio Cardona, 22. Shigeo Nakajima, 23. Yong-Hyun Kim, 24. Miguel Iriarte

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing)

*WBA champion **WBC champion

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FIGHT OF THE MONTH

BOZA-EDWARDS-LIMON
WBC Junior Lightweight Title

STOCKTON, CALIF.—Cornelius Boza-Edwards, a Ugandan living in London, captured the vacant World Boxing Council junior lightweight title with a unanimous decision over Rafael "Bazooka" Limon at the Civic Auditorium in a rare wrold title fight matching two southpaws.

It was a bloody, savagely fought bout with the Mexican mauler failing to win his first title defense after a three-month reign. Limon's record drops to 55-5-2, but he is well connected to the WBC hierarchy and will almost certainly be back for another shot at the crown.

Boza-Edwards, 129, was a 5-2 underdog in the first world title fight to be held in this small central valley city which has a rich history of boxing. The challenger, now 30-2, survived a shaky start and came back to dump Limon on his rump in the fifth with a straight left to the mouth.

In the sixth, both fighters received eye cuts after spending almost the entire round whalloping one another with hooks to the head and body. Limon never gave up trying, and, though his swings were wide and inaccurate, he smashed Boza-Edwards enough during the middle rounds to buckle the Ugandan's knees on a few occasions.

The new champion, called Corny by his friends, kept sticking a right hand jab in Limon's face throughout the bout and countered the Mexican's leads with hooks and crisp combinations. Now and again, the pro-Limon crowd would raise a cry up to the old rafters, "MAE-HE-CO," and Limon would come charging towards his foe. The two men then would stand and slug it out.

In the 13th, referee Dick Young took a point away from Limon for an obvious low blow. But give Limon credit. He is not a hack, but an accomplished "dirty fighter" with a God given talent, honed to prefection from diligent practice, at thumbling, butting, and hitting on the break, and he is not at all squemish about aiming a solid punch at the inside seam of an opponent's trunks. Other fighters occasionally try these tactics, but the "Bazooka Man" really puts his heart into it.

Boza-Edwards suffered small cuts over both eyes in the course of the fight, and later claimed they were caused by butts. By the end of the affair, Limon was a mess, with blood pouring from his mouth, nose, forehead, and left eye. There had been some question regarding his condition, but he held up well, and, though arm weary in the late rounds, he fought desperately to hold on to his title. Cuyo Hernandez, Limon's manager, kept urging his man to get inside and work the body, but Boza-Edwards was in great shape. Every time that he was hit he fought back harder.

The judges' scoring: Hank Elespuru, 146-140; James Kin, 146-140; and Lou Filipo, 143-141, all for the new champion. *The Ring* had it 11-4 in terms of rounds. But make no mistake about it; this was an exciting fight.

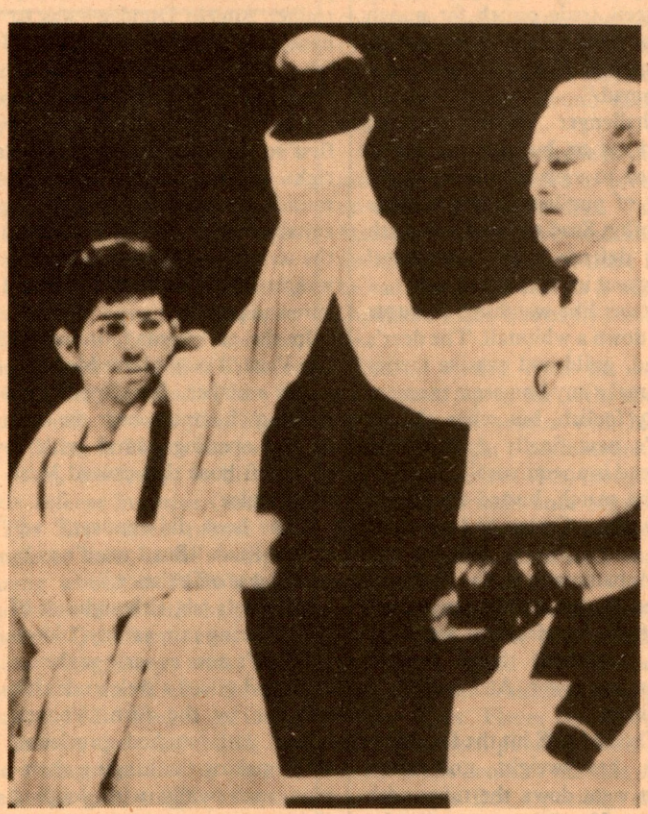
The afternoon clash was televised nationally by ABC but was blacked out in Northern California. Hopefully, the major networks will learn something from a review of the fights they've broadcast over the past month. Except for a title defense by Matthew Saad Muhammad, "Mr. Excitment" himself, the fare was dreadfully dull, mostly heavyweight shows (Renaldo Snipes-Jumbo Cummings, Greg Page-Stan Ward, and Gerrie Coetzee-George Chaplin), and the results have been disastrous. Some of it was like watching bread get stale. And it was embarrassing, if you really cared about boxing.

Howard Cosell did the commentary, and he entered the Stockton arena escorted by four bodyguards. It seems a local radio station posted a reward for any fan who dislodged Cosell's hairpiece, as heavyweight Scott LeDoux once did following a fight. But the rug remained intact.

Rafael Limon won his title three months earlier with a 15th round knockout over nothing special Ildefonso Bethelmi of Venezuela in Los Angeles. The WBC 130-pound throne was vacated when Alexis Arguello abandoned the division to seek his third world title.

Mickey Duff, manager of Boza-Edwards, said, "The low blow made Corny mad. He told me after that, 'I'm going to beat the hell out of him. He's got to

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



In October, 1980, Pedro Flores lost a close 15-round decision to the great, undefeated Yoko Gushiken in a quest for Gushiken's WBA junior flyweight title. In the rematch, Flores, a decided underdog, staged one of the greatest upsets in flyweight history when he halted Gushiken in the 12th round.

pay for it.' I knew Corny would win. He went right at him. Limon knew Corny won't take a backwards step, and Corny's hooks and counters told him he was ready for business. I had a friend make a bet for me in Vegas. I put down $7,500 to get back twice that and then some. That's how sure I was."

After the bout, Limon insisted he had won it. "I thought I had at least two rounds on him. It was a lucky punch that put me down. I was off balance and I wasn't hurt. Next time I will knock him out."

Limon had predicted a fifth round knockout before the bout. He also made a string of tasteless remarks in the days prior to the fight.

"I would like to know why Edwards wants to fight me. He knows what Mexicans do to English fighters. Pintor killed Owen. The same thing will happen this time."

Boza-Edwards never lost his dignity, nor did he reply to Limon's racial slurs or duplicate the flagrant fouls of the champion. When the bell ending the fight rang, both fellows looked at one another and then embraced. It was the only gracious gesture from Limon, and it seemed to suggest that the one thing he could appreciate was a good fight.

A disappointing crowd of 1,734 paid $49,330 for the card, and the promoters, Azteca Inc., screamed loud that the network was showing the main event on a two-hour delay. Boza-Edwards collected $30,000, while the deposed champion picked up $100,000 and something from TV in his home country.

Johnny Sato, 133, Stockton, knocked out Roberto Garcia, 131, Los Angeles, in the fourth round. Roberto Elizondo, 137½, Los Angeles, was very easily hit, but managed to halt Pablo Gomez, 139, Los Angeles, in the fourth. Chango Moreno, 131, Tepic, Mexico, knocked out overrated Noel Arresgado, 129, Philippines, in two. Rudy Barro, 151, Stockton, and Pablo Gomez, 149½, Long Beach, tech draw due to an accidental butt. 13.08.81

CHRISTOPHER COATS

SAAD MUHAMMAD-V. JOHNSON
World Light Heavyweight Title

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—One of the undisputed laws of the ring, ranking right up there with "protect yourself at all times," is "never, under any circumstances, trade punch for punch with WBC light heavyweight champion Matthew Saad Muhammad."

Challenger Vonzell Johnson tried not to, but was eventually forced to violate this basic precept of pugilistic survival, thus enabling Saad to notch his sixth title defense with a technical knockout in the 11th round.

It was like watching a cougar run down a whitetail. The deer's speed, guild and evasive tactics can make any lion seem momentarily foolish, but when the feline's paw finally sinks home, the end is unequivocally certain.

The match, hosted by Bally's Park Place Casino and televised live over CBS-TV, was not one of Muhammad's stellar performances. He fought like a man reeling from the effects of watching his retirement fund flushed down the sewer. And indeed, it had been.

When MAPS hit the fan, their light heavyweight unification fight went down the tubes with them. Unwilling to squander several months of training, Saad Muhammad quickly signed to defend against Johnson. The champ's cut in pay, from a reported 1.5 million dollars, was deeper than any laceration suffered inside the ropes.

Muhammad looked like he hadn't even thought about Johnson until he looked up from his corner before the opening bell. Here was a minor annoyance, an irksome pest to be pushed aside and crushed as early, and with as little effort, as possible. Besides, everybody said Vonzell would be easy. He wasn't.

The tall (6'4"), lanky challenger from Columbus, Ohio had been hailed by the press as a classic nobody, a lucky pug who had lucked into a title shot through default. He proved, however, to be a capable craftsman, worthy of the opportunity afforded him.

Johnson, 174, fought a prudently conservative battle. His plan—aided and abetted by trainer Angelo Dundee—was to backpedal behind his long left jab, foiling Muhammad's offensive rushes by constantly switching the direction of his retreat—first to the left and then to the right. For most of the first five rounds, it worked. Then, as inevitably as dawn follows dark, the strategy collapsed under the weight of Muhammad's pressure and punch.

In the early going, it looked like Vonzell might have Muhammad's number. He clipped the stalking champion near the end of the opening round with a clean left hook that caused Matt to stumble.

"The hook did connect," admitted Saad. "But I wasn't wobbled, I was off balance."

Johnson's jab, although not of the battering ram variety, bloodied Saad's nose as early as the second and raised a welt under his left eye by the fifth. Vonzell boxed with studied precision, often making the lunging champion miss widly with looping rights.

To a great extent, Saad Muhammad was his own worse enemy. Instead of setting his man up, he went right hand crazy, looking for a one-punch knockout.

"(Trainer) Sam Solomon was telling me, jab first, then throw the right hand, the one I was missing so much," said Muhammad. "I think I was a little anxious, trying to get it over with."

"I kept telling him not to do it," reported Solomon. "He should have been throwing combinations. I told him that."

It soon became obvious, even to Muhammad, that the right-handed haymaker was not the punch to catch the slippery Johnson with. Solomon had been begging for the left hook for several rounds before Saad finally got it off the launching pad.

A sweeping left hook grazed Johnson's chin near the end of the sixth, sending him down for a flash count. Vonzell claimed it was a slip.

Fatigue showed in Johnson's face for the first time in the seventh. Then he started to really come apart in the eighth.

Muhammad, 174¼, dug short left hooks to the belly to begin the round and then jarred Johnson with a right behind the ear. More body punishment in the ninth and Vonzell's legs, which had carried him safely out of harm's way earlier, suddenly began to falter. He unwisely responded by trading with the champ.

"I thought he was getting nailed backing out," said Dundee. "I told him to stay close, pop him, pop him, push him."

It was Muhammad who did most of the popping, however. A hard left to the gut made Johnson hold in the 10th. Saad followed with another body combo, and when Vonzell returned to his corner, bleeding from the nose and puffing around the right eye, the ringside doctor was waiting to look him over.

Muhammad finally tagged Johnson with his overhand right in the 11th, but it was another left hook that paved the way and set Vonzell up for the kill. A flurry of lefts and rights, punctuated by a crushing right, put Johnson down hard. He sprawled to rest with his head and shoulders outside the ropes on the ring apron.

During referee Tony Perez's count, Johnson seemed to be telling Dundee that he was okay, but when he staggered to his feet, his legs looked shaky, to say the least. Moments later, Vonzell was trapped against the ropes and Muhammad was trying to decapitate him with a right uppercut that landed flush.

Perez didn't hesitate, stepping in immediately and stopping the bout at the 2:23 mark. Although Johnson said he could carry on, if he had, his next trip might have been on a stretcher.

"Johnson boxed very well," summed up Saad, "but as always, Saad Muhammad comes back. I knew eventually Vonzell Johnson would fall to his doom, and he did."

When the fight was stopped, judge Paul Cavalier had Muhammad ahead, 98-92, as did judge Eva Shain by a margin of 97-93. The third judge, William Kostrub—referee Perez did not score—had them even, 95-95. *The Ring* had Muhammad leading 96-94, or 6-4 in rounds.

Apparently, Saad Muhammad is getting bored with run-of-the-mill defenses and says that he may retire next year if he can't unify the championship.

"I'm talking about retiring because I fight a lot of fights, and I don't want to end up talking like duh-duh-duh and walking on my heels. Except for Eddie Mustfa Muhammad, the only one I can make money with is Michael Stinks . . . er, Spinks."

Asked how much he wants to fight Mustafa, now that MAPS's cornucopia of cash has dried up, Saad shocked the media by saying, "At least 20 million." As funny as that may sound, Muhammad wasn't laughing when he said it.

Youngstown, Ohio's Fred Bowman lapsed into a coma following a sixth-round TKO defeat at the hands of New Jersey lightweight champ Gino Perez. Bowman was taken to Atlantic City Medical Center where he underwent a 4½-hour operation to repair a blood clot on the left side of his brain. The proceedure was performed by Dr. Maurice Davidson, the athletic commission's neurosurgeon. Bowman, 24, remains in critical condition, suspended between life and death.

The tragic bout had been a mini-war over the first five rounds. One scorecard had Bowman ahead 3-2, while another had Perez up by the same margin. The third tally had the boxers even, 2-2-1. When Bowman did not respond to punches in the sixth, referee John Fitzpatrick, at the urging of commissioner Jersey Joe Walcott, stopped the fight at 2:26 of the session.

In other prelims, U.S.B.A. cruiserweight champ Bash Ali, 182, Oakalnd, Calif., won a unanimous eight-round decision over Marcus Jackson, 178, Hartford, Conn. Scott Frank, 214, West New York, N.J., TKO'd Al Brooks, 228, Springfield, Mass., at 2:52 of the second. Tommy May, 142, Youngstown, Ohio, upset Arcadia "Pee Wee" Suarez, 137, New York City, with a TKO at 1:12 of the third. Jimmy Anderson, 175, Jersey City, N.J., TKO'd Richie "The Bear" Giquinto, 180, Trenton, N.J., at 0:42 of the first. Dwight "Tiger" Walker, 159, Newark, N.J., TKO'd Johnny Banks, 156, Patterson, N.J., at 2:15 of the fourth.

Promoter—Murad Muhammad, Inc.
Attendance—2,200 (SRO)
(2-28-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

FLORES-GUSHIKEN
WBA Junior Flyweight Title

GUSHIKAWA, JAPAN—On October 12, 1980, Yoko Gushiken retained his WBA junior flyweight title with a close unanimous decision over Mexico's Pedro Flores in a bout that was a nightmare for the champion.

On March 8, 1981, the nightmare turned into reality.

Flores, 107¾, withstood Gushiken's opening attacks, retaliated with terrific combos, and stopped Yoko, also 107¾, at 1:45 of the 12th session in a return bout. It was Gushiken's first defeat in 24 pro battles and it came, ironically, in his first title defense in native Okinawa.

The first three rounds belonged to Yoko, as the southpaw champ jabbed at Pedro's body and followed up with sharp right hooks. Gushiken even had Flores staggering with solid combos to the face in the first session. Pedro tried to get inside of Yoko in the third round, but the champ was able to counter well with good staight lefts and hooks.

The fourth round was even, as Flores speeded up and landed with short punches to Gushiken's face. Yoko turned loose with a body attack in the closing moments, nailing Pedro to the ropes.

Flores pressed Gushiken in the fifth round but the champ just circled to his right. Pedro took the sixth round with good combos in the final minute, drawing blood from Yoko's nose.

Gushiken battled back in the seventh, doubling Flores up with body punches. The Mexican, however, scored with wicked rights and double left hooks. Yoko's strategy of going to the body wasn't really working.

Yoko went out for a kayo in the eighth round. Pedro, however, took all that the champ could offer and came back with combinations. A half dozen left hooks pinned Gushiken to the ropes, and Yoko almost went down to one knee. Referee Stephen Crosson gave the champ an eight-count, and the round ended a few seconds later—but not before two looping rights from Flores found their mark.

Gushiken was in trouble in the ninth, as he was forced to cover up against Flores' flurries. The Mexican would have knocked the champ out then and there if he had had the power. As it was, Gushiken's face was badly swollen.

Pedro, winded from his efforts, eased up in the 10th, and Yoko took the session with his usual left-right combinations near the end of the 11th, though, the tide turned once again. Flores almost floored Gushiken with a series of hard lefts and rights .

The exhausted Yoko came out for the start of the 12th round, and Pedro bored in, battered him, and sent Gushiken reeling to the ropes. Flores connected with two dozen punches, with a series of left hooks to the side of the champ's face especially effective. Yoko made one last attempt to escape to his right, but Pedro would not let him. Jolting lefts and rights kept the champ where he was.

A series of punches sent Gushiken down in his own corner. He beat the count at eight, but he was groggy, and Flores let go of another merciless barrage. At that point, the towel was thrown in by Gushiken's manager, Masaki Kanehira, and the tall ref raised the 5'2" Flores' hand.

Yoko Gushiken had been beaten. It was like the shattering of a gigantic mirror to the people of Japan. John L. Sullivan's defeat in 1892 could not have been more devastating to his fans.

Pedro Flores, the man who "did it", was born in Guadalajara, Mexico, on January 14, 1951. He's an official in the Mexican Ministry of Transportation and turned pro in August, 1974, after compiling a 50-10 log as a simon pure. The veteran Lupe Sanchez, who also guided Rodolfo Martinez and Pipino Cuevas to world crowns, became his manager in 1979, and he changed Pedro's style. The more aggressive Flores then won the Mexican flyweight title by outpointing Jose Gallegos on July 13, 1980.

Flores, whose pro record is now 15-6 with four kayoes, picked up a lot of prestige when he made Gushiken step to win a close decision in their first fight. More important, though, is that he learned about Gushiken's style. Yoko's strength is combo punching, which, combined with his lefthandedness, makes him tough to beat. Gushiken, however, has a rather loose defense. In the past, he compensated for this by aggressiveness.

The scoring at the end of 11 rounds was as follows: referee Crosson (U.S.), 106-103, Flores; judge Marco Antonio Rodriguez (México), 107-104, Flores; judge Kazumasa Kuwata (Japan), 107-106, Gushiken. The bout, held in City Gymnasium in Gushikawa (which is south of Naha, Okinawa's largest city), was Gushiken's 14th title defense.

"I would like to deliver this great delight to my mother and my fiance, Serena Alberto," said Flores, as he held a trophy large enough to hide his face. "Gushiken was a brave champion. He lost, but he put on a great performance. If he wants, I'll give him a return with pleasure."

Unbeaten Yoshimitsu Azato, 128, outscored Takashi Sugimoto, 129¼, 10. The lanky Azato, 20, is a stablemate of Gushiken's.

Katsuo Togashiki, 110¼, outpointed Toshihiro Okumoto, 109¾, 10.

Hideto Nagauchi, 109¼, knocked out Toshinori Furumoto 110¼, in 1:17 of the third round in a scheduled four.

Tetsumi Takeshita, 108, stopped Yoshitami Mori, 107, at 0:58 of the second in a scheduled four-round curtain raiser.

Kanehira's Kyoei Promotions.
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JOE Y. KOIZUMI

RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

ARIZONA

▲ PHOENIX — Veterans Memorial Coliseum — Tyrone Rackley, Mesa, won a very close decision over popular "Schoolboy" Jerry Cheatham, Phoenix, 12, for the Arizona State junior middleweight title.

The win upped Rackley's log to 19-1-1 with 10 kayoes, Cheatham is now 31-5-1.

Rocky Mosley, Las Vegas, outpointed Pablo Gomez, 150, Los Angeles, in the 10-round semi-final. Mosley, who was down for an eight-count in the second, was warned for the use of his elbows in the seventh frame by referee Toger Yanez.

"Two-Gun" Sparrow, Las Vegas, knocked out Larry Hernandez, 130, Tucson, in the first round.

Randy Holmes, Phoenix, halted sub Mario Jiminez after three rounds. Mario had to retire due to a fractured jaw.

Robert Daniels, 139, Mesa, got up off the canvas to take a four-roound decision over Cuban Nestor Pejango, who fights out of Las Vegas.

Danny Salazar, Phoenix, outscored Tony Cisneros, Phoenix, in the curtain raiser.

Steve Eisner, promoter.

▲ TUCSON — Community Center — Arizona State flyweight champion Jose "Pulga" Torres, 113, knocked out Enrique Castro, 114, the champ of Baja California, in the seventh with a hard right hook.

Vetran trial horse Vicente Medina, 163, Tucson, knocked out Xavier Gracia, 167, Tucson, in 2:48 of the sixth round in the 10-round semi-final.

Karl Hess, Tucson, knocked out sub Lalo Rascon, Tucson, in the first, light heavyweights.

Alvaros Ramos, 116, kayoed muscular Frank Rodriguez, also 116, in the third round of the opener. Ramos, a local boy, is a former high school wrestler. he's improving with each performance.

Joe Quinlan, promoter.

▲ PHOENIX — Towne House Hotel — Jesse Avila, San Antonio, Texas, TKO'd Clayton Ross, Phoenix, in the seventh frame of a scheduled 10-round bout. Referee Bobby Ferrara stopped it when Clayton, who had a bad cut under his right eye, was in trouble. Ross had floored Avila with a good shot to the liver near the end of the fifth round.

Xavier Barajas, 119, won unanimous decision over Jose Soto, 121½, Los Angeles, six.

Carlton "Two Gun" Sparrow, Las Vegas, kayoed Ernie Moran, Avondale , Arizona, in the first round of a scheduled four.

Henry Drummond won a split decision over local Randy Holmes.

Leroy Gilmore, Cleveland, knocked out Ray Mosier, 124, Phoenix, in the third round of the opener. Gilmore, 126, claimed to be making his pro debut, but he looked very mature in his timing and counterpunching.

This was one of promoter Steve Eisner's better cards, with the atmosphere and action of the old-time fight clubs.

▲ TUCSON — Community Center — Mario Tineo, 150, Tucson, won a hard fought, close decision over Felix Gracia, Tucson, in the main event. The 19-year-old Tineo had looked good in his last outing, decking Tyrone Rackley twice but losing the decision.

Chunky Luis Cruz, 208, slapped and mauled his way to victory over indifferent Tim "Thunderbolt" Stroble, 220.

Richie Kline, 142, won a split decision over game Jacinto Deciga, 139, Phoenix.

Manuel Davila, 113, Tucson, won unanimous decision over willing Lupe Sanchez, 117¼, Phoenix, in the four-round opener.

ROBERT CARSON

CALIFORNIA

▲ LOS ANGELES — Olympic Auditorium — Former WBC featherweight champion Bobby Chacon, 131, made yet another comeback, and halted game Roberto Garcia, 131½, with only five seconds remaining in the 10th and final round.

Chacon looked a little shaky for a couple of rounds, but found his rhythm as the bout progressed. Matchmaker Don "War-a-Week" Chargin rewarded the 2,101 fans who paid $16,134 with a fine slugfest, as Chacon boosted his record to 43-5-1 with his 36th kayo. Garcia, managed by Jimmy Montoya, was coming off a fine Las Vegas win over Santos Moreno, and is welcome back to the arena at 18th and Grand at any time.

Lanky Larry Duran, 160, Los Angeles, stopped gutsy but pudgy Rodolfo Hernandez, 163, Mexico, at 0:46 of the third round. Hernandez mixed it up on short notice, but was down in the second and counted out in round three of a Mutt 'n' Jeff affair.

Joey Bahash, 141, Westminster, was slightly behind on points when he was accidentally butted by Rudy Hernandez, 141, Los Angeles, and their bout was declared a technical draw in the fourth round of a slated six-round spot.

Clemente Flores, 129½, East L.A., halted Daniel Molina, 130, Guatemala, in the third frame of the opener.

(1-29-81)

▲ LOS ANGELES — Olympic Auditorium — Pipino is back!

In fact, judging by the sellout crowd of more than 9,000, plus an estimated 5,000 more disgruntled patrons turned away outside, former WBA welterweight boss Pipino Cuevas hasn't suffered a bit as an attraction following his devastating K.O. defeat at the hands of Thomas Hearns last summer in Detroit.

Cuevas, 147, was sent out firing by manager Lupe Sanchez and, in less than two full rounds, had battered Jose Bernardo Prada, 148½, Cartagena, Colombia, to defeat.

Pipino was at his awesome best against an opponent who had lasted 10 full rounds against Ray Leonard. Cuevas ripped home brutal shots and, although the brave Prada battled back and traded mano-a-mano in round two, he couldn't hold off Cuevas. The fight was stopped at 2:50 of round two, and Pipino, the idol of Mexico, couldn't have been more sensational.

The promotion was originally organized by Harold Smith's MAPS outfit, but the Wells Fargo banking scandal involving MAPS caused the California Athletic Commission to cancel the show. After three days of press coverage saying the card was off, Azteca promoter Rogelio Robles and matchmaker Don Chargin stepped in and saved the show on 48 hours' notice. The lure of Cuevas not only sold out the Olympic, but a nearby closed circuit TV venue as well.

Mexican lightweight champion Jose Luis Ramirez, 138, hooked up with Ernesto Garfias, 137, Mexico, in a furious battle that ended in round seven with Ramirez the victor. His national crown was, of course, not at stake. Ramirez had just come off a split decision loss at Alexis Arguello in Miami, in which the southpaw Mexican floored the Nicaraguan.

Pablo Baez, 150½, Dominican Republic, subbed for Mexican welter king Celso Olivas and, with one right hand in the second round, kayoed Jose Palacios, 149¼, Cuevas' stablemate.

Lupe Sanchez fared a little better with his other two charges. Mexican middleweight champ Petrolero Macias, 159½, was dropped twice and looked like he'd be in for a rough night when he was accidentally butted and cut by Marvin Sanders, 161, Los Angeles. The bout was ruled a tech draw in round three.

Marcos Geraldo, 160, Mexico, who went the distance with Sugar Ray Leonard and Marvin Hagler and kayoed John LoCicero last year, battered Felton Marshall, 156, Los Angeles, and knocked him out in the ninth round.

Attendance—9,258. Gross—$157,345.

(2-07-81)

▲ SANTA MONICA — Auditorium — Ever improving S.T. Gordon, 186, retained his USBA cruiserweight title, hammering Harry Terrell, 189½, who couldn't come out for the seventh round of the scheduled 12.

Gordon, still crude but dangerous with his fast hands and powerful fists, never floored Frank Luca's Ohio battler, but had Terrell busted up and far behind on points when he retired.

Matchmaker Don Fraser's semi saw Niua Tofaeono, 176, American Samoa (now living in Los Angeles) wear down and halt Anthony Jones, 173, formerly of Cincinnati but now living in Pasadena. The bout ended in six.

Ken Hodges, 162, Los Angeles, avenged a kayo loss by outpointing awkward Larry Myets, 163, Long Beach, six. Steve Sotelo, 130, Oxnard, scored a first round knockdown en route to a four-round verdict over Alberto Jones, 132, L.A. Big Chip Tyler, 241, formerly of Evansville, Ind., picked up his second pro win with a second round TKO over Perry Howerton, 203, Los Angeles.

Promoter—Jim Wallace (NESVI)

Gross—$19,555.

(2-10-81)

▲ LOS ANGELES — Olympic Auditorium — Mexican national featherweight champion Gustavo Salgado, 125¼, made his second local showing and captured the USBA title from Hector Cortez, 125, formerly of Ecuador, but now out of Johnny Ortiz and Carol Steindler's Main Street Gym stable in L.A.

Salgado won a 12-round decision in a bout that could have been more entertaining had Cortez mixed it up more.

An exceptional new face might be Kenny Mitchell, 112, Stockton, who, in only his second pro start, won an eight-round duke over veteran Nicaraguan Nestor Obregon, 114½. Obregon is now 14-3-1.

Eusebio Flores, 136¼, a translated Michigan kid with an amateur win over Thomas Hearns, won a hard fought six-rounder over Petrolino Velasquez, 135½, for his third straight pro victory. The fans showered the ring with money after the contest.

Jerry Ballon, 156, San Diego, improved to 3-0 by stopping Bob Wilcott, 156½, Riverside, in one round with three knockdowns. Al "Crazy Legs" Allen, 137, won a hotly contested four-rounder ovr Efren Oregel, 134½. Both L.A. kids are now 1-1 as pros.

Attendance—1,700. Gross—13,007.

(2-12-81)

▲ LOS ANGELES — Olympic Auditorium — Don Georgino and matchmaker Mickey Davies staged their first card under the aegis of Five Star Promotions, and it was a fine one.

Oscar (The Boxer) Muniz, 118, Pico Rivera, took a 12-round majority decision over Fred Jackson, 117½, in a brutal slugfest to win the NABF bantamweight crown. The crowd of 1,304 booed the controversial calls of judges Lou Filipo and Dr. James Jen-Kin, who voted for Muniz, and referee chuck Hassett, who had the boys all even. It was a terrific fight.

Jaime Garza, 121½, Whittier, stopped Robert Anderson, 122, Phoenix, at 1:52 of the first round. Jackson, Garza, and Anderson went into the ring undefeated in a total of more than 50 fights, a tribute to Georgino and, especially, Davies, who resigned as Olympic matchmaker 11 years ago and was succeeded by Don Chargin.

Felipe Canela, 133½, Los Angeles, stopped Carl Bryant, 137, San Diego, in three. Larry Duran, Los Angeles, halted local rival Sal Trujillo, 156, in one. Sluggin' Joe Koweski, 134, Glendale, left hooked his way to a second round K.O. over equally pleasing Jose Luis Gonzalez, 133, L.A.

Gross—$9,449.

(2-17-81)

BRUCE TRAMPLER

CONNECTICUT

▲ HARTFORD — Civic Center Assembly Hall — Unbeaten Marlon (Magic Man) Starling, 149, Hartford, won at least seven of 10 rounds in outpointing Floyd Mayweather, also 149, Grand Rapids, Mich., for his 15th win. Yet it was such a rugged fight that the 1,500 ring fans in the capacity crowd leaped from their seats, whistling and cheering. "He made me put out more than I wanted," said the winner.

The two men battled on almost even terms throughout the first six rounds, as the crowd roared. *The Ring* gave Mayweather the third and fourth frames, tabbing the fifth even. Then, trying to glove away blood partially obscuring his vision as it oozed from cuts over both eyes, Floyd gradually faded. This was his first 10-rounder in two and a half years, or, since he went all but the last 44 seconds against Sugar Ray Leonard.

In between, Mayweather had been shelved for 16 months after a leg was shattered by a gun shot. He stopped four foes in slated sixes and eights early last year in a comeback and ended another 10-month lay-off here. The way he went after the "Magic Man," however, belied his long rest.

As a pro, Starling has never been subjected to such a concerted body assault; he's an open target under his customary gloved defense of head and chest. From the fourth round on, his defense floated up and down, as Floyd continued his stiff jabs and hooks to the midriff.

Meanwhile, Marlon got away with surprise right hand leads. He staggered his rival, who went one step backwards, in the eighth, jarred him in the ninth, and dropped him with a hook to the jaw in the 10th. Referee Walt Longo, however, saw it as "no knockdown."

The ref tabbed it 7-1-2 in rounds, with both judges scoring 8-1-1. *The Ring* had it 7-2-1.

Six-rounders: Marcus Starks, 140, Hartford, TKO'd Irving Booth, Newark, in the first round. Herb Darrity, 141, Hartford, kayoed Tony Barnes, 145, Newark, in the first. Ken Schmidt, 201, Hamden, TKO'd Milton Hopkins, 196, Newark, in the first frame.

Four-rounders: Billy White, 153, Bridge, outscored Don Miller, 152, Stratford. Al Mills, 155, Newark, TKO'd Charlie Young, 154, Rosell, N.J., in the first round.

(3-09-81)

JOE CASSANO

FLORIDA

▲ MIAMI — Sheraton Beach Hotel — Boxing took another step forward in southern Florida due to the great work of Chris Dundee, Tommy Torino, and Roger Pinckney. This trio put on their third show in five weeks at the Sheraton, and intend to run two shows a month. From the looks of things, they are succeeding in building up a new clientele, using young talent to create new fight fans.

"Killer" Joe Golphin, 173, Miami, outpointed karate champ Demetrius Edward, 176, North Carolina. The fight was hard fought, but Golphin's experience stood out. He avoided Edward's wild rushes and won all eight rounds.

In the semi-finals, promising Kenny Whetstone, 152, Homestead, remained unbeaten, pounding out a six-rounder

verdict over Juan Panchi, 148, Texas. Kenny used a good left hand and superior infighting to defeat his more experienced southpaw opponent.

Ceotis Burguess, 161, Miami, a 1980 Golden Gloves champ, knocked out Ricky Bell, 160, Miami, in 2:35 of the first round. A left-right combination did the trick.

Paul Murray, 176, Miami, kayoed Lester Thomas in 1:46 of the second.

Dexter Smith, 134, Miami, won a hard fought decision over Tony Torrez, 134, Homestead, four.

Roberto Riasco, 160, outscored Dale Bendross, also 160, in the four-round opener.

Eddie Echart and Bernie Soto shared the refereeing honors.

Former world featherweight champion Petey Scalzo, who now resides in Florida, was introduced before the main event.
(2-24-81)

▲ MIAMI BEACH — Convention Hall — Beaver Longmire, 151, the seemingly indestructable stalking Tiger Man from Ft. Lauderdale, suffered his first loss in a prize ring as an amateur (27 kayoes in 27 bouts) or a pro (11-0 with nine kayoes). His managers, Mike Feriole and Guy Alessi, wanted to postpone the match, as Beaver had just come off a bout with the flu. But Beaver insisted on fighting, coming in four pounds over his best weight. He did his best, but it just wasn't good enough. Veteran Mao De la Rosa, 148, Santo Domingo, with a 38-8-4 log, took a terrific pounding, but withstood it to stop Beaver at the 2:02 mark of the six.

The first round opened with Beaver stalking his man, battering him around the head and body. De la Rosa, however, started beating him to the punch in the second. In the third round, Mao suddenly bounced off the ropes and caught Longmire with a left hook, dropping him for the first time. Beaver came back in the fourth round, and the fifth was even. The sixth frame, however, was a different story. De la Rosa, a converted southpaw, scored with left hooks, flooring Longmire twice, and referee Bernie Soto stopped the contest. It was a rousing, crowd pleasing bout, and a rematch would pack 'em in.

Pedro Lazar, 136, Miami, kayoed Manuel Obregon, 139, in 1:40 of the second.

Gilberto Acuna, 211, Costa Rica, knocked out Greg Payne, 185, Tampa, with one punch in 1:05 of the first.

Isidoro Moreno, 148, Cuba, halted Roberto Riasco, also 148, Panama, at 1:30 of the third. It was Moreno's third straight k.o. as a pro. He had over 100 amateur affairs.

Promoted by Zabala's Tuto Enterprises.

Attendance — 920.
(3-03-81)

▲ MIAMI BEACH — Sheraton Beach Hotel — The promotional team of Chris Dundee, Roger Pinckney, and Tommy Torino presented another crowd pleasing show before a capacity house of over 800 fans.

Kenny Whetstone, 156, Homestead, won a hard fought decision over Juan Panchi, 155, Mexico, in the eight-round main event. Whetstone suffered a smashed right eye in the fifth and fought the last three sessions with it almost shut.

Bill Medi, 157½, Miami, a former amateur champ, TKO'd Japi Dehund, 156, Miami. Japi was game but outclassed, and referee Eddie Eckert stopped the bout at 2:30 of the fifth canto. It was scheduled for six.

Mighty Mite Steve Whetstone, 110, Homestead (Kenny's younger brother), won a split four-round decision over Mario Offinello, 111, Cuba, in the best fight of the night. It was a rousing affair all the way, with toe-to-toe action. The crowd loved it, and a rematch is in the offing, possibly for th six-round distance.

Art Johnson, 135, Miami, outscored Dexter Smith, also 135, Miami, in a hard fought four-round bout. Art, who was making his pro debut, is a former Golden Gloves champ.

Paul Murray, 175½, Miami, knocked out Gabe Scienco, 176, Homestead, in 1:05 of the first round. Murray hit Scienco with a right and it was over.
(3-10-81) LOUIS ZIPKIN

ILLINOIS

▲ CHICAGO — Conrad Hilton Hotel — James "Quick" Tillis, 205⅔, Chicago, won a unanimous decision over Ruffhouse Fischer, 211, Tipp City, Ohio, 10. Tillis won every round.

Johnny Lira, 140, Chicago, won a lopsided unanimous decision over Bobby Plegge, 140½, Salem, Ohio, 10.

Alfonzo Ratliff, 192, Chicago, TKO'd Baker Tinsley, 225½, Louisville, at 1:40 of the fourth round in a scheduled eight-rounder.

Six-rounders: Lenny Lapaglia, 163, Melrose Park, Ill., TKO'd Derrick Millican, 164, Memphis, Tenn., at 2:40 of the second. Wayne Lynum, 123, Chicago, TKO'd Rick Spencer, 125, Cleveland, 1:15 of the second. Leroy Murphy, 180, Chicago, TKO'd Floyd Cross, 174, Des Moines, Iowa, in the third.

Reggie Walker, 175, Cleveland, won a split decision over Mike Brothers, 176½, Chicago, four.

Referees—Al Preslinger and Stan Berg.

Judges — James DiVito, Herry Hults, Harold Marovitz.

Timekeeper — Mike Murphy.

Promoter — Ernest Terrell.

Attendance — 1,609.

ESPN Cable TV.
(3-09-81) AL BERNSTEIN

MASSACHUSETTS

▲ WORCESTER — E.M. Loew Theatre — Robbie Sims, 157, Brockton, outscored Jamal Arbubakrr, 162, Newark, eight.

Jerome Artis, 138, Philadelphia, outpointed Ricky Camaro, 139½, Lowell, Mass., eight.

Steve Hilyard, 135, Brockton, outscored Dennis Howard, 136, Philadelphia, six.

Doug Sherrin, 146, Scituate, Mass., TKO'd James Diviney, 149, Philadelphia, in the second round of a scheduled four.

Peter Bissonnette, 214, Worcester, and John (Dino) Denis, 215, Attleboro, Mass., boxed a three-round exhibition.

Pendarvis Boxing Enterprises.
(3-06-81)

MICHIGAN

▲ DETROIT — Cobo Hall — There were several impressive wins in this year's Detroit News Golden Goves Championships. The winners are now qualified for the National Golden Gloves Championships coming up next month in Toledo.

One fighter who looked impressive was Darnell Knox of Spiritual Israel, who stopped his opponent in the Open 147 class, Dwight Robinson of Wheeler, in 0:36 of the third round. Two weeks ago, he beat the 1980 champion, Robert Tyus.

Another standout was a Novice 156 pound class fighter by the name of Mark Dell, Wheeler Gymnasium, who scored a second round knockout over Tony Burks of Spiritual Israel. He was a quick thinking and stylish young fighter.

A very furiously fought fight had J.L. Ivey of Spiritual Israel winning a very well fought 112-pounds Open Class decision over excellent Paogel Lee, It's Boxing.

Joe Johnson of Kronk looked good in the Open 125 title bout victory over Erskine Wade of Spiritual Israel.

The Open Winners were: 178-Willie Edwards of Johnson; 1655-Rodney Green of Johnson; 156-Timothy Hembrick, Johnson; 147-Darnell Knox of Spiritual Israel PAL; 139-Terry Holyfield of Wheeler; 132-Dwayne Peterson, Detroit Street Services; 125-Joe Johnson of Kronk; 112-J. L. Ivey of Spiritual Israel.

The Senior Novice Winners were: Heavyweight-David Gray of Johnson; 178-Anthon Clark of Kronk; 165-Tyrone Williams of Johnson; 156-Wayne Powell of Considine; 147-Alan Broadnax of Kronk; 139-Gilbert Alvarez of Westland-Garden City; 125-Douglas Brown of Kronk.

Novice winners were: 156-Mark Dell of Wheeler; 147-Steve Darnell of Livonia; 132-Gary Fortune of Kronk.

There were also two Junior Novice title bouts. The winners were: David Teolis of Cannon; 147-Phillip Morefield of BUOY 15.

Previously, I had reported that, in a very close and unpopular fight, Duane Thomas of Kronk had won the decision and the junior middleweight title of Michigan. That was incorrect. While winning the bout (in the eyes of the judges only because even Emanuel Steward himself said that he felt David Braxton won), Thomas did not win the title. It seems that, since Thomas did not make the weight for the match, it was not a sancioned fight and therefore was not for the Michigan junior middleweight title. So Thomas scored his 10 straight victory but David Braxton remains the champion.

With the latest Kronk Boxing cards being clouded with allegations about fighters appearing under different names, phoney records, and other problems, Emanuel Steward will cancel the Kronk Boxing series. Emanuel has always tried to be honest and forthrite with everyone, and he agrees that what we really need to cut down on this is something like a passport system for the boxers, with picture ID cards and a central record system that would receive all results and keep proper records. The problems that presented themselves on the last card were stemmed by Detroit having been fogged in for several days and replacement fighters arriving at the last moment too late to be checked out.

At any rate, boxing activity will not diminish; if anything, it will improve. In an effort to bring about some classier programs with more reliable boxers, Steward is planning to arrange, with Bob Arum, to set up monthly boxing shows for ESPN with Detroit as its home base.

Now that Wilfred Benitez seems to have backed out of the Tommy Hearns bout, Emanuel has new plans. These call for Tommy to fight every five weeks on national television. The aim is for a September showdown with Sugar Ray Leonard. They're attempting to negotiate rights now. Fighters being considered for these bouts are Randy Shields, Marcos Geraldo, and, possibly, Pablo Baez. Other Kronk bouts being negotiated are: WBA lightweight champion Hilmer Kenty to fight Sean O'Grady and then possibly Howard Davis, and middleweight Mickey Goodwin to fight Bennie Briscoe and then Mike Rossman
(2-25-81) DAVE HARTOON

MINNESOTA

▲ ST. PAUL — Prom Ballroom — Bob (Iceman) Coolidge, Foley, Minn., halted veteran Ellis Betz, St. Louis, Mo., middleweights. Betz was down three times in round two before referee Denny Nelson stopped the contest. Coolidge, a southpaw, is now 13-1-1 as a professional.

Brian Brunette, St. Paul, TKO'd Nate Lenore, Indianapolis, at 2:10 of the first, junior middleweights. Referee Mert Herrick stopped proceedings after Lenore was floored twice. Brunette is now 7-0 in the pro ranks.

Bill Bradley, 156, Middleton, Ohio, stopped Scott Papasorda, also 156, Minneapolis, at 1:20 of the sixth. Scott is a good looking prospect, but he must get into shape.

Al Houck, 215, Brainard, Minn., won a close decision over James Anthony, 210, Indianapolis, four.

Paul Johnson, St. Paul, outscored Larry Puchta, Minneapolis, in the four-round curtain raiser, middles.

Referees and judges—Denny Nelson, Mert Herrick, Leroy Benson.

Timekeeper—Mike Thomas.

Knockdown timer—Bob Andrich.

Ringside physician—Dr. Leroy Fox.

Commissioners in attendance—Jim O'Hara, Bill Schmidt, Biff Holstein, Dick Schaack, Judy Klammer.
(2-26-81)

▲ NOTES — Upper Midwest amateur champs who will represent Minnesota in the National Tournament in Toledo include Roger Olson (106), Pepe Rosas (112), Jay Fudge (119), Ray Nash (125), Eddie Taylor (132), Mark Strickland (139), Darnell Carter (147), Virgil Hill (156), Steve Adams (165), Jack Basting (178), and heavyweight Kevin Sheeley.

DAVE BLOOMBERG

MISSISSIPPI

▲ MERIDIAN — Frank Cochrin Center — Jimmy Heair, 147, Houston, halted Freddie (The Stepper) Harris, Bossier City, in the ninth round of a scheduled 10-round main event.

Eddie Collins, 178, Meridian, stopped Arthur Pruitt, Memphis, in the sixth round of a scheduled eight.

Mike Senegal, 147, Lake Charles, La., won unanimous decision over Russell Nations, Birmingham, six. Senegal is now 6-1. Nations is 9-1.

Otey Nations, 140, Birmingham, and Ricky McMillian, Bossier City, drew, six.

Mike Hutchinson, Tuscaloosa, outscored Gene McComb, 156, Lake Charles, six.

Melvin Paul, 135, New Orleans, halted Semmie Black in the fourth and final round.

R & N Promotions.
(2-13-81)

NEW JERSEY

▲ ATLANTIC CITY—Convention Hall—In an effort to corral some national television exposure for their young hopefuls, Top Rank, Inc., and Main Events, Inc., got together with Caesars Boardwalk Regency and NBC-TV to present a card optimistically billed as "Tomorrows Champions". The idea was to showcase prospects in a favorable light for the folks at home. By and large, the plan proved successful, although it's far from certain if all—or any—of the chosen will fullfill the presumptuous advertising.

Heavyweight Tony Tucker is perhaps the best known of the neophytes offered for consideration. Tony, 21, won a Gold Medal in both the Pan American Games and the World Cup in 1979. He was a light heavyweight then, but is a solid looking 207 pounds now.

Tucker, fighting out of Detroit as part of Emanuel Steward's Kronk Boxing Team, ran his pro record to six straight (all stoppages) with a sixth-round TKO over Jersey City club fighter Robbie Evans.

Evans, 203, was a late sub for Kerry Judge, who bailed out late with some excuse or other. Robbie tried to bridge the gap in talent with hard work. It just wasn't enough.

Late in the sixth, Tucker produced a stunning series of left hooks that set Evans up for a finishing right. Poor Robbie went down in a heap. It was obvious to all that he was out cold, and referee Paul Venti terminated the contest without bothering to render the full count. It will be recorded as a TKO at 2:10 of the round.

Evans took a long time to recuperate and was taken to Atlantic City Medical Center when he failed the post-fight eye exam and complained that he couldn't hear out of his left ear. At this point, Tucker's punching power can be tenatively put just this side of awesome.

Undefeated teenager Bobby Czyz had his face slightly rearranged on the way to an eight-round decision over "Irish" Teddy Mann in a bout that could be termed educational. The lesson being that all opponents will not roll over and play dead when hit with your best shot.

Mann, 158¾, Forked River, N.J., was dumped by a quick left in the opening round, but got up and recovered well enough to give Czyz a run for his money.

Czyz, 161¼, had much quicker hands than Mann and finished his combinations off well. Mann boxed in his stiff fashion and plopped a lot of medium calibre jabs into Bobby's handsome face.

The fifth round was Mann's big chance for victory. He shook Czyz coming in with a left hook and then tagged him with a couple of rights. When the round ended, Bobby's right eye was almost closed.

The last few rounds were close, Czyz punching in effective bursts while Mann pecked away with his left. The decision was unanimous in Czyz's favor by scores of 6-2 and 5-2-1 twice. *The Ring* saw it a bit closer, but still for Bobby.

Czyz, Wanaque, N.J., upped his record to 11-0 with eight

UNITED STATES RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Greg Page (Kentucky)
1. Gerry Cooney (New York)
2. Michael Dokes (Ohio)
3. Leon Spinks (Missouri)
4. Marty Monroe (California)
5. Ken Norton (California)
6. John Tate (Tennessee)
7. James Tillis (Illinois)
8. Tim Witherspoon (Pennsylvania)
9. Renaldo Snipes (New York)
10. Stan Ward (California)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Wilfred Benitez (Puerto Rico)
1. Pete Ranzany (California)
2. Randy Shields (California)
3. Adolfo Viruet (New Jersey)
4. Pepe Dominguez (California)
5. Clint Jackson (Tennessee)
6. Babs McCarthy (California)
7. Greg Stephens (California)
8. Manuel Jiminez (Puerto Rico)
9. Bruce Finch (Nevada)
10. Milton McCrory (Michigan)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Ruben Castillo (California)
1. Rocky Lockridge (New Jersey)
2. Juan LaPorte (New York)
3. Alberto Collazo (Pennsylvania)
4. Noel Arriesgado (Hawaii)
5. Jose Caba (California)
6. Juan (Kid) Meza (California)
7. Abdul Bey (Hawaii)
8. Rocky Garcia (California)
9. Freddie Roach (Arizona)
10. Warren Matthews (Louisiana)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Jerry Martin (Pennsylvania)
1. Michael Spinks (Missouri)
2. James Scott (New Jersey)
3. Marvin Johnson (Indiana)
4. Carlos DeLeon (Puerto Rico)
5. Marvin Camel (Montana)
6. Mike Rossman (New Jersey)
7. Murray Sutherland (Michigan)
8. Bashiru Ali (California)
9. Yaqui Lopez (California)
10. Jesse Burnett (California)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Rodriguez (Pennsylvania)
1. Bruce Curry (Texas)
2. Monroe Brooks (California)
3. Esteban DeJesus (Puerto Rico)
4. Domingo Ayala (Puerto Rico)
5. Sal Lopez (California)
6. Dujuan Johnson (Michigan)
7. Mark Ibanez (Hawaii)
8. Termite Watkins (Texas)
9. Johnny Bumphus (Tennessee)
10. Billy Costello (New York)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Mike Ayala (New York)
1. Nicky Perez (Arizona)
2. Carmelo Negron (New York)
3. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
4. Jaime Garza (California)
5. Derrik Holmes (Maryland)
6. Sergio Castro (California)
7. Frankie Duarte (California)
8. Javier Flores (Utah)
9. Richard Savala (California)
10. Melvin Johnson (California)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Vito Antuofermo (New York)
2. Dwight Davison (Michigan)
3. Curtis Parker (Pennsylvania)
4. Wilford Scypion (New York)
5. Frank Fletcher (Pennsylvania)
6. Ernie Singletary (Pennsylvania)
7. Sammy NeSmith (Indiana)
8. Ray Seales (Washington)
9. Vinnie Curto (Massachusettes)
10. Ronnie Harris (Ohio)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Howard Davis, Jr. (New York)
1. Edwin Viruet (Puerto Rico)
2. Sean O'Grady (Oklahoma)
3. Herman Montes (California)
4. Jorge Morales (Puerto Rico)
5. Gonzallo Montellano (California)
6. Andy Ganigan (Hawaii)
7. Curtis Harris (New Jersey)
8. Ray Mancini (Ohio)
9. Johnny Lira (Illinois)
10. Frank Newton (Oklahoma)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Carter (Pennsylvania)
1. Alberto Davila (California)
2. Julian Solis (Puerto Rico)
3. Oscar Muniz (California)
4. Andres Hernandez (Puerto Rico)
5. Fred Jackson (Texas)
6. Mario Chavez (California)
7. George Garcia (California)
8. Ricardo Varela (California)
9. David Capo (Puerto Rico)
10. Ruben Solario (Puerto Rico)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Rocky Mosley (Nevada)
1. Tyrone Rackley (Arizona)
2. Nino Gonzalez (New Jersey)
3. Jerry Cheatham (Arizona)
4. Steve Delgado (Arizona)
5. Tony Ayala, Jr. (Texas)
6. Zeferino Gonzalez (California)
7. Odell Leonard (Maryland)
8. Nick Ortiz (Puerto Rico)
9. Tony Chiaverini (Missouri)
10. Mario Maldonado (New Jersey)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
John Verderosa (New York)
1. Samuel Serrano (Puerto Rico)
2. Bobby Chacon (California)
3. Frankie Baltazar (California)
4. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
5. Johnny Sato (California)
6. Greg Coverson (Michigan)
7. Ralph Aviles (Hawaii)
8. Gerald Hayes (New Jersey)
9. Robert Mullens (South Carolina)
10. Enrique Solis (Puerto Rico)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Jensen (Nevada)
1. Joey Olivo (California)
2. Orlando Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
3. Jose Torres (Arizona)
4. Javier Mendoza (California)
5. Julio Rodriquez (Hawaii)
6. Mike Stuart (California)
7. Norberto Castellano (Texas)
8. Jerome Coffee (Tennessee)
9. Felix Castillo (Texas)
10. Alberto Mercado (Arizona)

Larry Holmes (Pa.), world heavyweight champion; Mike Weaver (Calif.), WBA heavyweight champion; Matthew Saad Muhammad (Pa.), world light heavyweight champion; Eddie Mustafa Muhammad (N.Y.), WBA light heavyweight champion; Marvin Hagler (Mass.), world middleweight champion; Ray Leonard (Md.), world welterweight champion; Thomas Hearns (Mich.), WBA welterweight champion; Aaron Pryor (Ohio), world junior welterweight champion; Saoul Mamby (N.Y.), WBC junior welterweight champion; Hilmer Kenty (Mich.), WBA lightweight champion; Wilfredo Gomez (P.R.), world junior featherweight champion; Jeff Chandler (Pa.), world bantamweight champion.

kayoes. His next match is for the state title against Reggie Jones. Mann, who is developing into a crafty and tough journeyman, slipped to 20-6 with 14 kayoes.

Pound-for-pound, the best looking fighter on the card was featherweight Bernard Taylor, Knoxville, Tenn. He rolled to his fifth straight win in the pros with a fifth round TKO over Philly's Jimmy Washington.

Taylor, 126, won the first four rounds and was starting to pull away. He connected with a hard body shot and Washington, also 126, crumpled to the floor claiming a low blow. Referee Rudy Battles agreed and awarded Jimmy a five-minute rest period.

Washington practically crawled to his corner and refused to continue. He was then ruled a TKO loser.

"I hit him well above the belt line," said Taylor. "He was just looking for a way out."

From this reporter's seat, the punches appeared to be in the legal area and Washington's performance worthy of an Academy Award. He is now 13-4-1.

Freddy Roach, 125, Dedham, Mass., hammered shop-worn Javier Flores into a eighth-round cut-eye TKO in a scheduled 10.

Roach, now 22-1 (nine stoppages), won every round and was landing often with stinging punches when he opened a cut over Flores' right eye in the seventh. The gash looked nasty and it was somewhat of a surprise when the game little Mexican from Salt Lake City came out for the eighth.

A few more well-placed punches started the blood flowing again and referee Venti stepped in at the 1:14 mark. Flores, who dropped to 28-7-3, came in at 126½.

Chris McDonald, 211, Brockton, Mass., bludgeoned Steve Huntington, 205, West Jordan, Utah, into a TKO defeat at 2:47 of the fifth and Quadir Muntaqim, 176, Blackwood, N.J., drew over six with Long Island's Tommy McNeece, 177, in an untidy walk-out bout.

The promoter claimed a full house of 3,000 but, although the ground floor was packed, there were plenty of empty seats upstairs. Tickets were priced to please at a low $5 & $7.

Judges—Milo Savage and Frank Burnett.
Referees—Paul Venti and Rudy Battles. (2-23-81)

▲ ATLANTIC CITY — Resorts International Hotel Casino — The boys at NBC-TV were looking for a viable, new heavyweight contender, so they put two undefeated big guy in front of their cameras, turned them loose, and hoped for the best. What they got was a shambling, farce of a match that produced a lot of laughs, but no new stars.

For the record, New Yorker Renaldo Snipes scored a unanimous 10-round decision over Floyd "Jumbo" Cummings, Chicago, Ill.

Cummings, who spent 12 years in Joliet Penitentiary pumping iron, proved once again that bulging muscles do not a fighter make.

Cummings started well, firing punches into Snipes over the first two rounds. Then he ran out of gas and resorted to mauling and a few well placed bites.

"He bit me three times. See the teeth marks on my shoulder," cried Snipes.

Snipes, no great shakes himself, managed to cut "Jumbo" over the left eye and produce enough clean punches to win. Renaldo was also cut, the result of a butt, high on the scalp.

Cummings rallied in the ninth, but was too fagged out to follow up and Snipes kept going. The scores were: 7-3, 6-4, and 6-3-1, all for Renaldo.

All-in-all, the match underlined the sad condition of the heavyweight ranks. After the first five or six, there is nothing.

A spate of prelims helped ease the pain of the main event. They weren't all good, but there were a lot of them.

Ken Bogner, 133¾, Trenton, N.J., decisioned Derrick Cuttino, 132¾, Patterson, N.J., eight. Ben Serrano, 157, Warminster, Pa., decisioned Doug Dewitt, 161, Yonkers, N.Y., eight. Robert Hines, 138½, Phila., Pa., decisioned Joe Robertson, 138¾, Baltimore, Md., four. Brian Baronet, 134, Durban, South Africa, decisioned Mauri Saalakhan, 136, Hyattsville, Md., four. Paul Devorce, 126¾, Yonkers, N.Y., TKO'd Bobby Lee Hunter, 118¾, Phila., Pa., in 1:36 of the second. Elijah Tillery, 193, Albany, N.Y. TKO'd Johnny Pitts, 220, Bridgeton, N.J., in 2:16 of the second.

Philadelphia middleweight James Shuler was pulled out of the show at the last minute when the telegram from John Condon of Madison Square Garden threatened a lawsuit. Shuler is still under contract to M.S.G. and owes them one more fight before he's free.

Promoter—Butch Lewis
(3-08-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ TOTOWA — Ice World — John "The Heat" Verderosa, 132½, Staten Island, New York, stopped game but outgunned Jean LaPointe, 134¼, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, in the fifth round. John now moves into a U.S. title bout with Robert Mullens.

"The Heat" showed excellent speed afoot and combined used his prowess as a boxer-puncher to drop LaPointe with a right in the third round. Another right cross in the fifth frame put LaPointe down again, and the ref stepped in at 0:31 of the round. Verderosa is now undefeated in 15 bouts.

Joe Tiberi, 160, Vineland, N.J., won a close majority decision over Rusty Rosenberger, 159½, Niles, Ohio. Tiberi almost scored a first round kayo, but Rusty weathered the storm and was actually getting stronger at the end of the eight-rounder. Tiberi's record is now 16-3, with Rosenberger's log at the same figures. A rematch would please the Totowa crowd.

Diego Rosario, 122¼, Paterson, N.J., won a well deserved decision over Jorge Vasquez, 123, New York, N.Y., in a third eight-rounder. Diego is still undefeated after seven pro contests.

James Green, 154, Irvington, N.J., halted Randy Rivers, 159, Trenton, at 2:37 of the third round to stay undefeated. Edwin Rivera, 125½, Hoboken, won a split decision over Tim Daniels, 124½, Trenton, six. Charlie Campbell, 193, New York, N.Y., won a split decision over Jimmy Smith, 197, Wilkes-Barre, six. (Both men had been undefeated.) Andy Riccardi, 156, Cliffside Park, N.J., outscored Harry Reyes, 154½, Hoboken, four.

Referees—Arthur Mercante, Joe Cortez.

Judges—Paul Cavalier, Frances Moore.

Another excellent promotion by Dan Duva. Joe Frazier and Rocky Lockridge were in attendance. ESPN aired the bouts.
(2-19-81)

S.M. FELDMAN

▲ TOTOWA — Ice World — "HEAT! HEAT! HEAT!" chanted the near-capacity crowd. No, they didn't want promoter Dan Duva to turn up the temperature in this always-frigid arena. They were screaming for John "The Heat" Verderosa, Staten Island's undefeated junior lightweight sensation, who was making his way towards the ring surrounded by an entourage Muhammad Ali would have been proud of.

"The Heat" was not on his way towards just another fight, just another victory. He was on his way towards a meeting against 24-0 (19 KO's) Robert Mullins, the USBA junior lightweight champion. *The Ring* would recognize this meeting as being for the vacant United States Junior Lightweight Title.

One month earlier in the same ring, Verderosa had stopped veteran Frenchman Jean LaPointe, looking sensational in doing so. But LaPointe had been through too many wars. He was terribly game, but his fighting machinery was not in prime condition as he soaked up all that Vederosa threw at him before falling in round five.

Against Mullins, Verderosa would be facing a fast-handed power puncher, a man who had victories against James Martinez and Willie Whiple, two moderately-talented, if not stardom-bound pugs.

There were some, including this reporter, who frowned upon Verderosa's life style. He is a late night person, arriving home when owls and bats are just waking up. He lives his life the way he fights—FAST! Fired up by this reporter's comments that "If he doesn't watch out, he just may lose to Mullins," Verderosa went away to training camp for four weeks prior to the bout. He worked himself into championship form, determined on "Destroying Mullins in a way like I've never done to any man."

At a press conference a few days before the bout, Verderosa was edgy and not his usual jovial self. Mullins, looking trim and ready to fight, appeared relaxed and confident.

"I'd like ot fight for the world junior lightweight crown," said Mullins at the press conference, "after I get rid of Verderosa."

Don White, Mullins manager, said, "We've seen Verderosa and we're not impressed. All that speed won't do him any good when we nail him with a few good shots."

When asked for his view on the fight, Verderosa stood up and said, "I don't know what I'm doing here with all of you. I should be training or resting, but not here with you." The press corps gasped. Was Verderosa nervous? Uptight? Terrified? Didn't Joe Frazier become edgy like that before many, if not all, of his major fights?

The bout received, and deservedly so, tremendous press build-up. It was also televised nationally over the ESPN cable network, with Sal Marchiano handling the blow-by-blow and former heavyweight contender Duane Bobick providing color commentary. Marchiano, whose call of "Goodnight, Sweet Prince!" when a fighter is knocked out is becoming as familiar as Phil Rizzuto's "Holy Cow," Marv Albert's "Yessss!" and Howard Cosell's "Hello again everyone . . .", needed a big "Goodnight, Sweet Prince!" for this fight. It lasted only 38 seconds.

Verderosa, a born-again Christian who is into New Wave and Punk Rock, charged straight at Mullins at the opening bell, startling him. Vederosa shoulders and head bobbed and weaved.

Mullins swiped at his 5'5" opponent, but found him harder to hit than a pesky fly on a hot summer's day. A hook did find "The Heat's" face, but he returned the fire with a hook of his own. Then, Mullins began a left hook. It never left its launching pad. Verderosa fired a right lead—perhaps the fastest in boxing—and it crashed upon Mullin's chin. Down he went. His brain told him to "Get up." He tried to, but his "wires" were short-circuited. He stumbled back to the canvas after getting up momentarily, and the referee counted him out. "Goodnight, Sweet Prince!"

As the jubilant Verderosa was being paraded around the ring on the shoulders of his "advisor," Johnny Bos, he asked Bos, "Did I do that with one punch?"

In the opening bout of the night, Paterson, New Jersey's Fernando Martinez, 124, stopped Wayne Bingham, 119, Trenton, N.J., in the fourth and final round with a right to the body.

Two Newark, N.J. lads, both of whom weighed 117, then mixed it up in a four-round contest, with Don Nisivoccia halting Melvin Boynton in 0:29 of the second round.

Passaic, New Jersey's Livingston Bramble, 133, won by disqualification over Jorge Nina, 135, also Passaic, after 2:32 of action in round two of a scheduled four-rounder.

Classy Andy Riccardi, 158, Cliffside Park, N.J., won by four-round split decision over Trenton's Steve Richardson, 156½.

In two eight-rounders, Tommy Merola, 159½, Newark, won a hard-fought split decision over Mark Mainero, 156¾, E. Boston, Mass, and Diego Rosario, 122½, Paterson, stopped veteran Leo Lopez, 125, New York City, at 1:40 of the fourth.

The bouts were promoted by Main Events, Inc., and shown

nationally over the ESPN television network, with Sal Marchiano and Duane Bobick handling the commentary.
(3-18-81)

RANDY GORDON

NEW YORK

▲ NEW YORK CITY — Felt Forum — Ray ("Boom Boom") Mancini, 135, Youngstown, Ohio, made his local debut a success by knocking out the veteran Norman Goins, 133⅔, Indianapolis, in 0:37 of the second in the scheduled 10-round main event.

Mancini, the son of Lenny (Boom Boom) Mancini, lightweight contender of the early 1940s, came into the contest with a 16-0 (with 13 kayoes) record, compiled, for the most part, against stiffs. Goins, whose been in with the best (going the 10-round distance with Saoul Mamby and taking Aaron Pryor into the ninth frame) was a definite step up in class.

"Stormin' " Norman, however, had been kayoed in the first round by Rodolfo (Gato) Gonzalez in his last fight, and had won only seven of his last 21 contest. Mancini was the favorite, 2-1, and there were no knowledgeable takers.

Nor should there have been. Mancini took the first round by a narrow margin, as he landed almost all the telling punches—including one right hand that had his fans from Youngstown swallowing their tickets. A double left hook—to the body and jaw—knocked Goins into dreamland in the second, and referee Harold Valand finished counting at 0:37 of the session.

"Boom Boom" will, no doubt, be back for more Forum engagements. Goins, who is now 23-14-3 with 17 kayoes, should think about packing it in.

Mancini was kissed by his father in the ring before the contest. My publisher has asked me if that was a "first." In a way, it was, but I've seen lots of kissing done in boxing. It usually starts with promoters dictating terms . . .

One of the two eight-round semi-finals resulted in one of the worst decisions I've seen in New York. Barry (The Fighting Postman) Funches almost hammered Randy Stephen's face off, cut him up, and jabbed him silly, only to lose by a majority decision. Referee Joe Santarpia had it 5-3 and Carol Castellano scored it 5-2-1, with judge Nick Gamboli turning in a 4-4 even-steven. I had it 4-2-2 for Funches, and the whole thing seems quite weird to me—especially since Funches is the Felt Forum's "house" fighter. Both weighed 196.

The other scheduled eight-rounder saw Tony (*Malo*) Santana, 129½, New York, halt Bobby "Wildman" Alexander, 130½, Brooklyn, at 0:55 of the sixth, when referee Santarpia stopped the contest. Santana is now 13-0 with nine kayoes.

Six-rounders: Bobby Joe Young, 148, Youngstown, TKO'd Willie Thomas, 142, Newark, at 0:43 of the second (Fred Ucci, referee). Henry (Hot Peppr) Brent, 113, Brooklyn, won unanimous (all 5-1) decision over Edwin Santiago, 119, Bayonne, New Jersey (Harold Valan, referee). Hector *(Macho)* Camacho, 132, New York, won unanimous (all 6-0) decision over Herman (The Worm) Ingram, 130, New York (Joe Santarpia, referee).

Ken Styles, 161, Philadelphia, knocked out Leon Taylor, 165½, Brooklyn, in 1:54 of the third session in an opening four-round batle of debutants. Fred Ucci, referee.

The Camacho-Ingram contest saw the New York State Commission experiment with 90-seconds intervals between rounds. It slowed up the action and, to my mind, served no purpose.

Timekeeper—Fred Abbatiello.

Attendance—1,110. Gross—$10,839.
(3-12-81)

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

▲ WHITE PLAINS — Westchester County Center — Junior welterweight Bill Costello ran his record to 16-0 with a unanimous 10-round decision over Marvin "Kid Harlem" Jenkins.

The bout was a good one, as both fighters threw heavy leather from the beginning to the final bell. Costello, who now wants to fight a rated contender, did a good job in cutting off the ring against his circling opponent.

His best round was the fifth, when he scored well coming off the ropes, staggering jenkins with vicious lefts and rights.

The two judges and referee scored the bout 8-2, 8-2, and 7-3.

In the semi-final ancient Danny McAloon came from behind to salvage a draw with local regular Steve Small.

McAloon, 157, who fought Emile Griffith back in 1971, was trailing the younger and taller Small, 161, for the first five rounds. The Irishman received a punishing overhand right from Small in the third that sent him reeling to the ropes.

From the fifth round on, McAloon started to throw more punches. Even though many did not hurt Small, they did score enough points to give McAloon a draw.

McAloon, who last fought in 1979, is now 22-9-2. Small is 11-3-1.

In other action, Paul DeVorce, 129, knocked out James "Junebug" Livingston in 1:33 of the second round. Livingston was doing fine until a DeVorce left hook opened a cut near the left eye, and from there on it was all downhill.

Johnny Fanea, 155½ TKO'd Julion Monrose, at 1:44 of the second frame.

Abdul Kaleen Muhammed, 161, decisioned Bill White, 154½, six.

In heavyweight action, Carlton Tillery stopped Milton Hopkins in 1:49 of round one.

Another fine show put on my Momentum Enterprises.

Attendance—1,380.
(3-18-81)

DEAN COLEMAN

PENNSYLVANIA

▲ PHILADELPHIA — Civic Center, Pennsylvania Hall — Ferocious middleweight Frank "The Animal" Fletcher enjoyed a light workout at the expense of reluctant Robert Davis. The scheduled 10-round match was all over after two rounds when Davis quit on his stool, claiming a rib injury. Under Pennsylvania rules, it will be recorded as a third round TKO.

Fletcher fought his normal fight, launching an all-out attack from the opening bell. "The Animal's" idea of feeling his opponent out is a cursory glance at the weigh-in. From then on, he has but one thing in mind—destroy.

Davis, 159, was in full retreat from the onset. He fielded a large quantity of vicious left hooks to the body, causing him to wince in pain and do a funny little dance. He seemed to have no stomach for a fight after sampling a few of Frank's best.

Following his brief ring appearance, Davis said the he had hurt his ribs in the gym. This confession caused several reporters from local dailys to cry foul. Davis had ripped everybody off by fighting in less than prime condition. To this correspondent, it sounded like one of the oldest excuses in the book. Nothing more. If the public was cheated, it was when the match was made. Davis came in with a dismal won-lost record of 7-4 and had no business in the ring with Fletcher in the first place.

Fletcher, who is in the unusual position of being a rated contender after only 13 pro fights (10-2-1, eight kayoes), is a real threat to go all the way. All he needs is more experience.

Davis, Waterbury, Conn., was suspended by Philadelphia commissioner James Binns for not reporting his bruised ribs before the fight. My guess it that he didn't have any until Fletcher's hooks found their marks.

"I wish it could've gone a couple more," said Frank. "He told me I had hit him with some pretty good shots."

"I didn't want to quit like that," said Davis, "but I didn't want to go out on a stretcher, either." Why not try another sport, Robert? Maybe ping-pong.

In another 10-rounder, Dwight Braxton, known to his fans as the "Camden Buzzsaw," won a lopsided decision over Pittsburgh's Al Bolden.

The last time we saw Bolden, he was practising his last-second swoon against Mike Rossman. Al had a big lead against the "Jewish Bomber," but decided that a quick dip in the Atlantic would do more for his career than a win over the former champ. Against Braxton, he fought strictly to survive.

Braxton, 176, pressured forward all through the fight, landing solid hooks with both hands. His left hook did most of the damage, but Dwight never came close to flooring Bolden. It was a simple case of only one man wanting to fight. That was Braxton and he won by scores of 49-44, 48-42, and 50-42, raising his record to 13-1-1 with seven stoppages.

WBC light heavyweight champ Saad Muhammad was at ringside doing commentary for the ESPN Cable-TV. He had some nasty things to say about Dwight, and the "Camden Buzzsaw" was quick to counter.

"He called me an amateur, but he don't mean nothin'," said Braxton. "Saad Muhammad's the most beat-up man in the business. I'll get no pleasure beating him to death."

Sounds like a load of hype. Don't be surprised if Braxton becomes one of Saad's future challengers.

Unbeaten lightweight Anthony Fletcher (Frank's little brother) outpointed fellow Philadelphian John McQueen over eight brisk rounds. Fletcher's better boxing and long arms offset McQueen's game effort.

Fletcher, 135, is now 7-0, with two kayoes. McQueen, 137, dropped to 7-8 with just one early ending among his wins.

Trenton's Tim Daniels upset Ken Carpenter in another eight. Daniels, 127, had been stopped by Carpenter in a previous match, but fought a much smarter fight this time. He moved in and out, landing light but clean punches, and refused to be lured into the kind of punch-up that would benifit the stronger Carpenter.

Carpenter, 126, has now lost his last three bouts and seems to be on the skids. He is 10-5-1 (nine kayoes) overall. Daniels, who also fights in Las Vegas, upped his log to 5-6-1.

North Philly's Wallace Battles, 157, scored a majority six-round decision over Fred McMunn, Bayville, N.J., in an exciting see-saw rumble. What this pair lacked is finesse, they more than made up for in enthusiasm.

Roland Cooley, 128, Phila., squeaked by Stanford "Stretch" Thomas, 130, Phila., in another fast-paced bout. Cooley is a bit of a hot dog and he had to settle down before coming on late to take the four-rounder.

Rich Cialella, 161, Turnersville, N.J., TKO'd Ernie Norris, 153, Phila., in 2:11 of the first and Larry Barge, 128, Camden, N.J., decisioned Philly's Ricky Odom, 129, over four.

The show was the first held at Pennsylvania Hall, a 3,500 seat room that is part of the Civic Center. A heavy snow storm killed the gate, but promoters Russell Peltz and Joe Hand plan to return with monthly cards at the venue. It is a clean, modern spot with good sight lines. With the aid of the ESPN television money, they should do well in the future.

Referees—Rudy Battle and Bob Polis

Judges—Harold Lederman and Bob LaGuardia

Promoter—Peltz Boxing Promotions, Inc.

Attendance—1,329
(3-05-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ SCRANTON — Catholic Youth Center — Ralph Mifka, 161, Scranton, won a unanimous decision over Tommy Merola, 152, Newark, eight. The bout was marred by holding tactics, but Mifka threw the harder punches. The official scores were 39-37, 38-36, and 36-35. Mifka is now 14-6-1. Merola is 10-2.

Mark Holmes, Easton, outscored Rick Hamlisch, Newark, six rounds, middleweights. Brother Larry was at ringside to cheer young sibling Mark on home to victory.

Mike Addesa, Old Forge, Pa., TKO'd Ed Harris, Norton, Va., at 2:20 of the second in a scheduled four-rounder. Addesa, a popular local fighter, was scoring at will when it was halted. He's now 3-0—and the new 175-pound darling of the Scranton fans.

Mike Blythe, Boston, won unanimous decision over Garland Wright, Scranton, four rounds, welterweights.

Phil DeVino, Atlantic City, took a split decision over Jesse Fisher, Scranton, four, light heavyweights. Fisher was making his pro debut.

Six amateur bouts preceded the pro contests.

Chic Feldman Foundation.

Paul Ruddy, matchmaker.

Attendance—1,967. Gross—$11,598.
(2-18-81)

JIM LEO

SOUTH CAROLINA

▲ SPARTANBURG — Memorial Auditorium — Mike Baker, 159, Arlington, Virginia, knocked out Stanley Blythe, 160, Gaffney, S.C., in 1:30 of the first round in the feature main event.

Sammy Horne, 147, Anderson, S.C., kayoed Speedy Brown, 145, Lenoir, N.C., in 2:56 of the fourth.

Dennis Cromer, 188, Chesnee, S.C., knocked out Jimmy (Red) Johnson, 205, Blacksburg, S.C., in the first round.

Joe (Palooka) Riley, 160, Spartanburg, won a split decision over Andy Craft, 159, Anderson, S.C., four.

Danny (Smiley) Sutton, 188, the 1980 U.S. Job Corps heavyweight champion, took a split decision over William Hudson, 182, Calhoun Falls, four.

TEXAS

▲ HOUSTON — J-B Entertainment Center — Local youngster Fred Jackson, 117, fought off the effects of a week long bout with the flu to outpoint Humberto Rodriguez, 119, Houston, 10, Jackson is unbeaten in 15 professional contest.

Ronnie Shields, 138½, Port Arthur, outscored scrappy Fausto Pena, 139, Houston, 10. Shields is now 4-0.

Eddie Gonzales, 178, Houston, won a close six-round decision over Robert Powell, 175, Houston. Little scientific boxing, but a lot of hard blows thrown.

Ed Green, 146½, Houston, TKO'd fellow club fighter Rene Pagan, 149, Puerto Rico, at 2:55 of round four.

Mickey Webb, 141, Alvin, used a crisp double left hook to kayo sub Kenneth Shepherd, 137, Port Arthur, in 0:50 of the first round.

The program marked the entry of the Savannah Boxing Club into the local promotional market, with Houston accountant Reuben Rabago, Jr. serving as matchmaker. Good luck to this group, as serious promoters who will give the local kids a chance for regular action are always welcomed.

A word about this arena . . . Formerly known as the "Continental Showcase," the 2,000 seat facility lies directly across the street from the University of Houston's main campus. Some 18 months ago, the building acquired new ownership, and had been used, primarily, for bingo games.

Attendance — 963.
(2-07-81)

▲ BEAUMONT — Civic Center — James (Bubba) Busceme, Beaumont, TKO'd Johnny (Wolf) Morgan, Dallas, at 1:50 of the sixth round. It was simply a case of too much quickness on Busceme's part, as Morgan seemed befuddled from the outset. He was down twice in the fifth round, and decked again in round six before referee Mark Tessman called it off.

An impressive win for the 1972 U.S. Olympic rep, but it's hoped that he's not overmatched with anyone in the top 20—not before he gets a few more fights with journeyman pugs like Morgan. At 29, Busceme still has a great deal of physical talent, but fighters like Andy Ganigan, who was mentioned as possible opponent, are still a little bit beyond his reach.

Former world junior middleweight champion Oscar (Shutgun) Albarado, Laredo, pounded out a shutout 10-round decision over Robert Perry, Houston, 10. Perry was a 2 pm sub for Willie Warren, who couldn't pass his physical. Albarado has seen much better days, but he still won (not as easily as expected) and that's the name of the game.

James Pipps, Vidor, used a buzzsaw attack to the body of Armando Loredo, Corpus Christi, who was unable to answer the bell for round three. Pipps, a fine junior feather prospect, is now 4-0.

Tony (The Tiger) Tamez, Port Arthur, survived a severe case of leg cramps, rallied in the sixth and final round, and captured a draw with lanky Eddy Richardson, New Orleans, lightweights. Tamez is now 2-0-2. Richardson is 5-3-1.

Hot-and-cold Marcus Dorsey, Port Arthur light heavy, scored with a vicious body attack and several hard hooks to the head to Kayo Leo Rodriquez, Corpus Christi, in the second. Manny Hernandez, referee.

Teddy Lopez, 213, Vidor, a rotund (he's 5'7") little fellow, made his pro debut by capturing a four-round decision over Mark Manning. Lopez used a wild left hook to bloody the nose of Manning, and he had the tall blonde wobbly and holding at the end. It was Manning's pro debut as well.

Judges—Mark McCartney, Bob Jacobs.

Timekeeper—Fred McWilliams.

The evening marked this reporter's first experience with promoter Lester Bedford, who runs a first class operation and will be a welcome addition to the Texas boxing scene. An energetic young promoter, Les has reportedly made money in his first two outings; which may be a first for these parts. Attendance for tonight's show was slightly over 3,700—which should have assured good pay days for Busceme, Morgan, and Bedford.
(2-24-81)

▲ HOUSTON — Sam Houston Coliseum — World ranked bantamweight Roberto Rubaldino, 127, Reynosa, Mexico, made his entrance into the feather class by decking Carlos Serrano, 128¼, Chicago, three times in the third round for a automatic TKO. Referee Chris Jordan declared the man from Mexico the winner at 2:08 of the session.

Rubaldino, unsuccessful in two bantam title tries, used a right hook-left cross combo to defeat Serrano. The men contracted to come in between 125-130.

Lanky Margarito Marquez, 129, Chicago, TKO'd Gustavo Martinez, 127, Reynosa, at 2:14 of round six in the evening's semi-final. Martinez was counted out by referee Bobby Gonzales after he went down to one knee holding his left side after taking a hard left jab to his ribs. Margarito was a late sub for Francisco "Trompo" Marquez, who was injured in training.

The Houston debut of highly touted Raymundo (Battling) Torres, Jr., 148, Reynosa, proved that the youngster may indeed be everything his press releases say. Torres destroyed Ruben Puente, 148, Guadalajara, with a tremendous hooking body attack at 2:15 of the second round.

Alfonso Rodriguez, 126¼, Guadalajara, kayoed Isaac Vega, 128, Chicago, in the second. Vega may have learned the hard way that it's dangerous to clown around in the ring. He landed at will in the first round and a half, and then began to shuffle 'round the ring like Stepen Fetchit. A few seconds later, he was on his back from a right to the forehead, and referee Gonzales completed the 10-count at 2:45 of round two.

Jorge Torres, 153¼, Reynosa, TKO'd debuting Danny Medina, 156¾, Houston, in the opening four-rounder. Medina couldn't answer the bell for round four due to a cut along the right cheekbone.

The card marked the entrance of local businessman Pete Garcia into the promotional market, with longtime area fight

MEXICAN RATINGS (AS OF MARCH 3, 1981)

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: Alfredo (Mongol) Ortiz
1. Jorge (Martillo) Flores
2. Jose Gonzalez
3. Aldo Montes
4. Fernando Montes
5. Memo Vargas
6. Javier (Chavelo) Lopez
7. Azael Gutierrez
8. Juan Olvera

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: David (Maceton) Cabrera
1. Julio Cruz
2. Elias Equihua
3. Ladislao Mijangos
4. Juan Ramon Campas
5. Mario (Seco) Luna
6. Leno Puente
7. Roberto Cruz

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Joaquin (Petrolero) Macias
1. Antonio Adame
2. Marcos Geraldo
3. Othon Guzman
4. Jose Baquedano
5. Jose Mireles
6. Ernesto Escalante
7. Benny (Kid) Barra
8. Juan Carlos Ortiz
9. Ariel Favela
10. Vicente Medina

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Adolfo Sanjeado
1. Antonio Leyva
2. Leonardo "Chino" Bermudez
3. Betillo Gutierrez
4. Gonzalo "Raton" Montes
5. Alberto Lopez
6. Adan Chavarria
7. Abel Cordoba
8. Sergio Sanchez
9. David "Lentejita" Madrid
10. Jorge Vaca

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion: Jose Luis Ramirez
1. Rafael Nunez
2. Ricardo "Leoncito" Peralta
3. Benny Abarca
4. Othoniel Lopez
5. Jose Luis Castillo
6. Felipe Urquiza
7. Vincente Mijares
8. Leo Cruz
9. Rodrigo Flores
10. Raul "Zurdo" Molina

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion: Gustavo Salgado
1. Justo Garcia
2. Sixto Castillo
3. Joaquin Acuna
4. Guillermo "Lobo" Morales
5. Roque Montoya
6. Luis "Puma" Fuente
7. Cenobio Nicolas
8. Rafael Gandarilla
9. Elpidio Infante
10. Juan Paredes

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion: Norberto Cabrera
1. Jose Luis Soto
2. Jorge Ramirez
3. Ray "Pelon" Rodriguez
4. Paulino Canche
5. Antonio de la Paz
6. Oscar "Negro" Bejinez
7. Rosendo (Rocky) Alonso
8. Juan Alvarez
9. Rigoberto "Gigio" Estrada
10. Jesus (Chuyin) Lopez

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion: Jose Gallegos
1. Freddie "Chato" Castillo
2. Raul Valdez
3. Gabriel Bernal
4. Jose "Pepillo" Herrera
5. Juan Herrera
6. Elid (Jimmy) Fernandez
7. Luis "Pajarito" Aguilar
8. Baldo Santos
9. Ernesto "Che" Guevara

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion: German Torres
1. Lupe Madera
2. Jorge Manuel Vera
3. Luis Enrique Garcia
4. Candido Tellez
5. Javier Lucas
6. Amado (Pantera) Ursua
7. Arturo Tebaqui
8. Miguel "Pulgarcito" Leal
9. Rafael Guerra
10. Victor "Guerrerito" Mendez

fixture Manuel Boado as matchmaker. A respectable crowd of 3,305 was on had for their initial show.

Judges—Bob McMillan and Bob Martin.

Timekeeper—Virgil Reichardt.

Knockdown Timer—Woody Meyers.

(3-10-81)

▲ LAREDO — Civic Center Arena — Local youngster Jose "Gaby" Canizales made his debut at a main eventer, knocking out Cecilio Ostos, Reynosa vet, with a hard left hook to the liver in 0:34 of round one. Canizales is a bantamweight.

The semi-final saw ex-world junior middleweight champ Oscar (Shotgun) Albarado halt Miguel A. Balderas, Reynosa, in round four. Balderas reportedly entered into tonight's contest with 15 kayoes in 15 fights, but couldn't hold off the stronger Albarado.

Juan "Danny" Ramirez, Laredo, kayoed Javier Gonzales, Reynosa, in the sixth round, junior welters.

Victor Gordillo rallied in the sixth and final round to kayo Robbie K. Ramon, San Antonio, junior welterweights. Ramon, formerly named Robin Kruger, has reportedly been adolpted by San Antonio manager Ruben "Blackie" Ramon.

Pipino Espinoza, Nuevo Laredo, won a loudly booed four-round decision over local bantam Armando Hilario.

Promoter—Jorge de la Garza.

Matchmaker — Dr. Luis Mendoza.

(3-10-81) C.A. JACKSON

VIRGINIA

▲ FALLS CHURCH — Jhoon Rhee's World Black Belt Arena — Pro boxing returned to the Washington, D.C. area for the first time in nearly six months when novice promoter Jim-Ed Jones presented a Saturday night card of six-rounders totalling 36 frames. A surprising capacity crowd of 600 turned out for the program.

Jones, who has trained junior middleweight Mike Baker in recent years, said beforehand that his intention was to provide an entry into the pros for young Washington area fighters emerging from the amateurs, as well as to attract suburbanites to the sport. The attempt was successful on all counts, aided greatly by junior welter Scott "Fist" Farmer, who sold some 300 tickets to friends and supporters in his home town of Manassas. "When Scott walked in here with $1,776, you could have knocked me over with a feather," said Jim-Ed in wonderment.

In the two nominally designated "co-features," Mike James, 145, Hillcrest Heights, Md., TKO'd Harvey Lomax, 151, Philadelphia, in the third, and Bill Tuttle, 168, Bowie, MD., vanquished reluctant Johnny Cook, 167, Philly, by the same method in round five. Farmer, the budding financial wizard of local boxing, easily disposed of Piggy Hunt, 138, Philadelphia, who gave a performance worthy of a tin can, via TKO in the first after three knockdowns.

Charles Tuttle, 165, Bowie, MD., TKO'd Wayne Fleming, 167, Philly, one. Ricky Perry, 154, Arlington, TKO'd Lamont Hall, 158, Richmond, four. Joe Ballard, District, TKO'd Al Monday, Philly, in the second of a heavyweight encounter.

Jones has vowed to return shortly with another card.

(2-28-81) ED SCULLEN

CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA

▲ VANCOUVER — Jerry "Mac Truck" Reddick, Victoria, B.C., won a unanimous decision over Lancelot Innis, Montreal, eight rounds, middleweights. Jerry is now unbeaten in 12 bouts.

Reddick floored Innis for an eight-count with a right cross in the fifth, but Lance came back to outbox "Truck" in the sixth and seventh. Reddick then rallied to take the eight round and the contest. Scoring: referee Korky Kaulius, 40-34; judge Len Walters, 38-36; judge Dave Boyd, 39-36.

Billy Minnix, Seattle, stopped Tom Rudolph, Vancouver, in the second canto, middles. Joe Banks, Seattle, kayoed Floyd Griffin, Tacoma, middleweights. Sulliman Mongoose, Seattle, outscored Rocky Nichols, Bellingham, in the six-round opener.

Percy Newland, promoter.

Attendance—2,000.

(3-05-81)

▲ NANAIMO — Frank Crane Arena — Gord Racette, Nanaimo, won a unanimous decision over veteran Roy "Cookie" Wallace, Houston, in the 10-round feature main event.

Wallace took a standing eight-count in the eight round after taking a right hand to the chin. Racette dominated throughout, winning seven of the 10 rounds handily with the other three frames even. The referee was Jum McGie of Seattle.

Veteran Maurice Rice, Seattle, won a close decision over Willie Baldwin, Tacoma, eight, light heavies.

Rob Johnston, Nanaimo, won a split decision over Rick Hodges, Seattle, weltrs. Tony Troy, Seattle, stopped The Animal in the fourth round of the opener, light heavies. Bobby Howard and his brother, Tommy, boxed a rousing six-round exhibition.

(2-13-81) JIM JOHNSTON

ONTARIO

▲ NIAGARA FALLS — Boxing returned here after a long absence, and an estimated crowd of 4,000 saw a six-bout pro card headlined by Nick Furlano, Toronto, and Larry Stanton, New York, 12 rounds. Furlano won a unanimous decision after a good action fight with no knockdowns.

Lou Alexander kayoed Fred Bassi, two, heavyweights. John DeGazzio, Toronto, kayoed Robert Carrington in the second session a welter bout. Bobby Bland, Toronto, knocked out Preston Jones in the fourth round. Robbie Houle stopped Chuck Spiecer in three, welters. Ken Portr kayoed Charley Burke in the third round of the opener.

(3-07-81)

QUEBEC

▲ MONTREAL — Paul Sauve Arena — Canadian middleweight champion Ralph Hollett, 161, Halifax, go the decision over Garry Coats, 156, Cincinnati, in a really brutal 10-round bout. Coats decked Hollett in the fifth round, and the bell was welcomed by the man from Halifax. The final five rounds were slugfests—very little boxing, but lots of flatfooted slugging. The Montreal Athletic Commission suspended both men for a 30-day period and has insisted each provide a medical certificate before boxing in the area again.

Leroy Boone, 222, Norfolk, Virgina, and Conroy Nelson, 210, Ottawa, drew in a dull eight-rounder.

Wayne Caplette, 161, Winnipeg, stopped Willie Taylor, also 161, Charlotte, N.C., at 0:48 of the fourth round in a scheduled eight-rounder. Taylor was ahead on all three cards before the knockout.

Mario Cusson, 141, Montreal, won a split decision over veteran Al Ford, 139, Edmonton, eight.

Ken Lakusta, 207, Edmonton, stopped Gaston Berube, 210, Montreal, at 1:14 of the third round.

Jimmy Gradson, Montreal, stopped Terry Jesmer, Winnipeg, in 0:57 of the fourth round in a scheduled six-round middleweight contest. The Winnipeg Boxing Commission should take a look at Jesmer's record and decide on his future in pro boxing.

H. Spitzer, promoter.

Attendance—4,582.

(2-24-81)

▲ NOTES — It is with deep regret that I report the death of Doug Lewis at the age of 83 in Los Angeles. He was a fine amateur boxing in the twenties, and represented Canada as a welterweight in the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris. Doug was the first black boxer to represented Canada in the Games and the first black man to win a Medal for his country.

Lewis fought in the professional rank from 1924 to 1936, and the toughest for he ever faced was prejudice—always a hard one to lick. FRANK ALLNUTT

MEXICO

BAJA CALIFORNIA

▲ LA PAZ — Leo Cruz, 134, stopped Alex Montoya, 135, in five. Jesus Amador, 115, stiffened Mario Fortanell, 116, in three. Rigoberto Ruiz, 117, halted Juan Duarte, also 117, in two. (2-13-81)

▲ TIJUANA — Juan Escobar, 125, TKO'd Johnny Jensen, 125, U.S.A., in six. Rafael "Borrego" Chavez, 113, demolished Lupe Valenzuela, 114, in the first round. (3-02-81)

▲ MEXICALI — Javier Marquez, 116, halted Baldo Gonzalez, 114, in two. Leonardo Valdez, 125, TKO'd Tony Escobar, 126, in three. Daniel Martinez, 114, stiffened Miguel Angel Hernandez, also 114, in three. Adan Uribe, 119, TKO'd Juan Tamayo, 120, in four. Kenny Barra, 134, knocked out Jesus Jimenez, 135, in three. (3-06-81)

COAHUILA

▲ MONCLOVA — Aldo Montes, 191, kayoed Guillermo "Memo" Vargas, 193, in two. (2-20-81)

▲ TUXTLA GUTIERREZ — Angel Lira, 118, outpointed Santiago "Raton" Perez, 117, 10. Antonio Leyva, 147, TKO'd Abel Cordoba, 149, in three. Eleazar Morales, 124, outscored Feliciano Mota, 126, eight. "Pantera" Franco, 111, stopped Artemio Ruiz, 110, in the first. (2-22-81)

DISTRICTO FEDERAL

▲ MEXICO CITY — Manuel "Quasimodo" Luna, 117, TKO'd Raul "Chamaco" Lopez, 118, in seven. Jaime "Conejo" Casas, 125, TKO'd Jose Angel Jimenez, 124, in six. Efren Pinto, 113, TKO'd Neftali Ramirez, also 113, in six. Jesus Becerra, 116, outscored Salvador Estrada, 117, six. Beto Ramos, 125, TKO'd Salvador Sanchez, 124, in one. (2-11-81)

▲ MEXICO CITY — Jose Luis Tapia, 137, TKO'd Jose Torres, 134, in three. Ladislao "Ruso" Mijangos, 175, TKO'd Felipe Suarez, 166, in two. Eleazar "Chay" Montes, 135, TKO'd Marcelo Vega, also 135, in one. Lalo Esparza, 112, outpointed Alfonso Rivera, 114, six. Jose "Kim" Reynoso, 116, outscored Ray Salazar, also 116, four. (2-14-81)

▲ MEXICO CITY — Elias Equihua, 176, TKO'd veteran Herminio "Loba" Ramirez, 175, in three. Roberto Martinez, 124, TKO'd Miguel Valderrama, also 124, in one. Jose Ruiz, 125, TKO'd Onesimo Vilchis, 124, in one. Ramon Escalante, 116, outscored Feliz Tzoni, also 116, six. Ernesto Gutierrez, 118, outpointed Rene Rodriguez, 117, four. (2-18-81)

▲ MEXICO CITY — Jose Duarte, 150, TKO'd Jose Figueroa, 150, in six. Claro Guzman, 146, TKO'd Andres Lovera, 147, in two. Raul "Satanas" Guerrero, 140, TKO'd Eduardo Septien, 138, in one. Victor Montero, 117, won by a disqualification over Carlos Morales, 118, in three. Ricardo Aguilar, 107, outscored Narciso Panchi, 108, four. (2-21-81)

▲ MEXICO CITY — Ladislao "Ruso" Mijangos, 174, kayoed Nicolas "Turco" Leyva, 117, in six. Mario "Chapo" Nava, 117, halted Mario Ochoa, also 117, in three. Roberto Arredondo, 125, outscored Enrique Hernandez, 124, eight. Jose Luis Garrido, 116, TKO'd Porfirio Urrutia, 117, in one. Marco Campos, 126, TKO'd Antonio Rivera, 123, in the first. (2-25-81)

▲ MEXICO CITY — Betillo Gutierrez, 144, knocked out Sergio Sanchez, 147, in the 10th and final round. Miguel Angel Alvarez, 126, TKO'd Gerardo Pena, 125, in seven. Abel Pacheco, 126, TKO'd Rigoberto Herrera, 124, in five. Jesus Becerra, 116, and Roman Escalante, 117, drew, six. Pedro Rios, 113, outpointed Alvaro Mendez, 115, four. (2-28-81)

▲ MEXICO CITY — Javier "Memin" Barcenas, 135, outpointed Jesus Ramirez, 134, 10. Jose "Toluco" Diaz, 138, TKO'd Eleazar "Chay" Montes, 137, in six. Salvador Estrada, 117, TKO'd Ray de la Cruz, 118, in five. Pedro Vasquez, 117, TKO'd Jose Ruiz, also 117, in five. Rafael Castelan, 119, TKO'd Ramon Zavala, also 119, in one. (3-04-81)

▲ MEXICO CITY — Cenobio Nicolas, 126, and Francisco Manzo, 125, drew, 10. Memo Miranda, 134, knocked out Jose Luis Escalante, 131, in six. Aaron Garcia, 111, halted Efren Pinto, also 111, in six. Gilberto Sosa, 108, outpointed Aragon Perez, 107, six. Antonio Lopez, 110, kayoed Ricardo Aguilar, also 110, in two. (3-07-81)

GUERRERO

▲ ACAPULCO — Jorge Morales, 135, flattened Angel Lira, 134, in four. Ruben Garcia, 117, TKO'd Juan Pelextla, 118, in two. Enrique Romero, 111, outscored Julio Rios, 112, eight. (2-13-81)

▲ ACAPULCO — Gaby Chilango, 113, kayoed Genaro Ramirez, 117, in three. Enrique Romero, 111, halted Ruben Hernandez, 112, in seven. (2-20-81)

▲ ACAPULCO — Javier Lucas, 108, TKO'd Candido Tellez, also 108, in the eighth round in a big upset. (2-27-81)

▲ ACAPULCO — Beto Ramos, 137, halted Daniel Hernandez, 138, in three. Isidro Perez, 108, demolished "Gallito" Perez, 107, in three. Juan de la Cruz, 116, TKO'd "Duende" Chavez, 117, in the 10th and final round. (3-06-81)

JALISCO

▲ GUADALAJARA — David Bejinez, 117, TKO'd Arturo "Cuyito" Hernandez, also 117, in six. (2-13-81)

▲ GUADALAJARA — Juan Carlos Alvarado, 135,

stopped Manuel Sanchez, 134, in seven. Wilebaldo Salazar, 111, TKO'd Ricardo Antonio, 113, in six. (2-20-81)

▲ **PUERTO VALLARTA** — Adolfo Madrigal, 134, outpointed Luis Armando Villalobos, 136, 10. Jesus Duarte, 125, and Jose "Duende" Lopez, 124, drew, 10. (2-22-81)

▲ **GUADALAJARA** — Juan Elizondo, 146, flattened Jorge Vaca, 147, in seven. (2-27-81)

MORELOS

▲ **CUERNAVACA** — Victor "Aguacate" Nava, 134, and Victor "Costeno" Balbuena, also 134, drew, 10. Enrique Castro, 125, kayoed Arturo Lopez, 127, in two. (2-13-81)

NUEVO LEON

▲ **MONTERREY** — Gonzalo "Raton" Montes, 145, outscored Roberto Valero, 147, 10. Leonardo Ramirez, 136, stopped Panchito Ruiz, 134, in four. (2-20-81)

▲ **MONTERREY** — Jose Navarrete, 134, won by a disqualification over Mario Faz, 135, in seven. (2-27-81)

▲ **MONTERREY** — Jose Gallegos, 112, TKO'd Agustin Ahuatl, also 112, in six. Juan Carlos Montalvo, 122, TKO'd Simon Dominguez, 126, in five. (3-06-81)

OAXACA

▲ **SALINA CRUZ** — Juan Alvarez, 118, TKO'd Silvino "Rayo" Valencia, 119, in nine. Benny Arguelles, 134, and Enrique Romero, 135, drew, 10. (2-13-81)

PUEBLA

▲ **PUEBLA** — Benito Martinez, 125, chilled Francisco Torres, also 125, in two. (2-03-81)

QUINTANA ROO

▲ **CHETUMAL** — Daniel Herrera, 125, TKO'd Mario Diaz, 126, in nine. (2-16-81)

SAN LUIS POTOSI

▲ **SAN LUIS POTOSI** — Efrain Ovalle, 126, stiffened Eduardo Zaragoza, 125, in four. Trini Hernandez, 118, iced Hector Zaragoza, 119, in one. Jose Silva, 116, outscored Ascencion Cardenas, 111, six. Joel Ovalle, 122, and Acoreta Ramirez, 121, drew, six. Miguel Angel "Ringo" Martinez, 117, outpointed Alfredo Fajardo, 118, six. (2-13-81)

▲ **MATEHUALA** — Former world bantamweight champion Romeo Anaya, 126, stopped Rogelio Jimenez, 125, in the first round of an exhibition bout. Adrian Guzman, 124 kayoed Elias Trevino, 125, in five. (3-01-81)

SONORA

▲ **CIUDAD OBREGON** — Othoniel Lopez, 135, TKO'd Jose Luis Castillo, also 135, in nine. (2-20-81)

TABASCO

▲ **VILLAHERMOSA** — Lupe Madera, 109, outscord Elfego Lopez, 110, 10. Roman Acosta, 108, outpointed Fidel Martinez, 110, 10. Saul Linares, 125, stopped Alejandro Medina, 125, in four. Jose Gonzalez, 111, outpointed Babe Pena, 112, eight. (2-16-81)

▲ **VILLAHERMOSA** — Jorge de Jesus, 111, outscored Ignacio "Nacho" Espinal, 112, Dominican Republic, 10. Cayetano Correa, 135, outpointed Jose Luis Tapia, also 135, 10. Felipe "Tigre" Fernandez, 118, outscored Gonzalo Lovera, 119, 10. Fito Marin, 117, stopped Javier Torres, also 117, in six. (2-27-81)

TAMAULIPAS

▲ **REYNOSA** — Jose Gallegos, 112, won the Mexican flyweight crown by halting Jose Luis Cruz, also 112, in nine. Rocky Montoya, 124, TKO'd Rafael Gandarilla, 125, in the 10th and last round. Raymundo (Battling) Torres, Jr., 136, stopped Roberto Lopez, 135, in one. Benjamin Moreno, 125, kayoed Domingo Garcia, also 125, in five. Jorge "Battling III" Gonzalez, 116, iced Obel Garza, 118, in one. Hugo Espinosa, 118, knocked out Mario Castillo, 119, in two.

▲ **REYNOSA** — Raymundo (Battling) Torres, Jr., 136, knocked out Reyes Godoy, 135, in the first round. Chucho de la Cruz, 135, kayoed "Soldado" Perez, also 135, in eight, retaining the Tamaulipas State lightweight crown. Benjamin Moreno, 125, stopped "Indio" Parra, also 125, in five. Mario Gonzalez, 118, TKO'd Hector "Polvora" Rodriguez, also 118, in one. (3-02-81)

▲ **REYNOSA** — David "Maceton" Cabrera, 172, retained his Mexican light heavyweight title. He TKO'd Julio Cruz, 173, in nine. Mario Colin, 139, demolished Antero Garcia, 140, in two. Juan Castellanos, 111, TKO'd Ariel Hernandez, 112, in three. Pedro Diaz, 159, flattened Gonzalo Gonzalez, 160, in four. Manny Castillo, 125, TKO'd Isidro "Papelerito" Ortiz, 124, in six. Lupe Baez, 114, TKO'd Alonso Hernandez, 116, in four. (3-06-81)

VERACRUZ

▲ **CIUDAD ORDAZ** — Victor "Guerrerito" Mendez, 108, outscored Miguel Reyes, 107, 10. "Gato" Paez, 112, TKO'd "Pajarito" Gutierrez, also 112, in nine. Albino Morales, 115, knocked out "Canitas" Coronado, 117, in three. (2-06-81)

▲ **POZA RICA** — Sixto Castillo, 125, outscored Natalio "Puma" Quintero, also 125, 10. (2-27-81)

▲ **POZA RICA** — Adolfo Sanjeado, 147, TKO'd David "Lenteja" Madrid, 146, in three. Jose Cordaba, 124, and Martin Miranda, also 124, drew, 10. Arturo Sarmiento, 111, iced Hilario Tovar, also 111, in one. Alfredo Madrigal, 118, TKO'd Francisco Gomez, 117, in five. (3-06-81)

YUCATAN

▲ **MERIDA** — Eleoncio Mercedes, 113, Dominican Republic, TKO'd former WBA flyweight champion Gustavo "Guty" Espadas, 116, in nine. Freddie "Riel" Hernandez, 119, Colombia, TKO'd Paulino Canche, 119, in eight. Ricardo "Leoncito" Peralta, 113, TKO'd Alfred Pitalua, 135, Colombia, in four. Jose Gabriel Tzab, 113, outscored Emilio Sola, also 113, 10. Daniel Zaragoza, 119, TKO'd Joel "Chato" Segura, 117, in 10. (2-21-81)

▲ **MERIDA** — Former world champion Miguel Canto, 113, outscored Sung-Jun Kim, 115, Korea, 10. Juan Herrera, 112, outpointed Rodolfo "Dorado" Martinez, 113, 10. Oscar "Negro" Bejinez, 117, and Antonio de la Paz, 118, drew, 10. Miguel "Pulgarcito" Leal, 108, knocked out Filiberto "Macanas" Gonzalez, 109, in one. Ranulfo Cano, 110, outscored Jose "La Colorina" Quijano, 111, 10. (2-22-81)

EDUARDO AMER G.

CENTRAL AMERICA

PANAMA

▲ **COLON—Panama Al Brown Arena**—Ernesto Davies, 142, won a split decision over Eduardo Chita Ruiz, 141¼, 10.

Leonardo Paredes, 109½, TKO'd Alfredo Thomas, 111¾, at 1:15 of the fourth round in a scheduled six-rounder.

Four-rounders: Ricardo Davies, 141, TKO'd Roberto Small, 141¼, at 2:01 of the fourth round. Rafael Williams, 130¼, won by disqualification over sub Miguel Quiroz, 133½, at 2:42 of the second. Miguel Urriola, 112½, won a split decision over Jorge Spalding, 116½. (1-31-81)

▲ **LOS SANTOS—Olmedo Sole Stadium**—Carlos Trujillo, 140, Las Tablas, kayoed Alberto Villarreal, 139¾, in 2:35 of the third round in a scheduled six-round bout.

Four-rounders: Armando De Sedas, 131½, TKO'd Eladio Santana, 131¼, Chiriqui, at 0:10 of the third. Hilario Jimenez, 147, La Villa, won unanimous decision over Tiburcio Nunez, 146¾, Las Tablas. Javier Bultron, 108, Guarare, TKO'd Alnides (El Terror) Cuello, 107, Dominican Republic, at 0:10 of the third. (1-31-81)

RAQUEL M. TORRES

SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA

▲ **CARTAGENA** — Agustin Garcia TKO'd Kid Chocolate Medrano in the third to win the Colombian Junior flyweight title.

Francisco Alvarez outpointed Rafael Juli, 10, junior flies.

Henry Diaz outscored Delimiro Cassiani, 10, junior feathers. Diaz is a local favorite.

Arnold Rocha outscored Jairo Bedoya, 10.

▲ **CALI** — Jose Angulo, Buenaventura, outpointed Clemente Rojas, Cartagena, in a good 10-round lightweight affair.

William Vasquez, Cali, outscored Orlando Maestre, Barranquilla, 10, featherweights.

Tall southpaw Felipe Orozco, Barranquilla, won a majority decision over Colombian junior featherweight champion Julio Llerena, 10, non-title. Llerena was knocked down in the seventh round.

Idabeth Rojas, Barranquilla, outpointed Marcelino Genes, 10, featherweights.

Leonardo Aguslimpias, another tall man, made his pro debut by outpointing Hipolito Arevalo, Cartagena, six rounds, flyweights.

Baby Sugar Rojas outscored Wilfredo Ruiz, six, flies.

LUIS A. GONZALEZ

EUROPE

ON AUGUST 6, 1976, GERMAN ECKHARD Dagge lost his WBC junior middleweight crown to Rocky Mattioli here in Berlin. Dagge had a couple of fights more but finally withdrew. Frank Wissenbach, another German, walked out of a title fight with Mattioli two years later, throwing away a chance of a life time. Those who say Frank had no chance anyway should not forget that he decisioned Vito Antuofermo, who took Dagge's European crown. Dagge's defeat and Wissenbach's turning of his back on Mattioli took their toll, and German boxing has never recovered. At Kiel in February, Eckhard Dagge, now 33, made a comeback, beating moderate class but courageous Austrian Esperno Postl, the third man calling a halt in the interval to the seventh because of cuts. Whatever the future holds for Eckhard Dagge, one thing is certain: this successful comeback allows German boxing to breath freely again for the time being. The sport has a box office attraction, something much needed to get the game on its feet. Dagge, George Steinherr, who almost took Kevin Finnagan's European crown last year, and middle Rudiger Bitterling, undefeated in 13 bouts, could see Germany have a good year. Having been part of German boxing for over 35 years, I sincerely hope so.

Vienna, the staging area for 39 European championship bouts, saw boxing at the Stadt Hall again after nearly three and a half years. It was a mixture of amateur and professional bouts, with European junior middleweight champion Marijan Benes, Yugoslavia, topping the bill against Antonio Garrido, Chile, whom he stopped in nine rounds.

The European championship bout of 1981 took place at Valladolid in Spain on the last day of January. Junior lightweight champion Carlos Hernandez, Spain, beat fellow countryman Amatio Galan, the third man calling a halt in round ten. Hernandez's title was never in danger and, once he opened up, the fight was over for Galan. This was not the case when he met Jose Luis Vicho in February. The champion retained his title, but points were shared at the end of 12 rounds. This was the 56th draw in the history of the European championships, which is drawing close to a thousand battles since 1906, and it was the third to end all square in the junior light division.

Some felt Hocine Tafer (25) France, was rather unlucky not to get the nod when met European light heavyweight champion Rudi Koopmans, Holland (33) in May, 1979, when points were shared. In Paris, he got a second shot at the title, but flopped before a home crowd of 6000. He was behind on points and, in round nine, turned his back on the Dutchman and signalled his retirement by holding up his hand. Later, in the dressing room, he announced his retirement from the sport. Tafer, eight years younger than Koopmans, tasted defeat for the fourth time in 25 starts. Koopmans, boxing since 1972, has lost only one of his 38 bouts, a defeat by WBA champion Eddie Mustafa Muhammad. Tafer's retirement cannot be taken seriously at the age of 25. He was a brilliant amateur, winning the light heavyweight title of Europe in 1975, and became pro champ of France in 78.

Ex-WBC light heavyweight champion Mate Parlov (30), Yugoslavia, has retired. As an amateur, he was European champion in 1971 and 1973, Olympic champion in 1972, and world champion in 1974.

EUROPEAN RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
John L. Gardner (Great Britain)
1. Lucien Rodriguez (France)
2. Alfredo Evangelista (Spain)
3. Sylvain Watbled (France)
4. Gordon Ferris (Great Britain)
5. Billy Aird (Great Britain)
6. Domenico Adinolfi (Italy)
7. Felipe Rodriguez (Spain)
8. Bernd August (Germany)
9. Al Syben (Belgium)
10. Giovanni De Luca (Italy)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Rudi Koopmans (Netherlands)
1. Hocine Tafer (France)
2. Bunny Johnson (Great Britain)
3. Ennio Cometti (Italy)
4. Fred Serres (Belgium)
5. Avenamar Peralta (Spain)
6. Dennis Andries (Belgium)
7. Tom Collins (Great Britain)
8. Christian Cavina (Italy)
9. Karl Canwell (Great Britain)
10. Jean Louis Martin (France)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (Great Britain)
1. Alan Minter (Great Britain)
2. George Steinherr (Germany)
3. Roy Gumbs (Great Britain)
4. Matteo Salvemini (Italy)
5. Adoni Amana (Spain)
6. Nicola Cirelli (Italy)
7. Pierre Joly (France)
8. Alfredo Naveiras (Spain)
9. Howard Mills (Great Britain)
10. Eddie Burke (Great Britain)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Marijan Benes (Yugoslavia)
1. Maurice Hope (Great Britain)
2. Pat Thomas (Great Britain)
3. Jimmy Batten (Great Britain)
4. Luigi Michillo (Italy)
5. Steve Hopkin (Great Britain)
6. Herol Graham (Great Britain)
7. Dave (Boy) Green (Great Britain)
8. George Warusfel (France)
9. Louis Acaries (France)
10. Jose Hernandez (Spain)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Jorgen Hanse (Denmark)
1. Hans Hendrik Palm (Denmark)
2. Colin Jones (Great Britain)
3. Kirkland Laing (Great Britain)
4. Pierangelo Pira (Italy)
5. Richard Rodriguez (Spain)
6. Roger Zenon (France)
7. Alois Carmeliet (Belgium)
8. Salvatore Cascio (Italy)
9. Fred Coranson (France)
10. Antonio Casado (Spain)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Antonio Guinaldo (Spain)
1. Jo Kimpuani (France)
2. Giuseppe Martinese (Italy)
3. Clinton McKenzie (Great Britain)
4. Des Morrison (Great Britain)
5. Sylvester Mittee (Great Britain)
6. Colin Powers (Great Britain)
7. Steve Early (Great Britain)
8. Christian Gracia (France)
9. Andre Holyk (France)
10. Ken Buchanan (Great Britain)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Charlie Nash (Great Britain)
1. Ray Cattouse (Great Britain)
2. Francisco Leon (Spain)
3. Jose Luis Heredia (Spain)
4. Dave McCabe (Great Britain)
5. Manuel Velasquez (Spain)
6. Lucio Cusma (Spain)
7. Ricky Beaumont (Great Britain)
8. Winston Spencer (Great Britain)
9. Dave Williams (Great Britain)
10. George Feeney (Great Britain)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Carlos Hernandez (Spain)
1. Charles Jurietti (France)
2. Roman Marichal (Spain)
3. Rodolfo Sanchez (Spain)
4. Salvatore Liscapade (Italy)
5. Aristide Pizzo (Italy)
6. Natale Vezzoli (Italy)
7. Maurice Apeang (France)
8. Isidoro Cabeza (Spain)
9. Luigi De Rosa (Italy)
10. Natale Caredda (Italy)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Roberto Castanon (Spain)
1. Pat Cowdell (Great Britain)
2. Jimmy Flint (Great Britain)
3. Manuel Masso (Spain)
4. Esteban Eguia (Spain)
5. Cecilio Lastra (Spain)
6. Marco Gallo (Italy)
7. Alfredo Mulas (Italy)
8. Jose Luis Vicho (Spain)
9. Laurent Grimbert (France)
10. Vernon Penprase (Great Britain)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Valerio Nati (Italy)
1. Juan Francisco Rodriguez (Spain)
2. Vicente Rodriguez (Spain)
3. Jose Luis de la Sagra (Spain)
4. Giuseppe Fossati (Italy)
5. Dave Smith (Great Britain)
6. Franco Buglione (Italy)
7. Gary Nickels (Great Britain)
8. Dave Larmour (Great Britain)
9. Manuel Barquin (Spain)
10. Franco Zurlo (Italy)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Charlie Magri (Great Britain)
1. Manuel Carrasco (Spain)
2. Enrique Rodriguez Cal (Spain)
3. Paolo Castrovilli (Italy)
4. Giovanni Camputaro (Italy)
5. Sabatino De Filippo (Italy)
6. Emilio Pireddu (Italy)
7. Mariano Garcia (Spain)
8. Mario Bitetto (Italy)
9. Filippo Belvedere (Italy)
10. Andrea Dore (Italy)

AUSTRIA

▲ **VIENNA — Stadt Hall —** European junior middleweight champion Marijan Benes TKO'd Antonio Garrido, Chile, in the ninth.

Agamil Yilderim and Andre Mongelma, Zaire, drew, eight, middleweights.
(2-09-81)

BELGIUM

▲ **ZELE —** Dave Williams, Great Britain, based in Belgium, stopped Biago Pierri, Italy, lightweights. Pierri retired in the third round with an injured arm.
(2-14-81)

FRANCE

▲ **CAMPIGINOM —** Stuart Lithgo, Great Britain, outscored Robert Amory, France, eight rounds, heavyweights. Amory later announced his retirement.
(1-31-81)

▲ **DUNKIRK —** Dan M'Putu, France, outpointed Lee Hartshorn, Great Britain, eight, welterweights. Fred Coranson, France, decisioned Peter Neal, Britain, eight, welters.
(2-07-81)

▲ **PARIS —** Hocine Tafer TKO'd Carlton Benoit, Britain, five, light heavyweights. Lucien Rodriguez outpointed Bobby Hennessy, Great Britain. French lightweight champion Didier Kowalski and Des Gwilliam, Britain, drew, 10.

Attendance—4,000.
(1-24-81)

▲ **PARIS —** Rudi Koopmans, Holland, retained his European light heavyweight title, stopping Hocine Tafer, France, in the ninth round. Andre Mongelema TKO'd Michel Pagani, France, four, middleweights. French middle champion Jacques Chinon TKO'd Celestin Kawynda, nine. Chinon, who decked Kawynda in rounds three and five, took a standing eight-count in the sixth round.

Attendance—6,000.

GERMANY

▲ **KIEL —** Former WBC junior middleweight champion TKO'd Esperno Postl, Austria. The third man called a halt because of cuts after round six. John Mugabi, Uganda, TKO'd Giampalo Piras, Italy, two, junior middles. Vedat Akova, Turkey, knocked out Horst Lang, Germany five, heavyweights. Charm Chiteule, Zambia, outscored Potito di Muro, Italy, 10, lightweights. Rudiger Bitterling, Germany, kayoed Franz Hohl, Austria, five, middleweights. Chisandra Mutti, Zambia, outscored Freddie Brown, U.S.A., 10, light heavies. Horst Schulz kayoed fellow German Rainer Kober, three, light heavies. Mike McCoy, U.S.A., TKO'd Jurgen Gries, Germany, three.

Attendance — 3,000.
(2-13-81)

ITALY

▲ **CECINA —** Antonio Contini outscored Joel Messa, six, junior welters. Claudio Trane and Vasco Fausthino, drew, six, heavyweights.
(1-23-81)

▲ **NAPLES —** Gennaro Mauriello TKO'd Gabriel Lazzari, six, light heavyweights. Angelo Bizzarro outscored Cosimo Lavino, eight, junior lights. Lorenzo Paciullo and Luigi DeRosa drew, six, junior lights. Paquale Rippa outscored Eugene Dovin, six, middles.
(1-23-81)

▲ **PADOVA —** Christiano Cavina kayoed Gino Freo in the 10th round to retain his Italian light heavyweight title. Walter Cevoli TKO'd Mustapha Kubangu, three, light heavies. Lutshadi Mudinbi kayoed Guy Telusson, one. Loris Stecca knocked out Antonio Franca, four, feathers.
(1-24-81)

▲ **GENOVA —** Nino La Rocca TKO'd Tyrone Wren, two, welterweights. Piero Spadaccini outscored Vincenzo Bottigliero, six, welters. Alfredo Raininger outscored Mariano Angeli, eight, junior lights.
(1-26-81)

SPAIN

▲ **VALLADOLID —** European junior lightweight champion Carlos Hernandez TKO'd Amalio Galan in the 10th round to retain his title.
(1-31-81)

SWITZERLAND

▲ **BASLE —** Helenio Fereira and Potito Di Muro drew, 10, featherweights.
(10-24-80)

JACK A. TREE

UNITED KINGDOM

LONDON — EUROPEAN AND COMMONwealth middleweight champion Tony Sibson, 161¼, was sensationally decked by Norberto Cabrera, Argentina, 161, in the opening round of their schedule 10-rounder, but came right back to take a comfortable 99½-96 points victory at Royal Albert Hall.

Tony said the punch caught him off balance and on the neck, but it also served to make him determined to make up for the lapse.

With nine years experience behind him, Cabrera was expected to furnish formidable opposition, and, in spite of the points margin, the Argentinian certainly provided problems. Sibson must have learned a lot during those 10 rounds.

After being caught with the "sucker" right hand in the opening session. Tony settled down to outjab his man and come in with flurries of punches, especially to the body, that Cabrera couldn't have relished.

If he was hurt, the Argentinian didn't show it until the final rounds. He took hard hooks without flinching, especially in round three, when he was driven back by an aggressive Sibson.

Cabrera didn't move around a lot. He conserved his energy, very wise as it turned out. At times, he countered effectively, and Sibson could never afford to relax.

After seven rounds, Cabrera began to look weary, and Tony turned it on. Cabrera went back into the ropes from a left hook in round eight, and Cabrera was forced to concentrate on defense as the Britisher stepped up the pace.

In round nine, Cabrera had to call on all his reserves of stamina and experience, as Sibson banged away to head and body, sensing that he was facing a tired opponent. A cracking round, with the Argentinian forced to hang on desperately for survival.

The pattern continued in the final session, with Cabrera still attempting to fight back. The result however, was now a formality.

Sibson can be well satisfied with his performance. It was exactly the sort of opposition he needs. His main objective now is to meet fellow Britisher and former world champ Alan Minter. That contest would be a sell out anywhere in Britain.

In his second bout since being kayoed by Sugar Ray Leonard, Dave Green, 151¼, took a step towards re-establishing his status, but this time as a lightmiddleweight. He beat American Gary Holmgren, 153½, the referee intervening in round five when Gary was cut by both eyes and his left optic was closed.

There were head clashes which produced cuts around the eyes of both men. The American also bled from the nose.

Not much attention was paid to defense, and it was a lively affair while it lasted. Green seemed to have a good lead when the end came.

Charm Chiteule, Zambia, an official contender for the Commonwealth title, beat Jarvis Greenidge, Birmingham, 129, who was disqualified in round seven for going down without being hit after being down nine times.

Stan McDermott, East Ham, 224, beat Tommy Kiely, Brighton, 208½, the bout being stopped in round seven after Kiely had been decked five times by right hands.

Rudi Pika, Cardiff, 204¼, beat Reg Long, Peterlee, 187¼, the referee intervening in round three. Long hadn't been down but he was cut by the right eye and bleeding from the nose.

Mark Kaylor, West Ham, 162¼, outscored Winston Burnett, Cardiff, 160¼, over eight by 80-77½, not losing a round.
(1-27-81)

ENGLAND

▲ **LONDON — York Hall —** British light-welterweight champion Clinton McKenzie, 139¾, successfully defended his title and won the Lonsdale Belt outright by beating Des Morrison, 139½, the bout being stopped in round 14 after the latter had been down and was exhausted.

A great fight—hard, exciting, dramatic, with fortunes fluctuating right up to the end. It was the fourth time this contest had been arranged. It was postponed twice at York Hall and once at the Wembley Conference Centre.

These two had already met, in April 1979, McKenzie winning on points in a 12-rounder, a final eliminator when Colin Power was champion.

The 25-year-old McKenzie, five years younger than his Jamaican-born opponent, was severely cut on the left eyebrow in round eight, and this handicapped him immediately, especially as he had been cut by the other eye in the previous session.

It took all McKenzie's courage and durability to survive round nine. Morrison, scenting victory, piled everything into the attack, and the champ reeled 'round the ring.

Surprisingly, he kept on his feet and took full advantage of the minute's interval. His recovery in the 10th was nothing short of amazing.

McKenzie was nicked by the left eye in the opening round, and this worsened as time went on. Yet he pressed forward, kept it close, and varied his play with lefts to the head and rights to the body.

Morrison was marked slightly by the left eye, and was forced to retreat. This went on for three rounds. Morrison did better in round four, finding the range for his leads, but he had to take a left hand from the champ that brought him up in his tracks.

In round seven McKenzie was cut by the right eye, but he was still proving the more skillful. All that changed in the following session, when Clinton was cut by the already injured left optic.

This obviously affected him. He was conscious of the blood coming from the wound, and, with both looking weary, it was toe-to-toe right up to the end of the session. The crowd was making so much noise the boxers didn't hear the bell, and Clinton dropped his man to his haunches with a left hook.

Yet not only did Morrison show no ill effects in round nine, but it turned out to be his best session. Spurred on by the sight of blood pouring from MccKenzie's eye injury, he waded into the champion, and, as McKenzie reeled around the ring, it looked ominous for the champ.

Clinton is made of stern stuff, however, and survived the round. That was virtually the last challenge from Morrison.

Round ten: both now calling on last reserves of energy. It was the survival of the fittest. McKenzie was still driving forward, although neither seemed to possess the punch to finish matters.

In the 13th Morrison tried so hard to pull something out of the bag, and, for a minute or so, he stood and punched it out. But in the end, his legs just refused to respond.

Round fourteen, and the only question was whether McKenzie would win on points, or could the challenger see it through to the final bell. We were soon to know. Morrison was caught by a right hand that sent him reeling backwards, and he took more punches before going down from a left hand.

Somehow, Des climbed unsteadily to his feet, but referee Roland Dakin quickly summed up the position. Enough was enough.

A fine contest, reflecting credit on both men, with McKenzie a worthy winner and Morrison a loser who came so close. He gave everything he had, but it just wasn't enough.

McKenzie admitted that he had been hurt by that right hand in round eight, and had been in trouble in the following session, but added that having overcome that difficult period he was confident that he would win.

Dominic Bergonzi, Hoxton, 145, outpointed Les Wint, Clapham 149½, over eight by 79½-78. The former punched too hard and too often.

Keith Bristol, Battersea, 179½ confirmed a previous win by outpointing Lee White, Carshalton, 186½, over six by 59-58½. This was their third meeting, White having won the other. The latter was down twice.

Debutant Mervyn Bennett, Cardiff, 126½, stopped Jeff Smart, East Ham, the referee intervening in the sixth and final round without bothering to count as Smart was decked with a right hook and banged his head against the canvas.

He was taken from the ring on a stretcher, but revived after treatment in his dressing room.

Bennett's punching was impressive. He was well ahead when the bout ended.

Jimmy Cable, Crawley, 154½, outscored Neville Wilson, Wolverhampton, 156, over six by 60-57, not losing a round.

Steve Buttle, Basingstoke, 162¾, looked good in beating Russell Humphreys, Shrewsbury, 164, who was retired by his corner at the end of round five with an injured nose. He had been down twice.
(1-06-81)

▲ **MANCHESTER — Anglo American Sporting Club —** An example of ratings being regarded only as a guide came when Robert Armstrong, Doncaster, 147, ranked number 51 among Britain's welters, stopped previously unbeaten Johnny Francis, Manchester, 148, ranked number 17, in round seven.

Francis started in promising fashion, and looked ahead at the halfway stage. But southpaw Armstrong had shaken him momentarily in round three, and always looked the harder puncher.

In the seventh, a right to the jaw and a following left decked Francis. He rose at nine, but was subjected to further punishment, whereupon the referee intervened.

Mickey Durkin, Bradford, 146, outpointed Steve Davies, Pembroke, 145, over six by 59½-58½. Many thought the verdict went to the wrong man. Durkin was cut by the left eye.

Paul Goodwin, Bootle, 150, outscored Pat Smythe, Gainsborough, 148, over six by 59½-58½. Goodwin's immaculate left was the deciding factor, but Smythe contested it every inch of the way.

Dave Dunn, Rossendale, 148, outpointed debutant Pat McCarthy, 149, over six by 60-58, not losing a round.
(1-12-81)

▲ **DURHAM — Van Milder College —** Mick Mason, Sunderland, 133, outscored Selvin Bell, Manchester, 133, over six by the narrow margin of 59½-59. It was his fourth victory over Bell, who must now feel just a little disheartened.

Ray Plant, South Shields, 124, avenged a previous defeat by outpointing Jim Harvey, Glasgow, 125, over six by 59½-58. Some disagreed with the verdict.

Kirk Davies, Derby, 152, outscored debutant Phil Gibson, Hartlepool, 149, four.

The final bout of the evening came to an abrupt conclusion due to power failure. The bout between Tony Hoole, Manchester, 173, and substitute Jerry Golden, Manchester, 171, was thus declared "no contest" in round three.
(1-09-81)

▲ **HOVE — Town Hall —** Tim Maloney, Brighton, 139, outscored Alan Cooper, Brighton, over eight by the narrowest margin, 78½-78. The persistent infighting caused the referee to work very hard.

In round five, Cooper was decked by a left to the jaw, but he foiled all of Maloney's attempts to land a finisher.

Fine debut by former Irish amateur champ Richie Foster, 123¼, who drew with Paul Huggins, Hastings, 121, over six. Foster is only 19, and shows a lot of skill. The fans threw in over £43 in nobbins.

Ian Baker, Brighton, 157, kayoed Johnny Callaghan, Stockwell, 154, in the fourth and final round with a right hand.

Mark Crouch, Epsom, 144, beat Lee Hargie, Brighton, who retired at the end of round three with a jaw injury.

John R. Ridgman, Tottenham, 147½, outscored Bobby Williams, Southampton, 148, six.
(1-12-81)

▲ **LONDON — York Hall —** Southern Area lightheavyweight champion Shaun Chalcraft, 177¼ outpointed Danny Lawford, 178, Manchester, over eight by 79½-78.

This reversed a previous defeat, and on the last occasion Chalcraft sustained a couple of broken ribs.

Chalcraft boxed coolly, saw that his opponent was forcing it, and elected to pick up points on the counter with southpaw right jabs.

Although Lawford attempted to alter his tactics as the fight progressed, it had no effect. Chalcraft always had the answer, sometimes countering on the retreat, at other times retreating and then suddenly standing still and catching his man with useful flurries.

Regarded as the harder puncher, Lawford rarely found the opening for his "big guns," and was outmaneuvered by his more skillful opponent.

Not an outstanding contest, but some nobbins came into the ring afterwards.

Lloyd Honeyghan, 140¼, beat Dai Davies, Swansea, 141, the referee intervening in round five after Davies had been down. He had been on the receiving end and was bleeding from the nose.

Richard Wilson, Nuneaton, 150, inactive for four months with an injured hand, outpointed Steve Davies, Swansea, 148, over six by 60-59, not losing a round.

Dave Armstrong, Hackney, 164¼, confirmed his number 9 middleweight rating by knocking out previously unbeaten Mike Burton, 164½, in round one with a right hand.

Manchester-born Eddie Copeland, now based in West Ham, 138¼, beat Moroccan Jofre II, 137¼, the bout being stopped in round two with the latter on the receiving end. After an uneventful opening session, during which Copeland was summing up the opposition, he opened up in round two and substitute Jofre was repeatedly caught with hard jabs and hooks.

Colin Derrick, Bethnal Green, 149, inactive for a year, came back in fine style to beat Jeff Aspel, Swansea, 149, the referee intervening in round three with Aspel bleeding from the nose and taking punch after punch without retaliation.
(1-20-81)

▲ **LONDON — Merton Civic Hall —** Tommy Keily, Brighton, 208, easily outpointed Benton Ruddock, Camberwell, 196, over 10 by 100-96, not losing a round. This was a defense of Kiely's Southern Area Title, and his victory was as complete as the scoreline suggests.

Southpaw Kiely took full advantage of his superior weight, height, and reach. The only way Ruddock could win was by getting inside his opponent's right leads, but he was unable to do this. Not that he tried very hard. He preferred to box on the retreat and this suited Kiely admirably.

There were very few moments of aggression from Ruddock, and Kiely was able to score with jabs and hooks very much at will. To his credit, Ruddock remained upright, but Kiely was able to win without exerting himself too much.

Martin Nee, Paddington, 210, impressed with his heavy artillery in beating Steve Gee, Birmingham, 194, the referee intervening in round five with the latter unable to defend himself after being decked.

Robbie Smith, Carshalton, 158, survived a first-round knockdown to beat Martin Francis, Hayes, 161, the bout being stopped in round four after Francis had been down twice in that session.

Lee White, Carshalton, 182, defeated Paul Newman, Bornor, 174, who retired at the end of round two with a right eye which had almost closed.

Gary Kittle, Cranleigh, 128, outscored Selvin Bell, Manchester, 129, scoreline 60-58, which indicated that Kittle had not lost one of the six rounds.

Dave Finigan, Putney, 140, outpointed Mark Crouch, Epsom, 142, over six by 59½-58½. It was the latter's first defeat.
(1-19-81)

▲ **BIRMINGHAM — Arden Sporting Club —** Achille Mitchell, Coventry, 152, beat Mickey Mapp, Eltham, 153½, the referee intervening in round three after Mapp had been decked from a right hand.

When they met previously, the result was a draw.

This was Mapp's first defeat in 11 bouts.

Winston Burnett, Cardiff, 163, drew with John Humphreys, Shrewsbury, 164, over six.

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. John L. Gardner (England)
2. Trevor Berbick (Canada)
3. Gordon Ferris (No. Ireland)
4. Billy Aird (England)
5. Ngozika Ekwelum (Nigeria)
6. Conroy Nelson (Canada)
7. Neville Meade (England)
8. Terry Mintus (England)
9. Steve Aczel (Australia)
10. Maile Haumona (Tonga)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lotte Mwale (Zambia)
1. John Conteh (England)
2. Mustapha Wasajja (Uganda)
3. Chisanda Mutti (Zambia)
4. Bunny Johnson (England)
5. Gary Summerhays (Canada)
6. Tony Mundine (Australia)
7. Eddie Melo (Canada)
8. Murray Sutherland (Canada)
9. Stan Bogovic (Australia)
10. Monty Betham (New Zealand)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (England)
1. Alan Minter (England)
2. Ralph Hollett (Canada)
3. Roy Gumbs (England)
4. Wayne Caplette (Canada)
5. Wally Carr (Australia)
6. Fernand Marcotte (Canada)
7. Chris Clarke (Canada)
8. Howard Mills (England)
9. Eddie Burke (Scotland)
10. Eddie Smith (England)

LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Kenny Bristol (Guyana)
1. Maurice Hope (England)
2. Rocky Mattioli (Australia)
3. Ayub Kalule (Uganda)
4. Pat Thomas (St. Kitts)
5. Jimmy Batten (England)
6. Dave (Boy) Green (England)
7. Elisha Obed (Bahamas)
8. Steve Hopkin (England)
9. Alex Temelkov (Australia)
10. Steve Dennis (Australia)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Colin Jones (Wales)
2. Kirkland Laing (England)
3. Frank Ropis (Australia)
4. Josef Nsubuga (Uganda)
5. Eddie Marcelle (Trinidad)
6. Peter Neal (England)
7. Lachie Austin (Australia)
8. Sakarai Ve (Fiji)
9. Reg Ford (Guyana)
10. Brian Muller (Guyana)

LIGHT WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Obisia Nwankpa (Nigeria)
1. Lennox Blackmoore (Guyana)
2. Clinton McKenzie (England)
3. Jeff Malcolm (Australia)
4. Des Morrison (England)
5. Sylvester Mittee (St. Lucia)
6. Mike Parsons (Trinidad)
7. Steve Early (England)
8. Ken Buchanan (Scotland)
9. Fitzroy Giuseppe (Belize)
10. Peter Berrigan (Australia)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Langton Tinago (Zimbabwe)
1. Jim Watt (Scotland)
2. Charlie Nash (No. Ireland)
3. Hogan Jimoh (Nigeria)
4. Claude Noel (Trinidad)
5. Cornelius Boza-Edwards (Uganda)
6. Gaetan Hart (Canada)
7. Ray Cattouse (England)
8. John Summerhays (Canada)
9. Dave McCabe (Scotland)
10. Nick Furlano (Canada)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Patrick Ford (Guyana)
1. Pat Cowdell (England)
2. Charm Chiteule (Zambia)
3. Jimmy Flint (England)
4. Brian Roberts (Australia)
5. Jey Nardo (Zimbabwe)
6. Thomas Gourley (Canada)
7. Leonard Pinnock (Canada)
8. Vernon Penprase (England)
9. Azuma Nelson (Ghana)
10. Gerry O'Neill (Scotland)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
2. John Feeney (England)
3. Dave Smith (England)
4. Mike Irungu (Kenya)
5. Gary Nickels (England)
6. Dave Larmour (No. Ireland)
7. Wayne Mulholland (Australia)
8. Charlie Brown (Australia)
9. Tumat Sogolik (Papua New Guinea)
10. Stix Macleod (Zimbabwe)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Stephen Muchoki (Kenya)
1. Charlie Magri (England)
2. Steve Bell (Australia)
3. Ray Amoo (Nigeria)
4. Pedro Solo (Australia)
5. John Hipwell (Australia)
6. Kelvin Smart (Wales)
7. Dave George (Wales)
8. Junior Thompson (Australia)
9. Sam Eme (Nigeria)
10. Attah Yeboah (Ghana)

John Aba (Papua New Guinea) is the junior lightweight champion. Contenders: Kazeen Armah (Nigeria), Willi Tarika (Fiji), Big Jim West (Australia).

Debutant Lloyd Christie, Wolverhampton, 138, impressed in knocking out Steve Tempro, Leicester, 137½, with a right to the head halfway through round one.

Errol Dennis, Wolverhampton, 146, another debutant, outscored Mike Sullivan, Plymouth, 146, by 60-58 over six, not losing a round.
(1-19-81)

▲ **BRADFORD — Yorkshire Executive Sporting Club —** Tommy McCallum, Edinburgh, 145, outpointed Kevin Durkin, Bradford, 148, over eight by 79-78½.

A close one, and the crowd certainly appreciated this cracking contest. Both were previously unbeaten, and a pity there had to be a loser.

Pat Smythe, Gainsborough, 149, outpointed Kirk Davis, Derby, 150, over six by 59-58½, another narrow victory.

Dave Dunn, Rosendale, 149, outscored Pat McCarthy, Manchester, 148, by 59½-58, also over six.

Over four, Peter Gabbitus, Doncaster, 119, outpointed Jimmy Harvey, Glasgow, 122. Scoreline: 40-38.
(1-19-81)

▲ **EDGBASTON — Tower Ballroom —** In a final eliminator for the British light welterweight title, Steve Early, Coventry, 140, gave a competent performance to outpoint former world lightweight champion Ken Buchanan, 137, over 12 by 118-117.

Buchanan, now 35, freely admits he is boxing purely for the money, his business ventures having gone astray. And after this contest he said he saw no reason why he should retire.

On the evidence of this bout, Buchanan is still a force to be reckoned with, and even though well below the form he showed as world champ, he must still be regarded as a top contender for the British crown.

Let us not take anything away from Early, however. Steve is no respecter of reputations. He treated Buchanan as just another opponent, and lacked nothing in confidence.

Early started like a whirlwind, and Buchanan seemed to have no answer to the rights to the face that kept finding their target. In round three, heads clashed, and Ken came out of it with a swelling over the left eye.

Ken was woefully out of distance in the first three rounds, but revealed snatches of his old form in the following session, with accurate jabs that helped to redress the balance.

There could be no doubt that Early was the harder puncher. In round five, and again in the following session, Ken took body punches that looked hurtful.

Buchanan was now varying his punching more, bringing useful uppercuts into play, but still unable to keep Early at bay for long. Yet the former world champ was still in the hunt, as he held his own in rounds eight and nine, and could have taken the latter.

But Early didn't wilt; he continued to punch harder. There was a bit of needle in round 11 when both were warned for careless use of the head and Buchanan indicated that he thought he'd been butted, also that he was hit below the belt as the bell ended the round.

The final round was fast and furious, but Early kept on top, and was a worthy winner.

Ian Murray, Birmingham, 146½, outpointed Adey Allen, Leichester, 144, over eight by the narrow margin of 78½-78. Some thought the latter unlucky, and there were boos.

Vernon Scott, St. Pancras, 173, beat Rupert Christie, Birmingham, 175, the bout being stopped in round three after the latter had been down twice.

Darwin Brewster, Cardiff, 150, outpointed debutant John Langol, Uganda, 150, over six by a narrow 59-58½. Brewster had one shock when a right hand decked him in round five, but he quickly recovered and just kept in front.

Paul Murray, Birmingham, 148, outscored Errol Dennis, Wolverhampton, 146, comfortably by 59½-58 over six. Murray boxed efficiently to overcome a game opponent.

Mervyn Bennett, Wales, 126, defeated Paddy Maguire, Birmingham, 128, the referee intervening in round two with Maguire still upright but feeling the effects of Bennett's body-punching.
(1-12-81)

▲ **LIVERPOOL — Stadium —** George Feeney, Hartlepool, 135, kayoed Robbie Robinson, Liverpool, 134, in round four with a lethan left hook, after flooring him for seven.

Herol Graham, Sheffield, 155, kept his unbeaten record by outpointing Lance Innis, Guyana, 155½, by 99½-96½ over ten

Southpaw Graham played this one cool, at times even dropping his arms to his sides and putting his hands on his hips for which he was warned by the referee.

Nevertheless, Herol stayed in command throughout, in spite of repeated attempts by Inniss to score with right hooks and swings—which didn't always land on the target area.

George Schofield, Liverpool, 138, kayoed John Lindon, Bradford, 138, after 75 seconds of the opening round. The referee immediately sprang to the help of Lindon without bothering to take up the count, and it was around two minutes before the boxer recovered properly.

Tony Sinnott, Liverpool, 149¼, beat Dill Collins, Llantwit Major, 149, the bout being stopped after the latter had been decked twice.

Brian Snagg, Liverpool, 138, outpointed Glyn Rhodes, Sheffield, 138, over eight by 79-77½. Snagg had a swelling by the left eye and was cut over the right but easily overcame an opponent whose punches didn't often come from the text book.
(1-22-81)

▲ **BURSLEM — Adulte Ballroom —** Doug Hill, Burslem, 130, outpointed Steve Farnsworth, 127, over eight by 79-77½. Hill was down twice, but recovered to have his man in trouble in round seven, when Farnsworth went through the ropes and got back, only to be decked again.

Andy Broughton, Sheffield, 129½, narrowly outscored John Griffiths, Neath, 126, over six by 59-58½.

In another cliff-hanger, Jerry Golden, 172, outpointed John Vaughan, Liverpool 172, by 59½-59, also over six.

Paul Goodwin, Bootle, 149½, stopped debutant Lee Roy, Burslem, 147, on the referee's intervention in round three.
(1-21-81)

▲ **SOLIHULL — Midlands Sporting Club —** A fine victory for number 10 welterweight Lloyd Hibbert, Birmingham, 149, who outpointed former British light-welter champ Joey Singleton, Peckham, 148, over eight by 79-78.

Singleton was rated number 4 in the welterweight division, but Hibbert, overcoming a cut by the left eye, deserved his victory and must now be regarded as a contender for the British title.

Hibbert had only one bout last year because of injury, but punched too hard and too fast for the more experienced Singleton, who is noted for his skill and ringcraft.

This was Hibbert's 11th win in succession.

Glen McEwan, Birmingham, the Midlands Area middleweight champion, 163, beat Billy Savage, Nigeria, 165, the bout being stopped in round two with Savage shaky after taking several hard right hands.

Tony Britton, Lewisham, 156, avenged a previous defeat by outpointing Dennis Pryce, Wolverhampton, 153, over eight by 79½-77½. A desperate Pryce adopted a southpaw stance in round seven, but it made no difference to the pattern of the fight.

Don Ageson, Birmingham, 129, also made amends for a previous loss by beating Steve Topliss, Derby, 126, who was retired by his corner at the end of round three because of a cut on the left eyebrow.

It was Topliss' first defeat.

Pharoah, Bish, Battersea, 172, outscored debutant Phil Williams, Plymouth, by 59½-57½, over six. The latter was down twice.
(1-21-81)

▲ **NEWCASTLE — Gosforth Park Hotel —** Mick Mason, Gateshead, 128, kept his unbeaten record by outpointing Ian Murray, Manchester, 128, over eight by 79½-78½.

This confirmed a previous victory, and Mason's southpaw right jabs were followed by left crosses as he kept in command for the last couple of rounds to earn the verdict.

Another who confirmed a previous win was Ray Plant, South Shields, 128½, who outscored Carl Gaynor, Manchester, 128, over six by the narrowest margin, 59½-59.

After four rounds, Gaynor boxed with the handicap of a closed left eye, but did well, and there was one moment in round four when it seemed Plant might go down.

However, he didn't, and kept out of range for the remainder of the fight.

Ken Foreman, Hartlepool, 137, made it four in a row by outscoring Billy Laidman, Greencock, 135, over six, also by 59½-59.

P.T. Grant, Newcastle, 183, outpointed Mick Fellingham, Greencock, 185, over six—yet another 59-58½ margin.
(1-26-81)

▲ **LONDON — National Sporting Club —** Charlie Malarkey, Glasgow, 150½, outpointed Horace McKenzie, Cardiff, 152, over eight by 79-78, a victory that must have given him a lot of satisfaction.

It was Charlie's first contest since having operations for scar tissue around the eyes, and also his first win after two successive defeats which had relegated him from one of the contenders to number 7 in the light middleweight division.

There were gasps when Malarkey's left eyebrow was cut in round three after a clash of heads, but he survived, and was quicker to the punch than his opponent.

McKenzie's aggressive tactics, coming forward with head down, brought the inevitable head clashes, and a bit of needle developed as the fight progressed.

Garry Petty, Hull, 150, defeated Shaun Jones, Newport, 150, who was retired by his corner at the end of round five with a broken nose. Both were cut around the eyes.

Clyde Ruan, Slough, kept his unbeaten certificate by drawing with Russell Jones, 127, over six. An excellent contest, enjoyed by the fans, and many of them thought Ruan deserved the verdict.

Martin Bolton, Norwich, 138, impressed in outscoring Paul Wake, Hull, 138, by 59-58 over six. (1-21-81)

SCOTLAND

▲ **GLASCOW — St. Andrews Sporting Club —** Substitute Gary Pearce, Newport, 147½, comfortably outscored Scottish welter champion Dave Douglas, 146, over eight by 79½-77½.

Pearce's left hook was the deciding factor in a good scrap containing quite a bit of skill.

John Rafferty, Glasgow, 190, beat David (brother of Gary) Pearce, Newport, 199, who was disqualified in round three. He put Rafferty on the canvas, but was then adjudged to have hit the Scot when he was down.

Archie Salmon, Kilmarnock, 151, kept his unbeaten record by outpointing Ron (yet another brother) Pearce, Newport, 152, over six by the narrow margin of 59-58½.

Salmon was cut over the left eye in round four, and Pearce was down briefly in the following round.

Barry Winter, Clydebank, 143, outpointed Tommy Thomas, 142, over six, also by the narrow margin of 59-58½.

Thomas was decked in round three and Winter in the following session.
(1-26-81)

RON OLVER

JAPANESE RATINGS BY THE JAPANESE BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF FEBRUARY 16, 1981)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
James Callaghan
1. Caesar Sasaki
2. Kenji Shibata
3. Masahide Kitamura
4. Tsutomu Okamoto
5. Gensui Murakami

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Michihiro Horihata
1. Mitsuo Kushikino
2. Minoru Ono
3. Tarzan Tobaru
4. Mamoru Tiara
5. Naoto Suzuki

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Akio Kameda
1. Dynamite Matsuo
2. Yohi Arai
3. Katsuhiro Sawada
4. Kazumi Nakao

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Noboru Hatakeyama
1. Eiichi Fukumoto
2. Minoru Sugiya
3. Kazunori Shiratori
4. Nobutaka Kuwata
5. Kirk Fujimoto
6. Fire Kaneda
7. Tatsuya Moriyasu

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Battle Hawk Kazama
1. Jyoken Narita
2. Hayao Shiba
3. Tsunehiro Fuchiwaki
4. Katsuhiro Okubo
5. Tadao Ishido
6. Kaneatsu Yamamoto
7. Sann Minsah Koga
8. Mitsuo Ohashi
9. Tadashi Suginaga
10. Gen Akutsu

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Yasutsune Uehara
1. Masa Ito
2. Gen Tosa
3. Yoshitaka Ikehara
4. Katsuji Sano
5. Blazer Okubo
6. Shigetaka Otake
7. Takeshi Hamada
8. Keizo Kurebayashi
9. Kojiro Sasaki
10. Ken Sogo

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Spider Nemoto
1. Yoshimitsu Azato
2. Koichi Matsushima
3. Tomio Nakamura
4. Jonny Fujimoto
5. Hiroshi Gonohe
6. Fusao Imai
7. Kuniyoshi Kurihara
8. Kosei Kawaguchi
9. Yasuhide Takahashi

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Hiroyuki Iwamoto
1. Bunji Ando
2. Kenichi Ito
3. Sanji Ito
4. Kiyoshi Nagashima
5. Naoki Kobayashi
6. Hirokazu Fukui
7. Yukio Segawa
8. Noboru Ishimine
9. Dragon Hayakawa
10. Jyo Tatsuki

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Hurricane Teru
1. Yuji Oka
2. Takashi Uezu
3. Hitoshi Ishigaki
4. Takesh Ryu
5. Tsuguyuki Toma
6. Katsuyuki Ohashi
7. Masaru Yamamoto
8. Kenzo Takasugi
9. Toshiyuki Tanaka

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Jackal Maruyama
1. Satoru Koguchi
2. Hitoshi Ohashi
3. Hiroyuki Kobayashi
4. Takeshisa Nakajima
5. Kazumi Sato
6. Tsutomu Itokazu
7. Yasuo Azato
8. Hirohisa Iino
9. Kazuhiko Kawahira

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Kazumasa Tamaki
1. Koki Ishii
2. Koichi Maki
3. Nobuyuki Watanabe
4. Ken Kasugai
5. Koji Kobayashi
6. Shinji Suga
7. Toshihiro Okumoto
8. Goichi Oshi
9. Masaru Fuji

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Masaharu Inami
1. Hiroyuki Tada
2. Tadashi Tomori
3. Katsuo Tokashiki
4. Guraman Ueda
5. Phoenix Taniguchi
6. Puma Koya
7. Kazuyoshi Funaki
8. Keisuke Yuguchi
9. Yoshiaki Nojima

Japanese boxers holding world titles: Yasutsune Uehara (junior lightweight), Shoji Oguma (flyweight), Yoko Gushiken (junior flyweight).

Japanese boxers holding OPBF titles: Tadashi Mihara (junior middleweight), Royal Kobayashi (featherweight), Eijiro Murata (bantamweight).

Other Japanese boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Akio Kameda, Ryu Fukida, Hikaru Tomonari, Tenyu Maruki, Yu Kasahara, Syuichi Isogami, Shigeo Nakajima, Jiro Watanabe, Syuichi Hozumi.

ORIENT

OH-FUKIDA
OPBF Junior Lightweight Title

TOKYO, JAPAN – Unbeaten Young-Sae Oh, 129¼, Korea made good use of his speed and counterpunches, stopping southpaw OPBF champion Ryu Fukida, 130, Japan at the end of the sixth round at Korakuen Hall. Fukida was forced to retire by a cut right eyebrow.

The 5′7½″ Oh outmaneuvered and outsped the 5′6″ champion, who missed with roundhouse punches and was unable to catch the elusive challenger.

The first three rounds were fairly even, as Fukida, 30, chased Oh, falling to the canvas as he missed with wild swings. oh was moving to and fro and studying Fukida's tactics.

In the closing seconds of the third round, Ryu suffered a very wide and deep gash near the right eyebrow. The clever Oh turned lose from the fourth session on, as Fukida wiped his gory eye with his gloved hand and was befuddled by the stinging left of the Korean.

The blood was dripping down Fukida's cheek, and he did not seem able to continue. Referee Paul Field of the U.S. asked the JBC physician to examine the wound after the sixth canto, and the contest was then halted.

This was only Oh's sixth pro contest. He's 6-0 with four wins inside the distance. Tadashi Mihara of Japan won the OPBF junior middleweight title in his fifth bout, so Oh almost broke the record.

Yound-Sae, a good upright stylist, had compiled a brilliant 113-7 record as an amateur. He won the Gold Medal in Indonesia's King's Cup Amateur Tournament in 1977 and also won a Gold in the world military boxing tourney during a three-year hitch in the Korean Army. Oh was then competing in the lightweight class. He turned professional in 1980.

The official scoresheets after six rounds were as follows: referee Field, 60-57; judge Hiroyuki Tezaki, 60-58; judge Ken Morita, 59-58—all in favor of Oh. The title bout was scheduled for 12.

Fukida will meet Oh again in the near future.

Upandcoming Hiroyuki Kobayashi, 115, knocked out Masaru Fuji, also 115, in 1:46 of the fourth session in the 10-round semi-final. A right hand counter to the jaw of the taller Fuji sent him sprawling for the count.

Kobayashi, 21, is now 9-1 with eight kayoes. Fuji, 29, is 17-15-1 with four knockouts. The winner has a glass jaw (as was shown by Koji Kobayashi), but his future appears bright.

Toshiyuki Tanaka, 117¼, came off the canvas in the second, knocked down vetran Shinji Taki, 117¾, in the next round, and disposed of him at 0:56 of that third session. Tanaka is 9-1-1 with three kayoes. Taki is 7-15-1 with three knockouts. The loser is well known as an opponent for fast rising rookie fighters. Hiroyuki Tezaki refereed the scheduled eight-rounder.

Four-rounders: Masanori Yasukuni, 126¼, halted Masayuki Sakogashira, 128, at 1:44 of the second. Each was making his pro debut. Shinroku Koita, 107½, finished Ken Harada, 106½, in 1:27 of the first round. Hitoshi Ogino, 107¼, won unanimous decision over Isao Tsukamoto, 106½. Masatoshi Tomizawa, 118¼, iced Masahiro Sasaki, also 118¾, in the second session of the opener.

Yonekura Promotions. TV Asahi.

Attendance—1,600. (1-27-81)

FILIPINO RATINGS
BY THE FILIPINO GAMES & AMUSEMENTS BOARD
(AS OF JANUARY 31, 1981)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Joe Willisco
1. Peter Piatmonte

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Aquilino Nicolas, Jr.
1. Alberto Cruz
2. Armando Boniquit
3. Ramon Dionisio

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Mike de Guzman
1. Danilo Limpahan
2. Fred Pastor
3. Leo Dolotallas
4. Fernando Gloria
5. Fred Galang
6. Lino Bernadas
7. Dan de Guzman
8. Joe Almano
9. William Mardizon
10. Eddie (Boy) Oposa

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Edward Heneral
1. Young de la Cruz
2. Joe Lim
3. Willie Makitoki
4. Moises Cantoja
5. Flash Romeo
6. Al Rodrigo
7. Gar Atayde
8. Johnny Tam
9. Tony Flores
10. Romy Angeles

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Nilo Acido
1. Max (Boy) Toyogon
2. Lito Pena
3. Jun Escalera
4. Nardito Adrayan
5. Dony Soriano
6. Lito Albarico
7. Romeo Olivetti
8. Dario Melida
9. Ric Dolotallas
10. Rino Balaba

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Nene Jun
1. Geron Porras
2. Francis Camatagn
3. Tomas Bernales
4. Fel Salvador
5. Deo Rabago
6. Erning Grafe
7. Eddie Ballaran
8. Dodong Tromata
9. Boy Reyes
10. Bell Torino

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Caesar Ligan
1. Gener Cruz
2. Lulu Villaverde
3. Joe Francisco
4. Dommy Marolena
5. Eddie Camero
6. Romy Cunanan
7. Joval de Rama
8. Melching Makilan
9. Sandy Noora
10. Fred Basa

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Rey Naduma, Jr.
1. Neptali Alamag
2. Jong Jong Pacquing
3. Rene Cruz, Jr.
4. Rudy Patalinhug
5. Nestor Miraflor
6. Chito Adigue
7. Manny Sacay
8. Little Bangoyan
9. Jerry Escolano
10. Ernie Pinon

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Ronald Sumalis
2. Bobby Berna
3. Bill Abato
4. Dede Suaybaguio
5. Jun Diamale
6. Henry Pepito
7. Leo Kaki
8. Danilo Inocian
9. Tim Ontic
10. Morris Pastor

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Diego de Villa
1. Pablo Pepito
2. Rolando Rosuento
3. Little Aguilar
4. Flash Jagdon
5. Antonio Pacupia
6. Ric Diamale
7. Elmer Valenzuela
8. Jimmy Boy
9. Rodrigo Saonoy
10. Fel Aporto

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Frank Cedeno
1. Melchor Degsi
2. Lito Cortez
3. Ver Libradilla
4. Jun Garcia
5. Dommy Pumar
6. Ernesto Mata
7. Fel Malatag
8. Yuri Santos
9. Rocky Pineda
10. Little Baguio

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Siony Carupo
1. Mannaseh Base
2. Jun Resma
3. Juanito Ablaca
4. Nardo Calugay
5. Henry Balina
6. Flor Obina
7. Deo Mindoro
8. Jemuel Maguinsay
9. Nick Mitra
10. Lord Esmero

Filipino boxers holding OPBF titles: Willie Lucas (junior featherweight), William Develos (junior bantamweight).

Other Filipino boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Johnny Sato (#6 WBC junior lightweight), Rey Tam (#8 WBC junior lightweight)

JAPAN

▲ **TOKYO — Korakuen Hall** — Eijiro Murata, 117½, Japan, retained his OPBF bantamweight title with a one-punch kayo over Chong-Soo Lee, also 117½, Korea, in 0:50 of the eight round in a scheduled 12-round championship bout.

A wicked right hand to the button was the haymaker. Referee Paul Field and judges Ken Morita and Shoji Nakamori all had Morata leading after seven by scores of 70-64, 70-64, and 70-65 respectively.

Murata, 23, is now 18-0-2 with 11 kayoes.

It was his sixth OPBF title defense, and he's now scheduled to meet world champ Jeff Chandler. Lee is 11-5-1 with seven knockouts.

Kiyoshi Nagashima, 121¼, TKO'd Naoki Kobayashi, 122 in a scheduled 10-round support. Kobayashi, the JBC's fifth ranked contender and a 1980 Novice King tourney winner, was ahead until a bad cut caused by a butt forced him to retire at the end of six. He's now 12-2-1 with five kayoes. Nagashima, the number nine contender, is 10-5-6 with four knockout. The scoring after six rounds was: referee Takeshi Shimakawa, 59-57; judge Takeo Ugo, 60-58; judge Paul Field, 59-56—all for the bleeding loser.

Hideyuki Kawai, 121¾, won a unanimous decision over Hiroshi Harada, 119¾, Kyoto, eight. The scores were 80-77, 80-76, and 80-74. Kawai is Murata's stablemate.

Four-rounders: Noriaki Tsuchida, 124¾, won unanimous dedision over Shiro Miyajima, 124¼. Makoto Taguchi, 118, eked out a majority decision over Katsuhiko Fukugomori, also 118. Taneo Kodama, 118, won a hairline (all cards 40-39) unanimous decision over Yasuo Kochi, 116½. Takashi Komori, 118, made his pro debut by winning a shutout unanimous decision over Mitsuru Nanamegi, 116½. Junichi Hashimoto, 111¼, halted Masayoshi Shiraishi, 110¼, at 0:33 of the fourth round in the curtain raiser.

Kaneko Promotions. TBS-TV.

Attendance—2,000.
(1-13-81)

▲ **TOKYO — Korakuen Hall** — Tadashi Mihara, 154, retained his OPBF junior middleweight crown with a unanimous decision over Chung—Yul Lee, 153, Korea, 12.

Referee Ken Morita saw the Lacklustre affair as 119-114, while judges Takeaki Kanaya and Shoichi Uchida scored it 120-112 and 120-114, respectively.

The 5′10½″ Mihara is now 13-0 with 10 kayoes. Lee is 4-3 (no knockouts). The rough and durable Korean made things tough for Tadashi, who'd better improve his punching accuracy before he faces world champ Ayub Kalule in Denmark.

Caesar Sasaki, 160, eked out a unanimous decisionover veteran Mana Premchai, 158¾, Thailand, 10. Scoring referee Yusaku Yoshida, 98-97; Judge Takeaki Kanaya, 99-96; judge Paul Field, 100-93. This reporter had it 96-95, Sasaki. Caesar wasn't sharp at all in the first four rounds and took plenty of slow long lefts from the Thai southpaw. Premchai, shorter than the 6′ Sasaki, is only a shadow of his former self.

Yoshiaki Kanda, 107¼, well-timed uppercuts to win a unanimous decisionover Kokichi Yamamoto, 107¾, six.

Four-rounders: Toshitsugu Konishi, 135, halted Koji Osumi, 134½, in 2:18 of the first round. A short right uppercut caused ref Paul Field to stop it after Osumi had barely beat the count and resumed fighting. Mitsuo Ibayashi, 126, scored a knockout in 1:09 of the first. Masayoshi Kashiwakura, 125, won a hairline (all cards 39-38) unanimous decisionover Koichi Nose, 125¾, after dropping him with a wicked right cross in the first round. The winner is now 4-1-1 with one kayo. Southpaw Kanji Itsukaichi, 117¼, made his pro debut by winning a shutout unanimous decision over Yoshio Takagi, 117¼. Takahiro Masaki, 106½, won a unanimous verdict over Kazumi Hamanaka, 106½, a southpaw. Yuki Nakagawa, 126¾, won a majority (double 39-38 and 39-39) decision over Takamori Morioka, 128, in the opener.

Misako Promotions. Fuji TV.

Attendance—1,800. (1-23-81)

▲ **TOKYO — Korakuen Hall** — OPBF featherweight king Royal Kobayashi, 125¾, displayed unusual cleverness in stopping Koichi Matsushima, also 125¾, at 1:07 of the eight round. Referee Takeshi Shimakawa had the fight scored 70-67, Kobayashi, after seven, while judges Takeo Ugo and Yusaku Yoshida had him ahead by 70-67 and 70-64, respectively.

The 5′5½″ Kobayashi is now 34-6 with 27 knockouts. Matsushima is 15-5-2 with 10 kayoes. The brave loser, 27, must improve his defense.

Hayao Shiba, 136, knocked out Tsunehiro Fuchiwaki, 135¼, in 2:50 of the third round in an amazing upset. A brutal right swing to the jaw sent Fuchiwaki down and out in the scheduled 10-round affair.

THAI RATINGS
BY THE THAI BOXING COMMISSION
(AS OF FEBRUARY 10, 1981)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Satanfa S. Pratip
1. Tongta Kiatvayupak
2. Sansakdi Muangsurin
3. Thaminthong Singsamang
4. Kiatsayarm Jokker
5. Burirum Suenmisakavan
6. Mana Prechai
7. Jong Sathiragym
8. Konphol Sakornphitak
9. Narong Pisnurachun

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Kongrug Vocharernrat
1. Petchsayarm Petcharern
2. Thom Singthanongsakdi
3. Narongsakdi Dejkajorn

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Jenrub Muangsurin
1. Somdej Sakdiphipus
2. Keovanoi Kiatsingnoi
3. Suradej Klongphajorn
4. Nunthabureng Leadbankye
5. Chokchai Kiatsingnoi
6. Chainarong Chutanary
7. Changton Singthanongsakdi
8. Singprakarn Terdthai
9. Rakchart Kiatvayuphak
10. Downthong Chuvatana

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Dorn Sornsakdisith
2. Vechayun Senaphitak
3. Sonsakdi Sithlakmuang
4. Ngoohuoleg Lukakadyotin
5. Kongkiat Sithmanun
6. Phadedsuk Pisnurachun
7. Monkorndum Muangsurin
8. Dejnarong Vocharernrat
9. Prichar Nabanmee
10. Usopnoi Lukakadyotin

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Nugprachun Kiatkumchai
1. Dedkad Kiatbunyong
2. Sangthong Chanjeelar
3. Arcadej Singjomthong
4. Kolnyuth P. Punyuth
5. Santhi Donjadee
6. Manus Lo-ngerng
7. Kunphollek Sakornphitak
8. Veerachainoi Dejavatal
9. Somchart Sakdiphayak
10. Salatan Tarphoothai

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Dejvarin Hollywood
1. Ponpun Sorphayathai
2. Venice Borkorsor
3. Morkasakdi Muangsurin
4. Somkiat Sukothai
5. Thanomchit Sukothai
6. Sakad Pornthavee
7. Thanupetch Petch-u-bol
8. Ekaluk Singnakornlong
9. Pisvolng Sithbungerd
10. Dungpraser Sorsombutr

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Sakda Saksuree
1. Charnok U. Yuthanakarn
2. Sakdisamai Chorsiririat
3. Surija Pratumvadee
4. Duen-e-san Luklongjun
5. Kaosai Vungchomphoo
6. Numraman Sithmuhamad
7. Kom Chartsurat
8. Mongkol Kiatjongrug
9. Singthong Sakdicharurat
10. Prasong Sithkempetch

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Phaktai Lipovitan D.
1. Suban Muangsurin
2. Ali Baba Luklongtan
3. Tani Singchuevung
4. Brabtorani Luklumpakchee
5. Saipha Sorphayathai
6. Narsai Charlermchaigym
7. Achen Sukothai
8. Num Sorphayathai
9. Sombutr Chuvatana
10. Seeson Muangsurin

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Dan Pisalchai
1. Phichitsuk Kor-u-sayarm
2. Chutmongkol Thairungriang
3. Monsayarm H. Mahachai
4. Jimmy Sithphaidand
5. Glar Permchai
6. Den Chuvatana
7. Wonchai Sorpenpis
8. Chandang Singchuevung
9. Santhichai Luklumphee
10. Downrojana Rajanaseri

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Chukthep Chuvatana
1. Ratanachai Punvit
2. Srithuncha Sithsanae
3. Komleg Sorthanikul
4. Suriya Pratumvadee
5. Pornchai Sakdiphothong
6. Umnaj Sor. S.S. Chan
7. Sira Singthong
8. Graravag Petcharern
9. Grasaesin Sorthanikul
10. Borvonmongkol Singchuevung

Other Thai boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Vichit Muangroi-et (#2 WBA junior featherweight), Netrnoi Sor Vorasingh (#5 WBA junior flyweight; #3 WBC)

Yoshimitsu Azato, 128, a 5'8½" speedster now ranked second by the JBC, dropped veteran Kosei Kawaguchi, 127¼, twice in the first round and won via unanimous decision after 10. Scoring: referee Yusaku Yoshida, 97-94; judge Takeshi Shimakawa, 97-95; and judge Takeo Ugo, also 97-95. Azato is now 4-0-1 with three kayoes. Kawaguchi, 24, is 17-8-1 with four knockouts.

Azato, 20, has to increase his stamina, but he's a man to watch.

Four-rounders: Tomekichi Tomei, 107¼, won a shuout (all 40-37) unanimous decision over Kazutaka ito, 107. Kenichi Saito, 114¼, and southpaw TAkashi Tanimura, 114½, drew (double 39-39 and 39-38, Saito). Nario Ichimura, 111¼, won a lopsided (all 40-35) unanimous decision over Megumu Mitarai, 110¼.

J.R.J. Kokusai Promotions. Nippon TV
Attendance—2,000.
1-25-81

▲ TOKYO — Korakuen Hall — Former national junior middleweight champion Kenji Shibata, 159, easily disposed of Manoru Taira, 157½ and three and a half inches shorter at 5'6½," at 2:17 of the second in their scheduled 10-rounder.

Bunji Ando, 122, knocked out Noel Arriesgado, a Filipino living in Hawaii, in 2:26 of the eight session in the second scheduled 10. A wicked one-two to the button did the trick. Takeshi Shimakawa, referee.

Ando, 25, is now 13-7-2 with 10 knockouts. Arriesgado, also 25, is 24-4-3 with 10 kayoes.

The first 10-rounder saw Ikuyoshi Kuwabara, 126, flatten Fumihiro Honma, also 126, with a right hand to the chin in 2:46 of the first round. Honma beat the count, but he was in bad shape, adn referee Hiroyuki Tezaki just continued on to "10."

Southpaw Tetsuro Kanzato, 122, and Isano Takashima, also 122, drew, six. Scored: 58-58 (twice) and 58-57, Kanzato.

Hideki Godai, 120, knocked out Yoshiaki Yukie, 120¾, in 1:21 of the first round in the curtain raiser.

Saida Promotions.
Attendance—1,600.
1-02-81

▲ OKINAWA — City Gymnasium — Fast moving southpaw Kazumasa Tamaki, 112, retained his national flyweight title with a unanimous decision over ex-champ Koichi Maki, 111, 10. Scoring: referee Kazumasa Kuwada, 99-95, judges Kenjiro Makisumi and Hideki Shinohara, both 100-97.

Tamaki is now 15-7-6 with four kayoes. Maki is 21-12-1 (and one no contest) with five knockouts.

Eight-rounders: Kazuyoshi Funaki, 110¼, halted Ryoji Tomiyama, 111¾, in 0:59 of the third round. Kiyomi Sato, 109½, outscored Tsutomu Kawakami, 109½.

Four-rounders: Satoru Gushiken (no relation to Yoko), 124¾, halted Yuminori Katsura, also 124¾, in 0;48 of the second. Saburo Tobii, 110¼, and Muneo Taira, also 110¼, drew. Shigeru Sato, 124¼, and Kiyohito Miyata, 124½, drew in the opener.

Uchino Promotions.
1-24-81

▲ KOCHI — Prefectural Gymnasium — Tricky Katsuji Sano, 129¾, won a majority decision over Junichi (Blazer) Okubo, also 129¾, 10. The lanky Okubo dropped the winner with a right in the fourth canto, but he tried in the later stages.

Scoring: referee Nobumitsu Inukai, 98-96; judge Kiyoaki Kurume, 98-97; judge Ryoji Kashiwagi, 98-98. Sano upped his log to 17-8-4 with three kayoes. Okubo is 26-9 with 14 kknockouts.

Southpaw Yoshiharu Watanabe, 126, stopped Eijiro Kuruma, 125¾, in 1:11 of the eight and final round. Kuruma was down from a wicked left hand midway in the second. He's now 14-4-2 with four kayoes. Watanabe is 5-1-2 with four knockouts.

Four-rounders: Tetsuya Ozaki, 157¼, made his pro debut by winning a unanimous (40-35, 40-36, 40-37) decision over Yoshifumi Shirase, 158¾. Juji Shimada, 114¾, tabbed his first pro win (he's now 1-5) via majority (double 39-38 and 38-38) decision over Kazushi Hara, 115. Hara is now 2-4 with no kayoes. Hiroyasu Yamashita, 105, floored Norihiko Nishida, 106¾, for a compulsory eight-count and referee Ichiro Uenaka called a halt at 2:34 of the third round.

World junior lightweight champion Yasutsune Uehara boxed a three-round exhibition with Tokuo Maruuchi, the JBC's ninth ranked 130-pounder.

Kuroshio Boxing Club and Kobe Boxing Club (co-promoters).
Attendance—1,500.
1-19-81.

▲ OSAKA — Prefectural Gymnasium — Southpaw Hirofumi Mochizuki, 133½, went down three times, absorbed a lot of punishment, and was stopped at 2:15 of the fourth round in a scheduled 10 with Africa's Freddie Mason, 134, also a southpaw.

Referee Kiyoaki Kurume, judge Nobumitsu Inukai, and judge Yuko Yasuda all had the taller African ahead after the first three sessions, 29-28, 29-28, and 30-29, respectively. Mason is now 10-11 with six kayoes. Mochizuki is 16-11 with 13 knockouts.

Tomio Nakamura, 125¾, won a unanimous decision over Johnny Fujimoto, 124½, 10. Scoring: referee Ichiro Uenaka, 100-96; judges Ryoji Kashiwagi and Nobumitsu Inukai, both 99-98. Nakamura dropped Fujimoto with a right to the jaw in round six.

Nakamura is now 17-10 with seven kayoes. Fujimoto is 14-7-2 with 11 knockouts.

Four-rounders: Sumihiro Suda, 131¼, halted southpaw Shoji Mitsushima, 133½, at the end of the second. Kazuo Katsuma, 117½, outpointed Seiichi Hijiri, 116. Nobuyuki Yanagi, 138¼, kayoed Minoru Sato, 138, in 1:24 of the third round. Hideki Godai, 123¼, knocked out Masayuki Yokoyama, 125, in 1:39 of the fourth frame. Koji Yamamoto, 134, and Hiroshi Shimizu, 133¾, drew.

Kambayashi Promotions.
Atendance—1,300.
1-26-81

KOREA

▲ SEOUL — Changchung Cymnasium — Soo-Hwan Hong, 124½, and Dong-Kyun Yum, 124¼, battled to a 10-round draw in a sensational meeting of two ex-world champs.

Ilhwa Promotions.
12-19-80

▲ SEOUL — Munhwa Gymnasium — Chong-Pal Park, 158¼, retained his OPBF middleweight title, halting Joe Williso, 156½, Philippines, in the third frame of their scheduled 12-round contest.

Korean welterweight boss Jun-Sok Hwag, 146½, won a unanimous decision over hyung-Dok Choi, 147¼, 10.

Korean lightweight titlist Deuk-Ku Kim, 134½, won a unanimous decision over Pil-Koo Lee, also 134½, 10, retained his throne.

Korean national middleweight champion Byung-Rae Yuh, 161, halted Peter Piamonte, 159¼, Philippines, in the third round of a scheduled 10-round non-title bout.

Dongah Promotions.
12-09-80

▲ SEOUL — Munhwa Gymnasium — Hyun-Man Kim, 136½, won a unanimous decision over Chong-Pyo Kim, 135¾, in the 10-round semi-final to the OPBF welterweight title bout between champion Chung-Jae Hwang and Mike de Guzman, Philippines.

Kangpo Promotions.
12-21-80

▲ SEOUL — Changchung Gymnasium — Unbeaten An Hyun, 127¼, outscored Hwan-Kil Yuh, 127½, 10.

Kangpo Promotions.
12-19-80

PHILIPPINES

▲ MANILA —, Elorde Sports Comples — OPBF junior bantamweight champion William Develos, 115, retained his title with a fourth round TKO over Ali Baba Looklongton, 114, Thailand.

Ten-rounders: Erning Grafe, 127½, won a unanimous decision over Melching Makilan, 129. Little Aguilar, 117, was a unanimous victor over Larry Enriquez, also 117. Young de la Cruz, 138, won a split decision over Alex Infante, 137½. National junior featherweight champion Rey Naduma, 122½, was Tko'd by Neptali Alamag, 122, the top contender, in the 10th and final session of a non-title affair. Jun Resma, 110, won a unanimous decision over Deo Mindoro, 109½.

Galorde Enterprises.
12-20-80

▲ BUTUAN CITY — Dede Suaybaguio, 119, halted Filipino junior bantamweight champion Diego de Villa in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round non-title bout.

Former Filipino bantamweight champ Ronaldo Sumalis, 118, TKO'd Ali Granada, 119, in the sixth round of another scheduled 10-round bout.

Carlito Balacuit, promoter.
12-29-80

▲ MANILA — Mandaluyoung — Nardo Calugay, 111, was held to a split draw by Nick Mitra, also 111, 10.

Rudy Patalinhug, 119, won unanimous decision over Cesar Navarosa, 118, 10

Jose Rebulado, promoter.
12-27-80.

▲ BAGUIO CITY — Flash Romeo, 140, TKO'd Rey Bustillosa, 139, in the sixth round of a scheduled 10.

Antero Velandria, promoter.
12-21-80

▲ CABANATUAN CITY — Gener Cruz, 127, won unanimous decision over Fred Basa, 126, 10.

Samuel Garcia, promoter.
12-20-80

▲ MANILA — Eduardo's Super Club — Former national junior featherweight champion Ric Diamale, 120, pounded out a unanimous decision over Manny Sacay, 121, 10.

Filipino featherweight champion Caesar Ligan, 126, won a unanimous decision over Ernie Pinon, 121, in a non-title 10-round bout.

Lulu Villaverde, 124, TKO'd Ador Seguin, 126, in the fourth round of the first 10-rounder of the evening.

Agustin Garcia, promoter.
12-19-80

▲ MANILA — Rizal Memorial Coliseum — Filipino national lightweight champion Nilo Acido, 137½, dropped a

unanimous decision to top contender Lito Pena, 135½, in a 10-round non-title go.

Mannaseh Base, 110, TKO'd Brigildo Canada, 111.

Pablo Pepito, 112, won a unanimous duke over Dommy Pumar, also 112, 10.

Geron Porras, 130, was held to a tech draw by Deo Mindoro, 128½, in the first 10-round bout on the card.

Arturo Cayetano, promoter.

12-18-80

▲ **MANILA — Eduardo's Super Club —** Former OPBF junior welterweight champ Moises Cantoja, 141¾, halted Lino Bernadas, 142, in the ninth round of a scheduled 10-session main event.

Bobby Berna, 118, eked out a split decision over Jun Diamale, 120, 10.

Former national junior welterweight boss Ruben Rabago, 139, was knocked out in the fifth round by Willie Makitoki, 140¼, in a scheduled 10-rounder. Rabago isn't what he once was.

Ric Dolotallas, 135½, won by disqualification over Rod de los Santos, also 135½, in the first 10 on the program.

Jessie Abrea, promoter.

12-13-80

▲ **MINDORO — San Jose Gymnasium —** Joe Francisco, 124, won a unanimous decision over Mario Odias, 123, 10.

Felimon Vasquez, promoter.

12-06-80

▲ **GAG. DE ORO CITY —** Nacias Francisco, 126, was held to a majority draw by Sandy Noora, 125, 10.

Jong Jong Pacquing, 124, was a unanimous winner over Rene Sedayon, 123, 10.

Antonio Almirante.

11-30-80

▲ **ANGELES CITY —** Mike de Guzman, 147, retained his national welterweight crown with a second round TKO over Rocky Anobling, 146, in a scheduled 12-rounder.

Romy Cunanan, 128, won a unanimous decision over Fel Viesca, Jr., also 128, 10.

Young de la Cruz, 140, won a unanimous decision over former oPBF lightweight champion fred pastor, also 140, in the program's first 10-rounder.

Efren Nazal, promoter.

11-30-80

▲ **DAVAO CITY —** National junior featherweight champion Siony Carupo, 108, a tough southpaw, retained his throne with a unanimous decision over Ric Barimbad, 107½, 12.

Henry Pepito, 118, looked impressive halting Maning Montanez, also 118, in the fourth round of a 10-round semi-final.

Filipino flyweight champion Frank Cedeno, 112½, won a unanimous duke over Brigildo Canada, 111¾, 10, non-title.

Tito Abella, 115½, whom Yoko Gushiken had demolished in October, 1979, was kayoed in the third round by Juanito Ablaca, 106, in another scheduled 10-rounder. Abella seems to have a china chin. He outweighted Ablaca by nine and a half pounds.

Lito Cortez, 117¼, TKO'd Emmanual Javar, 115½, in the fourth round of the first 10-round bout of the evening.

Lornzo Sy, promoter.

11-29-80

▲ **QUEZON CITY —** National junior welterweight champion Aquilino Nicholas, Jr., 153, won a unanimous decision over Alberto Cruz, 151½, 12, to retain his title. This was a semi-final to the Lucas-Chung OPBF championship bout.

Danilo Limpahan, 143½, was a unanimous victor over Young de la Cruz, 141½, 10.

Tomas Bernales, 129, TKO'd Rod Sequenan, also 129, in the sixth round of the program's first 10-rounder.

Paciencia Hitosis, promoter.

11-21-80

▲ **QUEZON CITY —** Five 10-round bouts were on the card.

Fel Malatag, 115, lost an upset unanimous decision to Melchor Degsi, also 115. (Fel had been the Filipino Games & Amusements Board's top ranked flyweight contender.) Joe Lim, 141, TKO'd Johnny Tam, 140½, in the seventh. Francis Camatagan, 130¾, TKO'd Del Contado, 131, in the fifth. Danilo Inocian, 122, won unanimous decision over Manny Sacay, 121. Allan Jardenil, 115¾, TKO'd Little Aguilar, 116, in the fourth.

Felixberto Jardenil, promoter.

11-19-'80

▲ **PANARAQUE —** Erning Grafe, 131, a puncher, TKO'd Dony Soriano, 133, in the fifth round of a 10-round main event.

11-16-80

▲ **BUTUAN CITY —** Dede Suaybaguio, 117½, TKO'd Bill Abrogar, also 117½, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-rounder.

Romeo Lozada, promoter.

11-15-80

▲ **PANARAQUE —** National junior lightweight champion Nene June, 129, lost a surprising decision to Dommy Marolena, also 129, in a 10-round non-title affair. Marolena ranked fourth by the GAB.

Gener Cruz, 127, won a split decision over Divino Inocian, 126¾, 10. Rolando Rosuento, 118, won unanimous duke over Rudy Canasa, 119, 10. Dommy Pumar, 113, won unanimous decision over Nick Mitra, also 113. Elmer Valenzuela, 117, and Diony Diaz, 119, majority draw in the night's first 10.

Agustin Garcia, promoter.

11-14-80

THAILAND

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Phichitsuk Kor-u-sayarm, 112, won the flyweight title of LUmpinee Stadium with a unanimous decision over Jimmy Sithphaidang, also 112, 10. The Stadium title had been vacant since the retirement of Sangthong Sithumrong. He quit after he was knocked out in Korea.

Phichitsuk will meet TBC flyweight champion Dan Pisalchai—the real national champ—in a title bout in the near future.

12-19-80

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Chutmongkol Thairungriang, 113, knocked out Thaveesakdi Sakdichaipoom, 112, in the third round of a scheduled six.

01-09-81

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Arcadej Singjomthong, 122, TKO'd veteran Reungnoi "Black Chinese" Donjadee, 126, in the fourth.

01-08-81

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Hard punching rookie Kaosai Vungchomphoo, 119, demolished Prasong Sithkempetch, 118, in the third frame of a scheduled six-rounder.

12-31-80

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Dechumnaoy Singhtanongsakdi, 126, suffered an upset kayo at the hands of Wandech Sithdanchai, also 126, in the first round of their scheduled sixer. Wandech dropped the favorite on a couple of occasions, and he couldn't beat the count.

12-30-80

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Ponpun Sorphayathai, 123, halted Sakdisamai Chorsiritat, also 123, at the end of the fifth session in their scheduled six-rounder re-match.

12-24-80

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Sangthong Chanjeclar, 130, knocked out southpaw Pisvong Sithbungerd, also 130 (but a natural junior feather), in the fourth frame of their scheduled six-rounder.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium — Pukk Sithrum, 118, returned to action after a five-month lay-off and halted Kaosai Vangchompu, 119, in the fifth round of their sixer.**

12-17-80

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

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ORIENTAL & PACIFIC RATINGS BY THE ORIENTAL & PACIFIC BOXING FEDERATION (AS OF FEBRUARY 4, 1981)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Chong-Pal Park (Korea)
1. James Callaghan (Japan)
2. Byun-Grae Yuh (Korea)
3. Joe Willisco (Philippines)
4. Wally Carr (Australia)
5. Caesar Sasaki (Japan)
6. Soo-Hang Lee (Korea)
7. Peter Piamonte (Philippines)
8. Kenji Shibata (Japan)
9. Billy Johnstone (Australia)
10. Chong-Bae Chang (Korea)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Mihara (Japan)
1. Aquilino Nicolas, Jr. (Philippines)
2. Sang-Ho Lee (Korea)
3. Michihiro Horihata (Japan)
4. Alex Temelkov (Australia)
5. Mitsuo Kushikino (Japan
6. Bae-Kyong Park (Korea)
7. Alberto Cruz (Philippines)
8. Ken Salisbury (Australia)
9. Yung-Sil Chung (Korea)
10. Naoto Suzuki (Japan)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Chung-Jae Hwang (Korea)
1. Satanfa S. Pratip (Thailand)
2. Mike de Guzman (Philippines)
3. Akio Kameda (Japan)
4. Jun-Sok Hwang (Korea)
5. Frank Ropis (Australia)
6. Kwang-Yul Oh (Korea)
7. Danilo Linpahan (Philippines)
8. Dynamite Matsuo (Japan)
9. Jae-Hyung Yuh (Korea)
10. Saensak Muangsurin (Thailand)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Thomas Americo (Indonesia)
1. Kyung-Hwan Chae (Korea)
2. Eduard Heneral (Philippines)
3. Noboru Hatakeyama (Japan)
4. Kongrug Vocharernrat (Thailand)
5. Jeff Malcolm (Australia)
6. Sang-Hyun Baek (Korea)
7. Jyoken Narita (Japan)
8. Joe Lim (Philippines)
9. Petchayarm Petcharern (Thailand)
10. Dong-Bok Lee (Korea)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Young-Ho Oh (Korea)
1. Deuk-Koo Kim (Korea)
2. Jenrub Muangsurin (Thailand)
3. Nilo Acido (Philippines)
4. Barry Michael (Australia)
5. Nak-Young Choi (Korea)
6. Lito Pena (Philippines)
7. Tsunehiro Fuchiwaki (Japan)
8. Somdej Sakdiphipus (Thailand)
9. Jun Escalera (Philippines)
10. Heung-Sok Yuh (Korea)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Young-Sae-Oh (Korea)
1. Nene Jun (Philippines)
2. Tae-Jin Munh (Korea)
3. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
4. Sok-Kyu Park (Korea)
5. Masa Ito (Japan)
6. Francis Camatagan (Philippines)
7. Dorn Sornsakdisith (Thailand)
8. Gen Tosa (Japan)
9. Geron Porras (Philippines)
10. Vechayun Senaphitak (Thailand)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Royal Kobayashi (Japan)
1. Nugprachun Kiatkumchai (Thailand)
2. Dae-Hwan Lee (Korea)
3. Caesar Ligan (Philippines)
4. Kunawan Komaru (Indonesia)
5. An Hyun (Korea)
6. Koichi Matsushima (Japan)
7. Gener Cruz (Philippines)
8. Dedkad Kiatbunyong (Thailand)
9. Dommy Marolena (Philippines)
10. Hwan-Kil Yuh (Korea)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Lucas (Philippines)
1. Hiroyuki Iwamoto (Japan)
2. Dejavarin Hollywood (Thailand)
3. Rey Naduma, Jr. (Philippines)
4. Brian Roberts (Australia)
5. Chang-Kyum Kim (Korea)
6. Venice Borkorsor (Thailand)
7. Bunji Ando (Japan)
8. Neptali Alamag (Philippines)
9. Bong-Ho Yang (Korea)
10. Yukio Segawa (Japan)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Eijiro Murata (Japan)
1. Sakda Saksuree (Thailand)
2. Kyung-Joo Ha (Korea)
3. Ronaldo Sumalis (Philippines)
4. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
5. Sang-Bong Lee (Korea)
6. Charnak Yutnanakara (Thailand)
7. Bobby Berna (Philippines)
8. Takashi Uezu (Japan)
9. Dok-Hwan Bae (Korea)
10. Sakdisamai Chorsirirat (Thailand)

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
William Develos (Philippines)
1. Jackal Maruyama (Japan)
2. Diego de Villa (Philippines)
3. Sok-Chul Bae (Korea)
4. Suban Muangsurin (Thailand)
5. Pablo Pepito (Philippines)
6. Satoru Koguchi (Japan)
7. Mun-Kyun Joo (Korea)
8. Danilo Inocian (Philippines)
9. Ali Baba Luklongtan (Thailand)
10. Hitoshi Ohashi (Japan)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Hong-Soo Yang (Korea)
1. Kap-Chul Shin (Korea)
2. Koki Ishii (Japan)
3. Frank Cedeno (Philippines)
4. Kwang-Sop Kim (Korea)
5. Kazumasa Tamaki (Japan)
6. Dan Pisalchai (Thailand)
7. Steve Bell (Australia)
8. Yuon-Hee Kim (Korea)
9. Lito Cortez (Philippines)
10. Phichitsuk Kor-u-sayarm (Thailand)

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Yong-Hyun Kim (Korea)
1. Siony Carupo (Philippines)
2. Soon-Yun Mah (Korea)
3. Chukthep Chuvatana (Thailand)
4. Masaharu Inami (Japan)
5. Chong-Chul Park (Korea)
6. Srithuncha Sithsanae (Thailand)
7. Manaseh Base (Philippines)
8. Hiroyuki Tada (Japan)
9. Junior Thompson (Australia)
10. Puma Koya (Japan)

The Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation does not rate boxers currently rated by world boxing organizations.

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲ **SYDNEY — Hordern Pavilion —** After months of setbacks, 18-year-old Peter Foster presented his first card, with British light heavyweight champion Bunny Johnson, 108¾, opposed to former North American light heavy title holder Mike Quarry, 182 as the main event.

Johnson, the stalker, vs. Quarry, the talker. The stalker won. He caught his "Quarry" and punished him until the referee stopped the one-sided affair in the seventh round. It was scheduled for 10.

Quarry talked to Johnson, and he talked to the referee. When a fan called "You've done enough talking, Quarry," Mike called back "Kiss my ass."

In a pre-fight interview on TV, Quarry said, "I didn't come here to lose."

He lost. At no stage did he look like a winner. He looked like a faded Mike Quarry. But he's a likeable fellow, brash but friendly.

Johnson unleashed a left hook in th first round that sent Quarry reeling. Only by grabbing the top rope was he able to escape a knockdown. He smothered when Johnson attacked and stayed upright throughout. When referee Al Weymark called it off in round seven, Mike was against the ropes taking punishment without return. Qurry had taken a standing eight-

count near the end of the sixth session.

Mike's geography was a bit off. A couple of minutes after the contest ended, he took the microphone and said, "Since I came to England, I've been happy because people in England are so friendly."

He should have looked at his passport—or his airline ticket.

Promoter Foster has been trying to get Australian champion Tony Mundine in the ring with Johnson, but cannot come to terms with Mundine's management. According to Tony's manager, it is a personal thing, but what the personal thing is I know not. One thing I do believe is that Mundine would beat the British champion.

Australian junior welter champion Jeff Malcolm, overweight at 147½, was surprisingly stopped by rising Dave Sarago, 146, in the final minute of the 10th and final round. It marked the first K.O. defeat for Jeff in 79 total bouts.

Malcolm contributed to his own defeat. He could have been fitter, but, more to the point, he flashily showed off his cleverness with disdain—became too confident and careless.

He was leading on points coming into the last round when, suddenly, a left hook from Sarago put him flat on his back. The sight of Malcolm in such a position was unique. It was a shock. When Jeff retained his feet, he still was not clear, and a few seconds later he was down again, whereupon ref Dal Conway stopped the fight and raised Srago's hand.

Chagrined, Malcolm took the microphone and announced his retirement. Hope he changes his mind. he's a class boxer.

Another 10-rounder saw Australian lightweight champion Barry Michael, 136¾, easily outpointed Big Jim West, 134¼, dumping Big Jim in round nine. It was only the fourth time in 72 contests that West had been floored. Big Jim, who was once Commonwealth flyweight champ, should stick to the junior lights.

John Layton, 176¾, easily outpointed Jim Carew, 167¾, eight.

Frank Carson, 122¼, gained a one-point margin over Bimbo Morris, 128, six, in a good bout.

The attendance was a disapointing 1,030. Promoter Foster lost money, but he says he will be back soon with a big promotion. We wish him luck.

(2-08-81)

▲ **ORANGE — Ex-Services Club —** Steve Dennis, 154, halted Torkano Marcos, also 154, in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round eliminator to find the leading contender for the Australian junior middleweight title held by Alex Temelkov.

It was an all-southpaw battle, with Dennis ahead on points at he end of five. In the session, Steve was dropped with a left hook, but he rode out the storm to knock Marcos down in the sixth. Torkano beat the count, but he was hit with three more blows, and referee Billy Males stopped the contest.

Gary Williams, 128, halted Roger Henry, also 128, in another scheduled 10-round bout. Henry threw a long right in the second round, twisted his knee, and fell to the canvas. He was unable to continue.

Eight-rounders: Bimbo Morris, 125, outpointed Patrick Young, 127. George Reno, 141, knocked out Buddy Nixon, 148, in the first session.

(1-14-81)

▲ **ORANGE — Ex-Services Club —** Steve Dennis, 154, halted Australian junior middle champion Alex Temelkov, 155, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round non-title bout. A cut eye brought about the stoppage.

Temelkov was down in the first round and suffered a gashed eyebrow in the second. He was trailing on points when two quick punches in the fifth round landed on the damaged eyebrow, spilling blood. This reporter , who served as referee, then stopped the contest and crowned Dennis.

Temelkov was to have met Phil (Spider) Davies on the Johnson-Quarry program four days later but, of course, could not accept.

George Reno, 141, and Kelly Thompson, 148, staged one of the best contests of the past 12 months in their scheduled 10-round contest. Thompson was down in the first round, but boxed well to take the next three sessions. In the fifth, he went down for the second time. He was down again in round six, and twice more in canto seven. Each time, he was clear at the end of the count, but, early in the eight round, he was dropped again. This slowed him and, when he was floored again about a half a minute later, I stopped the contest without counting.

Simon Kirkness, 150, outscored Willie Nixon, 154, six.

Ian Walker, 161, stopped Bruce Edwards, 175, in this third round of a scheduled four.

Mark McLachlan, 129, and Greg Walsh, 138, drew, three.

(2-04-81)

▲ **BELMONT — Foot Sailing Club —** Charlie Brown, 121, retained his New South Wales State junior featherweight crown by knocking out Steve Walker, 121¼, in the sixth round of a scheduled 10. This was war. (They met last December in what proved to be the Fight of the Year, with Brown halting Walker in the seventh.) Walker was counted out on one knee by ref Kim McCain.

Six-rounders: Willie Drinkwater, 159, outpointed Sam Parsons, 154. Andy Mann, 143, outscored Manuel Trickillis, also 143.

Four-rounders: Wayne O'Donnell, 130, outpointed Bill Johnson, 139. Warren Jenner, 154, stopped Steve Foster, 143, in the second.

(1-21-81)

▲ **KINGSFORD — South Sydney Junior Leagues Club —** Clint Brown, 158, narrowly outpointed Jim Carew, 168, eight.

Cracker Butcher, 144, outpointed Manuel Trickillis, 145, six.

Sam Parsons, 152, outscored Clarence Hunt, 151, six.

Billy Johnson, 142, outpointed Albert Singh, 144, five. (2-08-81)

▲ **SUTHERLAND — United Service Club —** Jim Bowen, 127, and Sparrow Freeman, 126, fought a war that ref Dal Conway called a draw after 10 rounds. From ringside, it appeared that Bowen was a narrow winner. The crowd threw in a total of $70. It was a hard fight.

Mac Foster, 169, and Joe Burruni, 168, drew, six.

Mark Vallance, 141, halted Lucky Campbell, 145, in the fourth session of a scheduled six-rounder.

(2-10-81)

▲ **BROOKVALE — Manly-Warrington Leagues Club —** Sparrow Freeman, 119, stoped Sharkey Hughes, 116, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight.

Steve Lloyd, 151, outscored Clarence Hunt, 153, six.

Albert Singh, 139, and Jack Maher, 135, drew, six.

Jeff Prestwidge, 143, outpointed Vesi Toai, 147, five.

▲ **BEECHWORTH —** Reno Zurik, 184, outpointed Danny Carey, 189, 10.

Tony Noone, 144, outscored Mick King, 147, six.

Mike Barber, 132, halted Sam Carabene, 128, in the first round of a scheduled four.

Three-rounders: Kenny Holt, 135, and John Burley, 133, drew. Wayne Meredith, 142, outpointed Tony Cox, 136. Davey Brown, 147, and Kenny Ryan, 145, drew. Mick Davis, 166, stopped Bull Karajec, 168, in the second. Greg Crowe, 159, halted Kevin Rhodes, 170, in the third. (1-30-81)

▲ **COBRAM —** Don Rossela, 154, halted Rocky Ward, also 154, in the fifth round of a scheduled six-round main event.

Walter McGrath, 144, and Mick King, 147, drew, four.

Three-rounders: Greg Crowe, 158, halted Mark White, 152, in the third round. Wayne Meredith, 144, and Davey Brown, 147, drew. Steve Finlayson, 129, and Kenny Holt, 135, drew. Mick Barber, 132, outpointed Tony Cox, also 132. John Burley, 135, and Jamie Bouteris, 133, drew.

QUEENSLAND

▲ **TOWNSVILLE — National Fitness Centre —** Dave Sarago, 148, outpointed Neil Pattel, 152, 10. Pattel was down tice in the first session.

In the only pro bout on the program, Gerard Hooper, 164, knocked out Robbie Savage, 224, in the sixth round of a scheduled eight. (Those weights are correct; Hooper gave away 60 pounds!)

Hooper, incidentally, entered the ring with a 10-foot carpet snake wrapped around his neck. The snake, however, did not stay, being removed in a sack before the bell for the first round. (1-23-81)

RAY MITCHELL

NEW ZEALAND

▲ **AUCKLAND — Carlaw Park —** Jesse Burnett, 180, Los Angeles, Calif., won a split decision over Tony Mundine, 181, Australia, at the end of a 12-round cruiserweight elimination contest.

The card was sponsored by the enterprising Supreme Boxing Promotions, Ltd., spearheaded by Messrs. Barry Blayney and Rex Hill, who presented a well organized evening, with five amateur contests and three pro preliminaries. There were also some routines performed by dancing girls.

Some 6,000 fans attended, probably the largest attendance since the far off yers when Eddie Cotton had all N.Z. fans agog. Last December, Mundine halted former Commonwealth champion Monty Betham, and many who saw Burnett work out at the gym said he was "in 1981 edition of Cotton." All, then, were anticipating an exciting match. In 1976, Burnett kayoed Mundine in Australia, in a bout Jesse was then losing on points.

This rematch saw Burnett take a few sessions to warm up. By the fifth, however, he was in command, shooting in hip level lefts to Mundine's face and scoring with rights to the head. The ninth round saw Tony rattle the American with a left hook to the jaw, and the fight was fairly close going into the 12th canto. Burnett sensed the verdict might depend on the last round, and so he bulled into Mundine. Tony was, in fact, hard pressed to stay the final minutes.

Supreme Boxing Promotions are now trying to get Carlos (Sugar) DeLeon to defend his WBC cruiserweight title against Burnett in Auckland.

Misi Swann halted Talosaga Logo in the fifth round of a scheduled six, lightweights.

Peter Samuela won a unanimous decision over game Sam Samuela, six rounds, middleweights.

Alex Sua stopped Sioeli Pula at the end of four, light heavyweights.

JOHNNY HANKS

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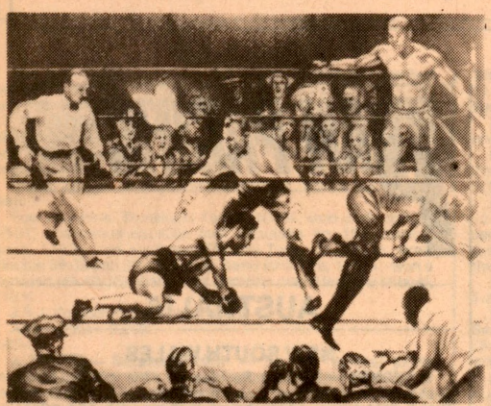

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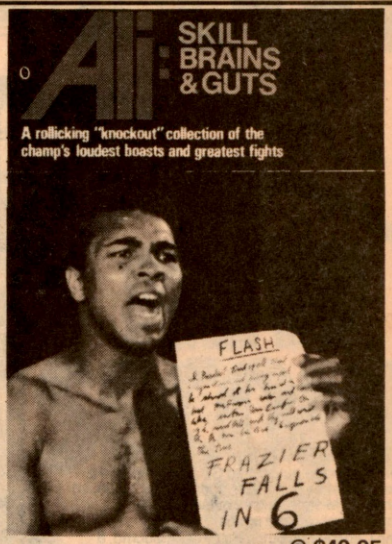

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WORLDWIDE FIGHT RESULTS

HEAVYWEIGHT
Gerrie Coetzee outpointed George Chaplin, 10
Michael Dokes defeated Randall "Tex" Cobb, 10
Renaldo "Mister" Snipes outscored Floyd "Jumbo" Cummings, 10
John Capoblanco outpointed Ralph Cuomo, 8
Rollie Searcey TKO'd Wilbert Johnson, 1
Al Houck decisioned James Anthony, 4
James "Quick" Tillis beat Tom "Ruffhouse" Fischer, 10
Joe Ballard bombed James Allen, 2
Charles Campbell defeated James Smith, 6
Elijah Tillery thumped John Pitts, 2
Scott Frank iced Al Brooks, 2
Elijah Tillery halted Vincent Johnson, 1
Jimmy Anderson TKO'd Richard Giquinto, 1
Chris McDonald won over Steve Huntington, 5
Mike Creel defeated Steve Moyer, 10
Ken Schmidt stopped Milton Hopkins, 1
Monte Masters defeated Ron Draper, 10
Sonny Barch iced Ira Smith, 1

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Matthew Saad Muhammad knocked out Vonzell Johnson, 11 (Retained World Title)
Jesse Burnett outpointed Tony Mundine, 10
Rudi Koopmans stopped Hocine Tafer, 9 (Retained European Title)
Randy Stephens outscored Barry Funches, 8
Bashiru Ali beat Marcus Jackson, 8
Bill Tuttle stopped John Cook, 5
Charlie Tuttle halted Wayne Flemming, 1
Tom McNeece and Quadir Muntaqim drew, 6

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Manuel Melon stopped Mike Grant, 5
Elisha Obed iced Ed McNely, 4
Tom Merola decisioned Mark Mainero, 8
Bob Colldge smashed Ellis Betts, 2
Steve Small and Danny McAloon drew, 10
Joe Tiberi defeated Rusty Rosenberger, 8
Rick Perry stopped James Allen, 2
Jimmy Walker halted Alvin Scott, 5
Willie Dean beat Lester Groves, 8
Ben Serrano outpointed Doug DeWitt, 8
Dwight Walker knocked out John Banks, 4
Ken Styles defeated Leon Taylor, 3
Bill Bradley halted Scott Papasadora, 6
Brian Brunette stopped Nate Lenore, 2
John Molander kayoed Charles Heyward, 1
Wayne Caplette decisioned Doug Demmings, 10
Mutt Daniel knocked out Woody Green, 2
Max Hord beat Mike Wilcox, 6

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Joe Maldonado decisioned Chico Salinas, 8
Paul Johnson over Larry Puchta, 4
Andy Riccardi outpointed Harry Reyes, 4
James Green TKO'd Randy Rivers, 3
Reinaldo Rogue nipped Steve Moyr, 10
Jerry Cheatham outpointed J.J. Cottrell, 10
Charlie Weir stopped Steve Gregory, 3
JorgeMontegudo slipped by Billy Page, 4
Dominic Fox knocked out Harlin Holden, 5
Jake Torrance kayoed Charlie Keller, 3
Billy White outpointed Don Miller, 4

WELTERWEIGHTS
Alex Wilcox kayoed Kelvin Edmunds, 3
Eric Perea defeated Eddie Marcel, 10
Rogelio Cousin decisioned Justiniano Prado, 4
Hilario Jimenez defeated Tiburcio Nunez, 4
Kevin Morgan knocked out Francisco Peralta, 2
Tom May stopped Arcadia (Pee Wee) Suarez, 3
Bobby Joe Young iced Hector Figueroa, 3
Mike James knocked out Harvey Lomax, 3
Marlon "Magic Man"Starling outpointed Floyd May weather,10
Marcus Starks TKO'd Irving Booth, 1
Herb Darrity kayoed Tony Barnes, 1
Gilbert Miconda defeated Rocky McCullum, 6

Amateur Ratings

HEAVYWEIGHTS
1-James Broad, Army
2-Michael Arms, Madison, Wisc.
3-Joe Thomas, Philadelphia
4-Tony Robitaille, Colchester, Vt.
5-Tyrone Biggs, Philadelphia
6-Joe Ballard, Lynchburg, Va.
7-Johnny Keyes, Santa Monica
8-Woody Clark, Army
9-Parris Flowers, Marines
10-Andrew Stokes, Lafayette, Ind.
Greg Stallings, Trenton, Tenn.

178 LBS.
1-Johnny Williams, Chicago
2-Elmer Martin, Navy
3-Alex DeLucia, Santa Monica.
4-Monroe Gage, Minneapolis
5-Emilio Amantine, Army
6-Porfirio Llanes, New York City
7-Steve Westbrook, St. Louis
8-Brian Pantzlaff, Davenport, Ia.
9-Lonnie Epps, Los Angeles
10-Mike Johnson, Hillside, Md.
Alan Wilburn, Knoxville

165 LBS.
1-Charles Carter, Santa Monica
2-Randy Smith, Chicago
3-Michael Grogan, Atlanta
4-Milton Dennis, New York City
5-Andrew Schott, New Paltz, N.Y.
6-Ken Watson, Marines
7-Michael Lee, Laurel, Md.
8-William Trendley, St. Louis
9-Andy May, Clarksville, Ark.
10-Michael Richardson, Springfield, Ill.
Jack Padia, Santa Rosa, Calif.

156 LBS.
1-Alfred Mayes, Santa Monica, Calif.
2-Raymond Carroll, Upper Marlboro, Md.
3-David McCall, Des Moines
4-Glen Thomas, Louisville
5-Dusty Price, Levelland, Tex.
6-Neil Groom, Shawnee, Kans.
7-Joe Robinson, Baltimore
8-James Rayford, Navy
9-Tony Trujillo, Rock Springs, Wyo.
10-Ramon Nieto, New York City
Norman Soloman, Lafayette, La.

147 LBS.
1-Gene Hatcher, Fort Worth
2-Kelvin Burton, Santa Monica
3-Darnell Knox, Detroit
4-Roman George, Lafayette, La.
5-Michael Wright, Lynchburg, Va.
6-Tim Christensen, Marines
7-Sean Pruitt, Columbus, Ga.
8-Kevin Andreasen, Salt Lake City
9-John Hachey, Cedar Rapids
10-Joey Romero, Denver
Al Long, Los Angeles

139 LBS.
1-James Mitchell, Army
2-Donny Branch, Columbus, Ohio
3-Bryant Ware, Brooklyn, N.Y.
4-Robin Blake, Levelland, Tex.
5-Arnie Wells, Davison, Mich.
6-Darryl Robinson, Houston
7-Terry Christensen, Central City, Neb.
8-Brett Summers, Marysville, Wash.
9-Darryl Anthony, Florissant, Mo.
10-Frankie Davis, Reno

132 LBS.
1-Joe Manley, Army
2-Frankie Randall, Morristown, Tenn.
3-Billy White, St. Louis
4-Vincent Releford, Fort Worth
5-Chris Calvin, Nashville
6-Henry Hughes, Cleveland
7-Mike Felde, Missoula, Mont.
8-Delio Palacios, Benavides, Tex.
9-Henry Lugo, San Jose, Calif.
10-Joe Belinc, Marysville, Wash.

125 LBS.
1-Clifford Gray, Boynton Beach, Fla.
2-Irving Mitchell, Army
3-Shelton LeBlanc, Carencro, La.
4-Joe Johnson, Detroit
5-Rodney Watts, Cleveland
6-Eiichi Jumawan, Wahiawa, Hi.
7-Ronald Gary, Phoenix
8-Roger Trevino, Fort Worth
9-Dino Ramirez, La Puente Calif.
10-Andy Minsker, Portland, Ore.
Mike Dominguez, New York City

119 LBS.
1-Harold Petty, St. Louis
2-Steve Cruz, Fort Worth
3-Tony Montoya, Salt Lake City
4-Randy King, Nashville
5-Richard Savage, West Monroe, La.
6-David Grayton, Washington, D.C.
7-Benji Marquez, Denver
8-Tyrone Stewart, Army
9-Hurley Snead, Detroit
10-Ron Byrd, Flint, Mich.
Vern Larvie, Rapid City, S.D.

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1-Tommy Ayers, Cincinnati
2-Robert Shannon, Santa Monica
3-Louis Curtis, Washington, D.C.
4-Tony Pruitt, East St. Louis, Ill.
5-Larry Gary, Phoenix
6-Jeff Hanna, Indianapolis
7-Pinkey Rivera, San Jose, Calif.
8-Ronnie Rentz, Albuquerque
9-Mike Perez, Casper, Wyo.
10-Lupe Gutierrez, Atwater, Calif.

106 LBS.
1-Israel Acosta, Milwaukee
2-Steve McCrory, Detroit
3-Jesse Benavides, Corpus Christi, Tex.
4-Paul Gonzales, Los Angeles
5-Kevin Senegal, Lafayette, La.
6-Ronald Freeman, St. Louis
7-Alex Silva, Los Angeles
8-Donald Mays, Knoxville
9-Adam Silva, Tucson
10-Floyd Favors, Capitol Heights, Md.
Joe Roach, Dedham, Mass.

from *The Amateur Boxer*

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Ernesto Davies decisioned Eduardo Chita Ruiz, 10
Carlos Trujillo kayoed Alberto Villarreal, 3
Ricardo Davies knocked out Roberto Small, 4
Manny Lopez defeated Barretas Hernandez, 6
Jimmy Heair knocked out Charlie Peterson, 7
Bill Costello outpointed Marvin Jenkins, 10

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Louis Hubela knocked out Leroy Tuit, 5
Nick Furlano decisioned Larry Stanton, 12 (Won NABF Title)
John DeGazio kayoed Ray Carrington, 2
Al Fowler and Abdul Farrahakan, 6
Ernesto Espana beat Eduardo Iriarte, 10
Ray Mancini knocked out Norman Goins, 2
Darrell Stoval thumped Alex Celedon, 6
Scott Farmer iced Piggy Hunt, 2
Gino Perez stopped Fred Bowman, 6
Luis Palma and Larry Hernandez drew,6
Ken Bogner defeated Derek Cuttino, 8
Rodolfo "Gato" Gonzalez knocked out Viloma Fernandez, 2
Efram Nievas knocked out Floyd Pearson, 4
Sean O'Grady outpointed Jose Cabrera, 10
Frank Newton decisioned Robert Madrid, 10
Livingston Bramble won by disqualification over Jorge Nina, 2

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Cornelius Boza-Edwards decisioned Rafael "Bazooka" Limon, 15 (Won WBC Title)
John Verdorosa stopped Robert Mullins, 1 (Won USBA Title)
Alfredo Paivas knocked out Reynaldo Hidalgo, 10
Jorge Alcarado halted Julio Cesar, 3
Armando De Sedas knocked out Eladio Santana, 3
Rafael Williams won on disqualification over Miguel Quiroz, 2
Tony Santana defeated Bob Alexander, 6
John Verderosa TKO'd Jean La Pointe, 8
Pat Duran halted Clyde Spencer, 6

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Salvador Sanchez whipped Roberto Castanon, 10 (Retained World Title)
Nicky Perez outpointed Santos Moreno, 12 (Retained NABF Title)
Juan LaPorte decisioned Roberto Bido, 10
Fres Roach TKO'd Javier Flores, 8
Bernard Taylor iced James Washington, 5
Paul Devorce bombed Bobby Lee Hunter, 2
Edwin Rivera defeated Tim Daniels, 6
LaVon McGowan smashed Jimmy Lonaker, 1
Humberto Sosa defeated Marcial Bonilla, 4

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Sergio del Cid kayoed Agustin Martinez, 2
Aquilino Asprilla stopped Ricardo Bennett, 8
Bernardo Checa decisioned Jose Atencio, 4
Diego Rosario defeated Jorge Vasquez, 8
Diego Rosario kayoed Leo Lopez, 4

BAMTAMWEIGHTS
Celso Chavez decisioned Alex Miranda, 8
Miguel Urriola beat Jorge Spalding, 4
Edgar Roman outscored Victor Bultron, 10
Jose Torres outpointed Mark Pacheco, 12
Henry Contreras beat Beto Ariosi, 6
Don Nisivoccia halted Mel Boynton, 2

FLYWEIGHTS
Pedro Flores halted Yoko Gushiken, 12 (Won WBA Junior Flyweight Title)
Alfonso Lopez halted luis Gonzalez, 6
Leonardo Paredes stopped Alfredo Thomas, 4
Javier Bultron kayoed Alnides Cuello, 3

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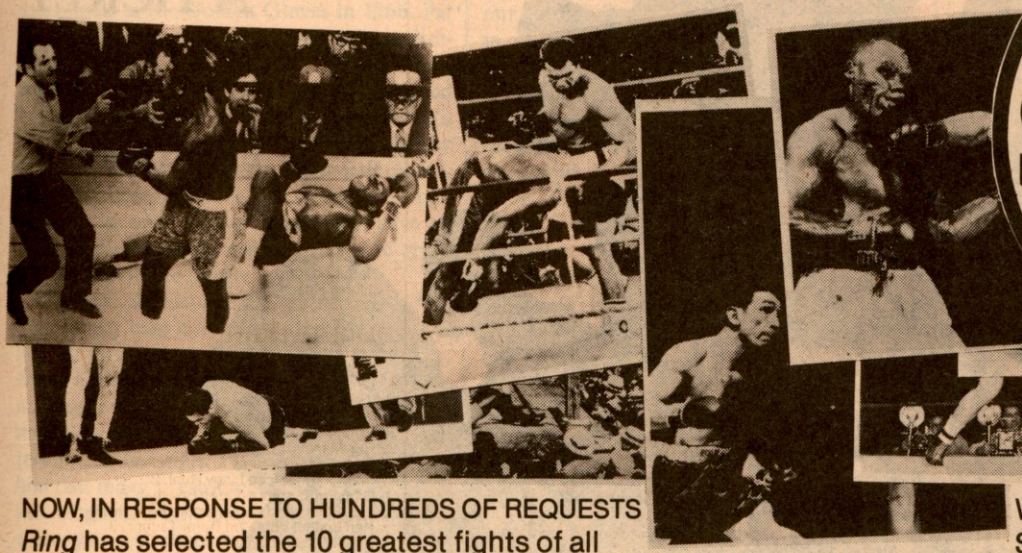

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- ☐ Duran, Roberto
- ☐ Fitzsimmons, Bob
- ☐ Foreman, George
- ☐ Frazier, Joe
- ☐ Gomez, Wilfredo
- ☐ Holmes, Larry
- ☐ Jeffries, James
- ☐ Johansson, Ingemar
- ☐ Johnson, Jack
- ☐ Liston, Sonny
- ☐ Louis, Joe
- ☐ Marciano, Rocky
- ☐ Patterson, Floyd
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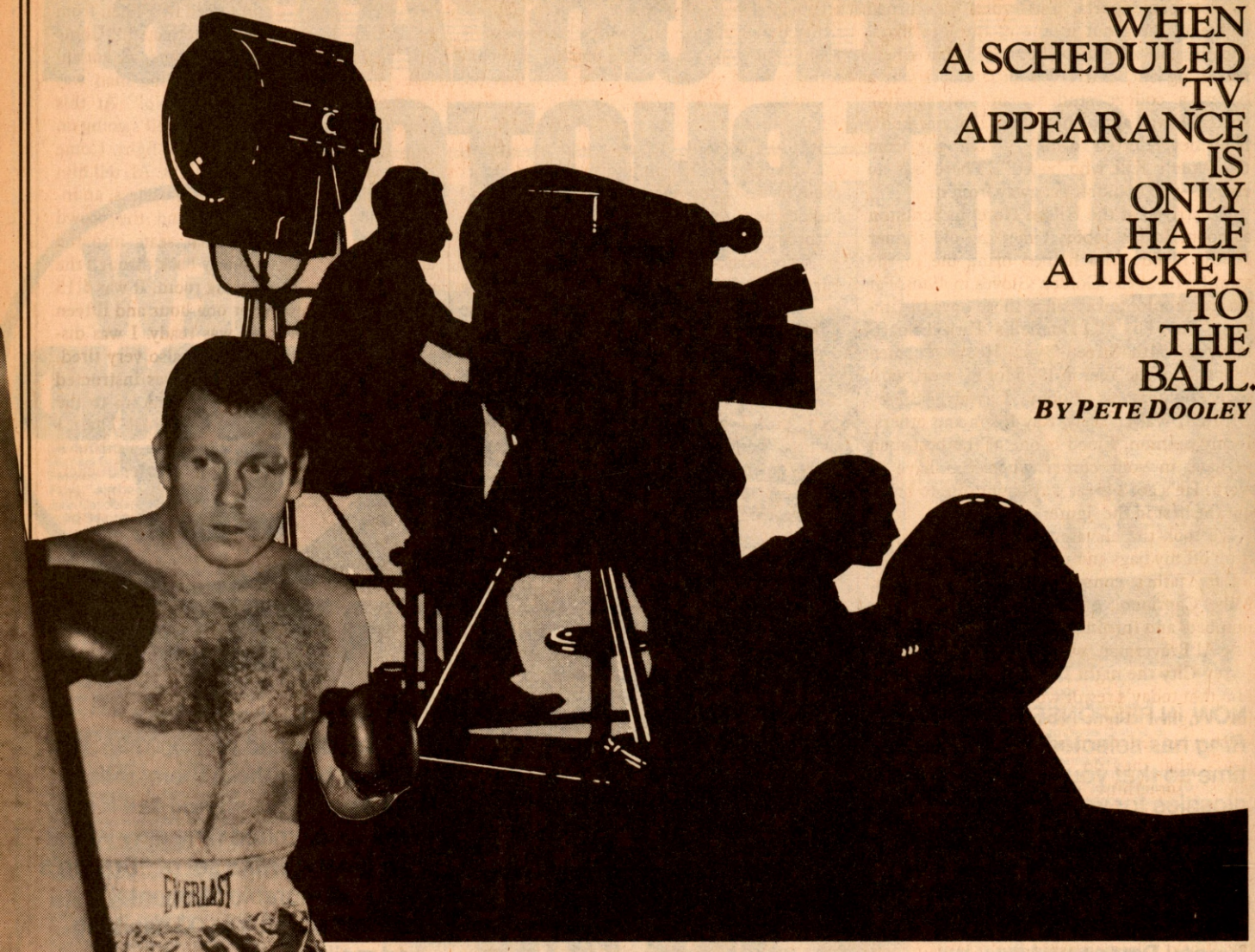
BY PETE DOOLEY



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT IN Scranton, Pa., I was modeling a new pair of trunks for my wife and sister-in-law. The bout was a preliminary to the "Wide World of Sports" event of a Don King promotion, featuring the light heavyweight champion John Conteh vs. Willie Taylor. The two girls had decided that the blue trunks with the huge gold waistband would look better inside-out. They reasoned that the solid blue matte finish with no waistband would call less attention to the slight excess around my middle. Thus it was, phase one of my fight plan was complete. The uniform of the day would be white shoes and socks, blue trunks and a kelly green robe with PETE DOOLEY and a shamrock on the back. I even wore the trunks to bed hoping to stretch the waistband a little more.

My father and I got up at 7:30 the following morning to take the four hour trip from my summer place in Rockaway Beach to Scranton, Pa., where three months of hard training would pay off.

I was well prepared for this fight. The opponent, Pat Maloney, had decisioned me in Jersey City about a year ago, and I was eager to take him this time. I was in shape for a change.

Being a neighborhood athlete, I was never in good condition as an amateur, but in spite of this I was successful in my three years of Golden Glove activity. I lost only to the finalists. Nobody but the best ever beat me. As Damon Runyon might have said, "I didn't lose to no bums."

I started boxing professionally in 1971 at the age of twenty-seven while working at O'Donnell's in mid-town. Bartending and boxing make a very difficult occupational combination. I wouldn't give up my job, and I wanted to fight. Disregarding the odds, and the advice from friends who never boxed—I continued as a pro.

I had worked the night before, so I was catnapping all the way and don't remember much of the trip. My father said that it was a pleasant ride but after forty-three years of working for the N.Y.C. Transit Authority he really appreciates a bus ride outside the Bronx.

We have always been a Bronx-Rockaway family, and so have most of our friends. We

come from one of those disappearing experiences of security, called a Neighborhood. All of us walked to the same schools, played the conventional sports, and when we turned eighteen, hung out in one of the local bars. Mostly, you were identified by the bar where you hung out. But I was different. I was a boxer, a college student, and an aspiring writer. I was a real hot shot. Do you know how they referred to me? —"The guy from the Piper's Kilt who boxed". There was no escape—you couldn't get away from it.

We arrived at the Hilton Hotel in Scranton at noon. In the lobby, I met my old trainer Paddy Flood, who helped bring me to the semi-finals of the Golden Gloves in 1966. Pat has come a long way since those days in Jimmy "The Fox" O'Donnell's Park Department E. 54th Street Gym. He was named Manager of the Year in 1975 for his work with such fighters as Bobby Cassidy, Bobby O'Brien, Walter Seely, Ray Elson and others. In my opinion, Flood is one of the best men to have in your corner when you have to work. He's got a great way about him to bring out the best in the fighter.

We took the elevator to the third floor to drop off my bags and pick up a ringside ticket for my father, compliments of my manager, Mike Capriano. As I was inspecting room numbers and turning corners, I walked smack into Al Braverman, who was at the Armory in Jersey City the night I lost to Maloney. I told him that today's result would be different. He just laughed. Fight promoters always laugh when you tell them something. I mean it, that's what they do. They laugh right after you say something. Braverman is pretty well entrenched in Boxing. He's a promoter, a manager, he works corners—he does it all. One fight promoter said that Al Braverman should have been Manager of the Year in 1975 because he maneuvered his second rate heavyweight, Chuck Wepner, into a fight for the World Championship with Muhammed Ali. It was also said by the same promoter that Chuck's toughest fight wouldn't be with Ali, it would be getting the money off Braverman.

After getting settled in our room, my father and I went for a walk around the neighborhood where we picked up a fight poster from one of the local stores. Now, I had a reminder of the fight, before I even fought.

I returned to the hotel and rested for an hour before walking to the arena, where at least a hundred people were waiting to buy tickets. It was only two o'clock, and the main bout didn't go on until five, so I knew we were going to have a good turnout. I thought, "This is going to be a great day for my Dad. He's going to see me fight in front of a lot of people. Now all I have to do is win."

Ray Elson, a light heavyweight, Obie English, a heavyweight, and a twenty year old kid having his first pro fight shared the dressing room with me. After I got examined and received my Pennsylvania license, I was ready to get dressed for the bout. Then they dropped the bomb. Instead of boxing in the second fight, they told me that I was going to go on after the main event. I couldn't believe it. That wouldn't be until 6:30; it was now 2:30 P.M. I got my hands taped, put on my boxing shoes and robe, and resigned myself to a long afternoon of waiting.

After the first bout, which my dressing roommate won, there was a one-half hour intermission. This tactic was a stall so that the main event would meet the TV schedule. That fight had to go on at 5:44 P.M.

Just as I lay down to relax, and wait it out, the crashing and banging of tables and chairs brought me to my feet. A nearly totally blind man came into the dressing room to use the bathroom. Since the other fighters and trainers were busy, I took the man in and out of our "private" room. I wondered aloud, "How in God's name is that guy going to see the fights?"

A few minutes later, trainer Pat Colavito entered and told me to get ready because there would probably be some early knockouts, and I would go on before the main event. Then he threw a pair of white gym shorts on the bench, and told me that I could not wear my blue trunks because Maloney was wearing blue trunks. He said, "You wear these". Well . . . under no circumstances was I not going to wear my new blue trunks. I told him, "Pat, these aren't the same as Maloney's. His are dark blue with a white stripe, mine are light blue with a gold stripe." I certainly wasn't going to tell this guy about my plans for wearing them inside-out.

I was warming up again as Ray Elson left the dressing room. Elson is a puncher, and I figured if anyone could get me up there it would be he. But soon I could hear the boos from the arena, which meant it was a slow fight. Finally, Elson scored a knockout in the ninth round, and returned to the locker room followed by about ten people congratulating him. Al Braverman and Don King were among them. Elson is a good fighter with a big future and the promoters wanted to pay their respects to him. I cornered Braverman and asked him about my chances to fight. He said, "Don't worry, Dooley, you'll go on."

In the following bout Obie English was T.K.O.'d by Larry Holmes in the sixth round, so I started to warm up again. But Flood told me to save it because they were going right ahead with the next scheduled bout. I coudn't hear much crowd reaction from this one. I figured not much was going on, so I lay down again to rest. Elson was taking a shower, and English was nursing his cut eye, so once again I was free to help the blind man in and out of the bathroom.

When this chore was completed, my cornerman came in and said, "Let's go, get dressed and we're going up." Well here it was, finally . . . finally I was going to fight. As I was getting gloved up and greased, I said to Elson, "Wouldn't it be a shame if I came all the way down here, and didn't fight. Well now I'm going to fight." He said, "Yeah . . . OK. Good luck, Dooley." And I made my way out of the dressing room up to the ring.

When I got to the ring steps, the winner of the previous bout, Jimmy Young, was coming down. I took my water and was ready to ascend when I heard, "We don't need the bout." I looked to my left and there was an A.B.C. official shaking his head saying, "No, No take it back, we don't need it." Then from behind me Al Braverman interjected, "Come on," he said, "We can use this one, we got another bout." But the broadcasting man was adamant. He still said, "No! No!" At this point I was furious. "What the hell's going on here," I said, "I'm supposed to fight. Come on you son of a bitch let me fight. Al, tell him we've got to go on." But is was useless, an intermission was announced, and the crowd started to move out of their seats into the aisles. I had to push my way back through the crowd to get to the dressing room. It was 5:15 P.M. I now had another one hour and fifteen minutes until my bout was ready. I was disgusted, I was mad, and I was also very tired. About fifteen minutes later I was instructed to get my water bucket and come up to the back of the arena. Can you imagine! There I was, walking through the corridor wearing 8 oz. boxing gloves and carrying a water bucket. I sat down next to my opponent who was wearing his blue trunks with the white stripe. We were going to fight on TV in the event of an early knockout. I nodded to him and shook my head in disgust. He answered with a similar gesture; I knew that we had been through the same kind of day, as we watched a very courageous Willie Taylor lose a ten round decision to Conteh. Since this bout went the distance, and the people were piling out of the arena, our bout was cancelled. We exchanged dismayed looks, shrugged our shoulders, and got up to return to our dressing rooms. On the way through the corridor, some wise guy slapped me on the back and said, "Nice fight." I just glared at him and kept walking.

After I was dressed, I ran into Maloney outside the arena. Since we both had some time to kill, we went out for a few beers and exchanged common feelings about the horrible afternoon. I discovered that the day had been as emotionally draining for him as it was for me. We also swapped a few interesting sidelights to our non-fight. I told him about the blind guy, and he told me about Elson's opponent, who kept asking everyone in the locker room if he had gone down at the end of the fight. I also learned that Maloney had been offered the same white gym shorts before they were offered to me. His answer was a curt, "Give them to Dooley."

When I got back to the hotel, I picked up my bags, but not the fight poster, and boarded the bus for New York. I had received $125, plus expenses for the afternoon's work. Ten dollars, however, went to the State of Pennsylvania for the one year license, and fifteen dollars went out for training expenses and fees. So I had $100 when I got home.

My Dad told my that he had had a great day seeing a new place and watching some "real good fights." So I told him that we would go together the next time that I went out of town to fight. Or not to fight. But as a friend of mine said the following evening, "Scranton is not the place to go if you're not going to fight." ■

FLOYD PATTERSON
The Quiet Man

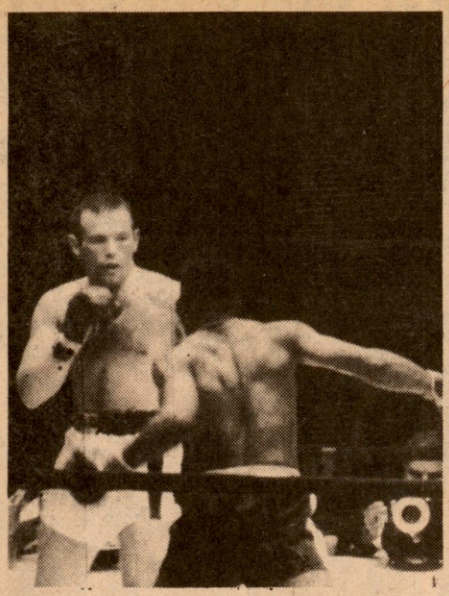
BY W.C. HEINZ

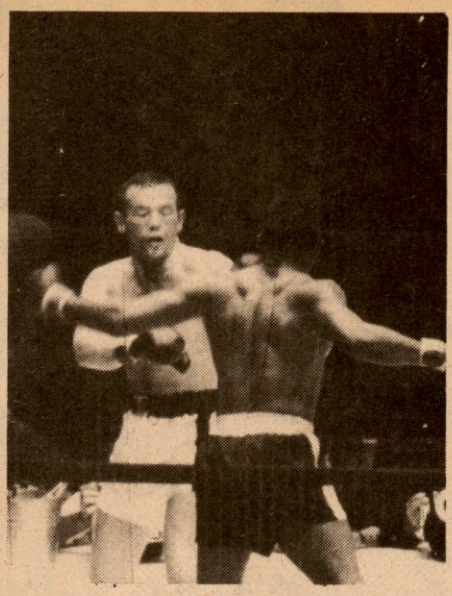
Clockwise, starting on the left: Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson takes a left-right from Patterson, then heads towards the canvas; above: Tommy takes his third trip to the canvas, during the ninth round. Referee Ruby Goldstein stopped the bout at 1:52 of the tenth.

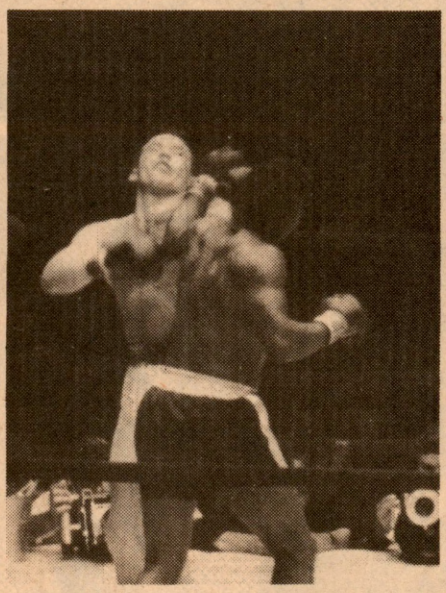
ON THE TELEPHONE TWO NIGHTS BEfore, he had told me to turn off the New York Thruway at the New Paltz exit and then left on Route 299. He has said that I should follow that through the town, across a railroad track and over a bridge and then take the first road on the right.

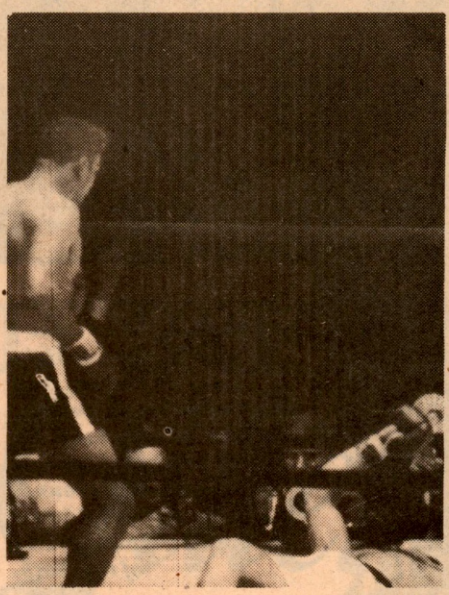
"What's the name of the road?" I had asked.

"Springtown Road," he had said. "You go half a mile to a fork and then take the right. Two-tenths of a mile after that it's the first house on the left."









"And what time do you want me to show up?"

"Three o'clock," he had said. "I'm looking at my schedule. I may have an appointment, something to do, for a half hour at 3:30, but 3 o'clock is all right."

It was just after two when I turned off the Thruway. There was a motel off to the left, but I decided to drive into the town and, perhaps, find one that would be closer and more a part of the town.

The terrain there, west of the Hudson and just south of the Catskill Mountains, is hilly, and the town, with Route 299 as its main street, spreads down over the western slope of a ridge. The stores, restaurants, and other places of business are close-packed on both sides of the steeply slanting street that was congested now with traffic, and off to the south and on the crest of the ridge there is a multistoried highrise, an architectural aberration erected without regard for the still rural nature of the countryside. Seeing it towering alone there on the ridge like the beginning in New Paltz of a new Bronx, I surmised that it would turn out to be a part of the college, a branch of the State University of New York.

There was a small motel on the left, and when I got to the top of the hill I pulled off and into a gas station. The attendant came out, a young man with red hair and wiping his hands on a rag.

"Fill it up?" he said.

"Please," I said, "and maybe you can tell me something. Do you know where Floyd Patterson lives?"

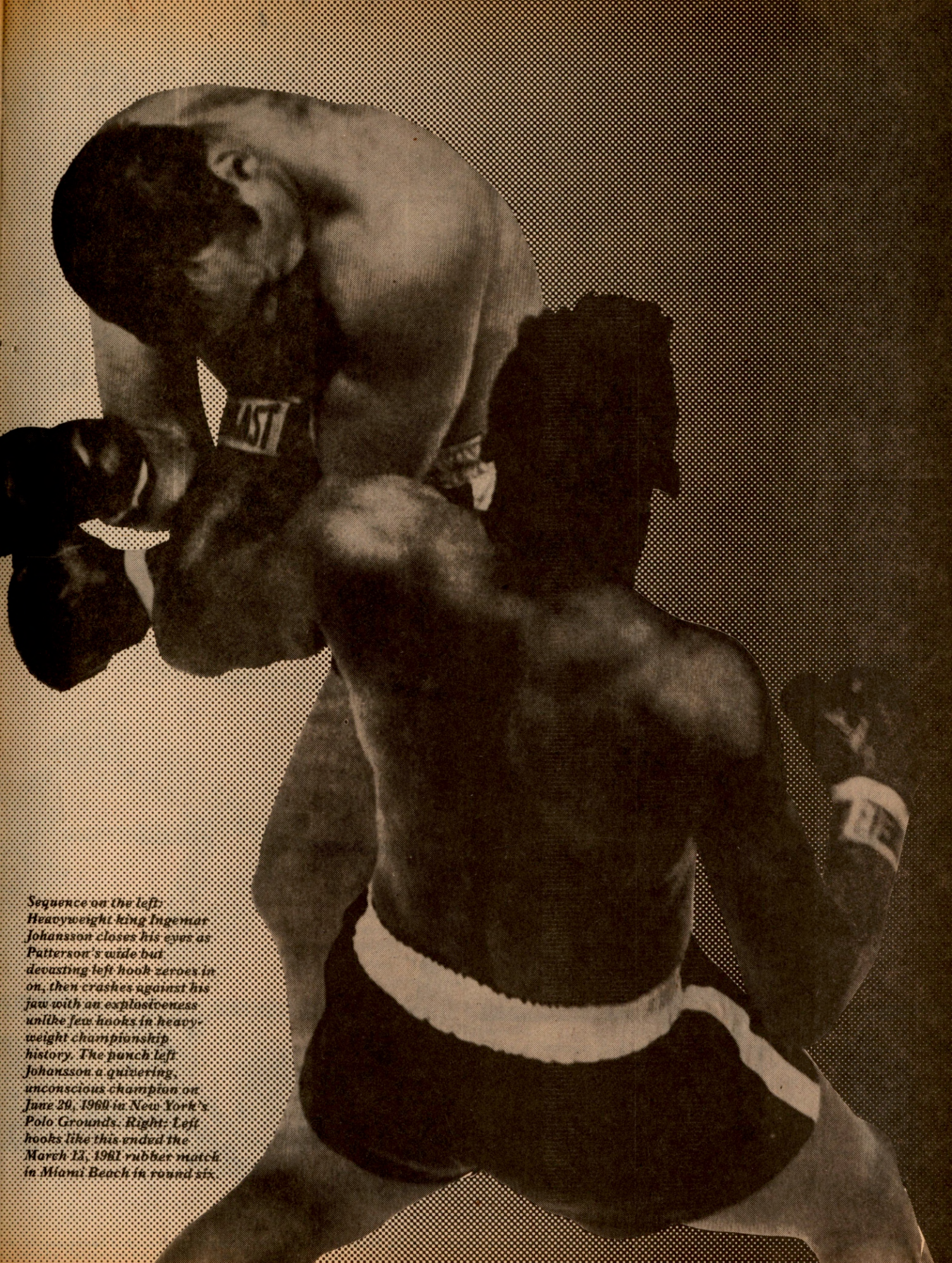
I wanted to get an idea of how well a former heavyweight champion of the world, this former heavyweight champion of the world, might be known in his adopted town. He had always run from renown, and even as champion had sought seclusion. The fame that came with his title seemed to embarrass him, as if he could never forget that he was a refugee from the black ghetto of the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. As a child, he had been so shy that he could never look others in the eye and so maladjusted that only special schooling saved him. I liked him very much because, although he was always so serious—even appearing troubled—that I never heard him laugh, his observations were perceptive and reflected a supreme sensitivity, and his answers were honest. He always seemed to me, though, to be the most miscast of fighters, for while he had the physical attributes to be a great fighter—always excepting his inability to absorb a heavyweight's big punch—he also had the compassion of a priest, and I never knew anyone else in sports whose antennae were so attuned to the suffering of others.

"Are you bothered by the sight of blood?" I asked him once.

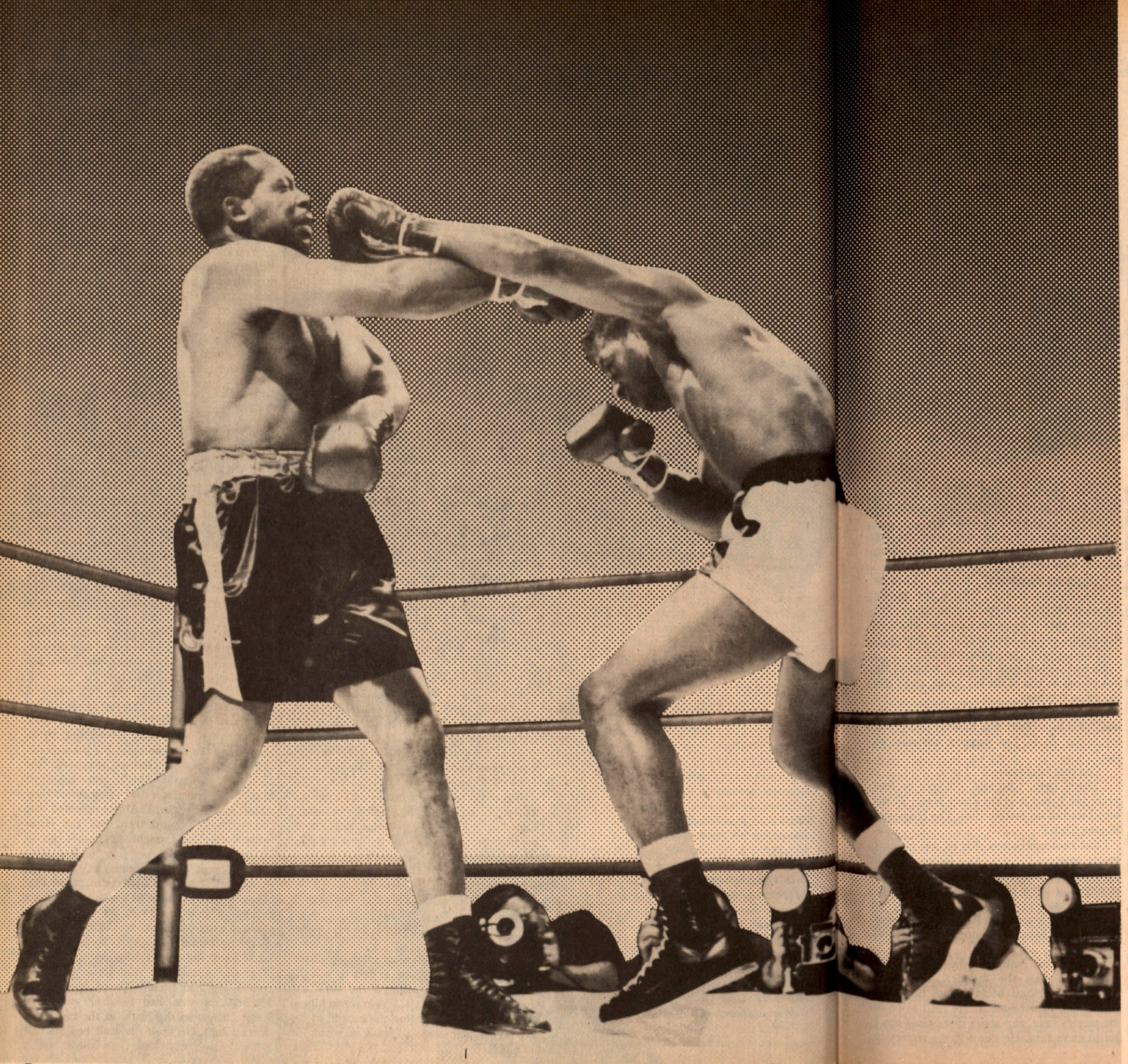
"How do you mean?" Patterson said.

"Have you even been scared, as a child or since, when you've been cut?"

I asked this question because a fighter must regard lightly the changes his profession makes upon his physical person. He must also



Sequence on the left: Heavyweight king Ingemar Johansson closes his eyes as Patterson's wide but devasting left hook zeroes in on, then crashes against his jaw with an explosiveness unlike few hooks in heavyweight championship history. The punch left Johansson a quivering, unconscious champion on June 29, 1960 in New York's Polo Grounds. Right: Left hooks like this ended the March 13, 1961 rubber match in Miami Beach in round six.



Patterson scores with a long left to the face of Archie Moore on November 30, 1956. The fight, for Marciano's vacated heavyweight crow was won by Patterson on a fifth-round knockout.

be relatively unaffected by the hurt he inflicts upon others.

"No," he said. "I've seen my blood flow from me when I was younger. One time I got a nail stuck in my foot, and I kept it there for three hours, until my mother came home from work. You see, there was this lady baby-sitting for us, and I was scared to tell her about the nail because she was very mean and she would beat you. So when I got this nail in my foot I kept it there and stayed in the front room for three hours until my mother came home and I told her about it."

"What about seeing blood on others?" I said.

"On somebody else?" he said "Well, this hasn't happened lately, but in the wintertime, when it's cold and my nose feels cold, I'd sometimes see two people fighting in the street. I'd actually see a guy with a big fist hit another guy square on the nose or face. You know?"

"Yes."

"Well," he had said, "when I'd see that, I'd feel it myself. It really seemed that I could actually feel it, and I would rather be fighting the one guy and taking the punishment than to see the other guy taking it, because I could just imagine how it feels to get hit when you're cold like that."

He was that way in the ring, staying away from a cut when he opened one on an opponent. The day of his second fight with Ingemar Johansson they weighed in at noon at the Commodore Hotel. The big room was crowded with sportswriters and photographers and members of the fight mob, and I was talking with Johnny Attell, who had been matchmaker around New York for many years, when Billy Conn, who had been one of the best of the all-time light-heavyweights and enough of a heavyweight to give Joe Louis one of his toughest fights, walked over.

"Who do you like tonight, Bill?" Attell said to him.

"Me?" Conn said. "I like the Swede for his punch."

"I don't know," Attell said, shrugging. "Patterson's got the equipment to take him if he fights him right."

"You hear what somebody had Patterson say?" Conn said.

"What?" Attell said.

"Patterson said that when he gets a guy cut he lays off the eye and hits him in the belly," Conn said. "You know somebody told him to say that, because he'd pour salt in a cut if he could."

"No he wouldn't," Attell said.

"Are you kidding?" Conn said.

"No," Attell said. "This guy Patterson is really that way."

"Then he's got no business being a fighter," Conn said.

But he was a fighter, an Olympic champion, and then the youngest ever to win the heavyweight championship, of the world and the first even to regain it. I hadn't seen him to talk to since 1963, before the second of his two fights with Sonny Liston in which he never got by the first round. Liston, I knew beforehand, would out-body and bully him, and I had given Patterson no chance, and then on television I had watched Muhammad Ali humiliate him twice. Howard Cosell, who knew him well and had seen much of him while Patterson's career was running down, had written in his own autobiography that Patterson had come to live off martyrization and sympathy. Then I had heard that he had been appointed to the New York State Athletic Commission and was living in New Paltz, and I wondered how he was totalling the wins and losses of his life.

"Floyd Patterson?" the attendant said now. "Sure."

"You know where he lives?"

"Sure," he said, pointing. "You go down through town here and across the steel bridge and you take the first right. That's Springtown Road. At the fork you take a right, and I think it's the second house on the left."

I was thinking that no, Floyd said it was the first house on the left, and the young man's earnestness and sincerity made me a little ashamed of my deceit.

"Fine," I said, "and tell me something else. Is that motel beyond the top of the hill the best around here?"

"Right," he said. "That's a good one."

I checked into the "good one" that would have been better if someone washed the woodwork in recent time. When I turned the thermostat on the air conditioner-heater the sound that came from behind the bent vanes of the grill low on the wall was of a spin-dry washer gurging a load of nuts, bolts and aluminum pie pans. The bathroom had been scrubbed clean, however, and over all, it was an improvement over some of the places where I had known Patterson while he was a fighter.

First there was the Gramercy Gym, on East Fourteenth Street in Manhattan, with the two flights of stairs that groaned and gave underfoot and led up between the mustard-colored walls that were dusty with soot and stained with grime. At the top of the stairs, and low in the door into the gym, there was a jagged hole covered with heavy wire mesh, and behind the door and snarling through the mesh there was a German shepherd that Patterson or Cus D'Amato, who managed him, would chain in a back room before they would let a visitor in. D'Amato reasoned that this approach would weed out the faint-hearted who just thought they might like to be fighters.

Then there was La Ronda, in the woods outside of Newtown, Connecticut, where Patterson lived and where he trained almost as a recluse most of the time, for nine months through the autumn of 1959 and the following winter and spring, to get his title back from Ingemar Johansson. It was an otherwise abandoned road-house that was owned and had been operated by Enrique Madriguera, who had finished second to Xavier Cugat in the battle of the big Latin dance bands. Set into the wall beneath the stairway to the second floor there was a

Floyd Kayoes Ingo in Fifth

Associated Press wirephoto

lands the big punch to jaw

Ex-Champion 1st Ever To Regain Heavy Title

45,000 See Patterson's Left Hook Wreck Swede in 1:51 of Round

By Jesse Abramson

It was Floyd Patterson's turn to bat at the Polo Grounds last night and he hit for all bases, cleaning Ingemar Johansson off the world heavyweight throne. With two tremendous leaping left hooks, the very kind the boxing critics said would spell disaster for him, the powerful New York fighter stretched the Swedish defender for a count of nine and then for the count of ten in 1 minute 51 seconds of the fifth round in their championship re-match scheduled for 15 rounds. The historic result brought complete chaos in and outside the ring as uncontrolled mob overran the ringside area, smothering everything in its path.

Ring Mobbed

As Bout Ended, It Was Riot

By Harold Rosenthal

The near-riot confusion which attended the dethroning of Ingemar Johansson last night was the worst in a decade of outdoor s... Only the spectators running the reserved ... the Ray Rob... Turpin middl... at ...

Flat on his back, he closed his head twitchi... side to side, his legs twi... blood oozing from his m... the unseeing unknowing ... pion took the count of t... stride from his corner. B... completely demolished fro... explosive left hook that P... son crashed against his ja...

With his personal phy... from Goteborg, Dr. Gosta J... son, and two New York S... Commission physicians, ... Alex Schoff and Samuel ... nick working to bring ... Johansson was inert fo... minutes before he was a... leave the ring. He had ... lifted up by the doctors, ...

cracked ornamental tile of a young boy playing a violin, and that had been Madriguera when he had been a child prodigy, and once, scattered amid the debris in the back yard, I had found pages of sheet music, blowing in the wind. The place was infested with rats that Patterson shot with a .22. While Johansson lived in a private cottage at Grossinger's, the luxury resort in the Catskills, and had his meals served in style, Patterson and Dan Florio, his trainer, cooked for themselves and the sparring partners in the vast kitchen and on the big ranges and in the oversized pots and pans that had been intended to hold the Iberian edibles for the multitudes of music lovers and conga dancers who never came.

When I turned onto Springtown Road now for the second time, I went to the fork and took the road to the right. I watched the odometer, and two-tenths of a mile, as Patterson had said, on the left on a rise beyond a field of golden-brown stubble, I saw the two-storied, white-shingled house. The blacktop driveway rises for almost a hundred yards between tall pines, and as I drove up it I saw the two gray metal boxes, one on either side of the driveway amid the trees. At the top I turned left and parked by a stone wall in front of the garage doors under the house, and got out. There was an off-white dog of good size and indefinite breeding confronting me and barking at me as I got out of the car, and I could hear a male voice calling.

"Cotton! Cotton! C'mere, Cotton!"

It was Patterson's voice, and as the dog turned from me and started up the steps toward the back of the house, I followed it. Patterson was holding an aluminum combination storm and screen door open, and when the dog disappeared inside, he came out and we shook hands. He was wearing freshly laundered blue jeans and an immaculate white T-shirt, and he didn't look much heavier at age forty-one than he had at age twenty-five when, that night in the Polo Grounds, he landed that wide left hook on Johansson's jaw and became the first fighter ever to regain the heavyweight title.

"Nobody can sneak up on you here," I said.

"That's right," he said.

"I mean with the dog and those boxes down on the driveway. Is that a warning device?"

"It rings a bell in our bedroom," he said. "It's mostly for at night."

He was the third oldest of eleven children, born into poverty and an overcrowded world that he found frightening and from which, from his earliest years on, he tried to escape. Once he told me that when he was six he used to hide all day in the basement of P.S. 25, the school he was supposed to be attending. As he became older, and when he had the eighteen cents for admission, he hid in the Regent and Apollo and Banko movie theaters, and some nights he slept in Prospect Park and others in subway stations.

He had led me through the kitchen and the dining room and, off the entry hall, into a family room. There was a twenty-foot fieldstone, mahogany-topped bar curving in front of the far wall, the mounted heads of two mountain goats above it, the windows behind it looking out onto the driveway. Across the entry hall I could see the living room, with a baby grand piano, and I was impressed by the orderliness of everything, the furniture precisely placed and none of the incidental leavings of daily living lying about.

"How many rooms are there?" I said.

"Well," he said, "there's four bedrooms, one play room, and four baths."

"Does your wife have help?"

"Help?" he said.

"Someone who comes in to clean?" I said, and his own mother, whom I remember as a serene, soft-spoken and sensitive woman, had been a domestic before she found a job in a Brooklyn bottling factory.

"Nope," Patterson said. "I help her,"

"How much land do you have?"

"Forty acres," he said, and he walked to a window and pointed down at the field between the house and the road, the grass stubble in it that golden brown in the sunlight. "You see that field? I did it with a hand scythe and with a hand saw, all summer long."

"That's good," I said, "but what's that monstrosity over there on the ridge?"

"The what?" he said.

"That tower," I said."

"Oh, that's the college."

"That figures," I said. "We're trying to teach people to live with the environment and not abuse it, and a college does that."

A yellow school bus had stopped at the foot of the driveway. Two small girls had gotten out and were starting to walk up the drive.

"That's my daughters," he said. "They go to the Duzine school. That's the public school, what they call the Duzine school, but next year they'll go to the Catholic school in Rosendale, and I'll have to drive them over."

"You don't like the public school?"

We had walked back from the window. He was sitting on one of the bar stools, and I was sitting on another.

"The public school's all right here," he said, "but New Paltz was number two in the nation for drugs. Los Angeles was number one."

"Can that be corrected?" I said.

"That's right," he said. "Three or four years ago I read it in the *Daily News*. That's why I started my boxing club. The Huguenot Boxing Club."

I had read somewhere that he was training young amateur fighters. As a fighter himself he was prone to errors, as the naturally gifted in anything often are. In most of his fights, however, his great hand speed and mobility covered his mistakes and let him get away with them although, of course, they were still there.

"There's this Father Daniel O'Hare," he said, "and he's the founder. It's called AMEN—Americans Mobilized to End Narcotics—and he founded it. He used to be in the rectory here, and about three years ago I got to know him. He's now in the rectory in

Newburgh, and he's a very down-to-earth priest. I've gotten to know him so close that sometimes I say a word you don't say to a priest."

"I know what you mean."

"I joined up two years ago, and he takes care of the educational parts, and I take the physical."

"About this drug problem," I said. "I keep reading that it's been with us always. Were there drugs around when you were growing up?"

"No," he said, "the only thing was cigarettes."

"Not even in Bedford-Stuyvesant?"

"Nope," he said. "There were no drugs around in the fifties, but I remember as a youngster I was always getting in trouble, stealing fruit, and from the five-and-ten small stuff. Who knows what I'd be now if it wasn't for boxing."

"You're not the only one," I said.

"So I opened the boxing club," he said. "If you give a youngster something to do that he enjoys, he won't hang around on corners."

"About a year and a half ago," he said, "I opened the gym in this building right out here. It was a barn and a chicken hatchery, and I took yound and old. Then I said I was going to close it because they were abusing the equipment, but my wife told me things I didn't know."

In 1956 Patterson had married Sandra Hicks, when he was twenty-one and she was eighteen, and they had three children. I had heard that they had been divorced, and that Patterson had married a white woman, and they had two daughters, the two girls I had seen starting up the driveway.

"My wife is very personable," he was saying now. "She talks to all, and they tell her things they wouldn't tell me. She told me about this Thruway attendant who had a couple of kids, and every night he used to stop at a bar on the way home. Since he got into the boxing here, he hadn't done that, and I kept the gym open."

"How old are these fighters?"

"The one I told you about is twenty-one. He was about nineteen then, and I have several fifteen-year-olds. I have one—Andrew Schott—who feels as I did. It's like a religion. The kid is here every day. He has had twenty-five fights, and he can recall every fight he's had. There's no chance of him ever getting involved in drugs."

"How many of them," I said, "do you take to tournaments and get fights for?"

"There are fifteen actual fighters," he said. "Then there are two firemen from Poughkeepsie and a councilman from Rosendale that work out and spar to keep in shape. The councilman lost forty-five pounds, and he's been coming here a year and a half, and the gym is open seven days a week, except when we have fights."

"I would think that the town would appreciate what you're doing," I said.

"I like the town," he said, "and I like the people. I have no trouble whatsoever with the people in general, the old as well as the young, as long as I keep away from politics."

"You have a right to be interested in politics," I said.

"It would cause a lot of flak," he said. "Everybody knows me as just plain Floyd. I'm liked by most people, but not by all. No one has done anything to harm me, but I know, given the opportunity, the ones who don't like me would hurt me. I don't know how to say it, and I don't want to say it."

"But you went down to Alabama with Jackie Robinson at the time of all the trouble in Birmingham and Selma," I said.

"Jackie asked me," he said. "A lot of name people went, and I remember landing at the airport and for the first time in my life I saw different rest rooms for blacks and whites. I took movie pictures of the signs—actually there was no film in the camera—so the people would know it was unusual to me, and I was taking it back."

His two daughters were standing in the doorway, and he called them in and introduced them—Janene, who was nine, and Jennifer, seven. We shook hands, the older one looking right at me, and the younger, her head down, examining me out of the tops of her eyes.

"Excuse us a minute," Patterson said. "I have to ask my wife something."

He left, with the girls following him, and I walked around the room, looking at his two championship belts, the plaques and trophies he had been awarded, and the framed photographs. There were pictures of him with Eartha Kitt, Jimmy Durante, Harry Bellafonte, Jack Palance, Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason, Lauren Bacall, one with James Cagney and Roland Winters, that I remembered being taken at Newtown, and another taken in the White House, with Patterson, his wife and their two girls standing with Richard

Nixon. There was, also framed, the gate-fold I had put together for *The Fireside Book of Boxing* in 1961 of pictures of all the heavyweight champions in succession from John L. Sullivan through Patterson. I had discovered three photographs that, when placed together, showed the crowd of 80,000 crammed into Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City on July 2, 1921, for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, the first million-dollar gate. I needed something for the other side of the fold, and lined up photographs of all the twenty champions in their fighting poses, Patterson twice and on either side of Johansson.

On a shelf at the right of the bar were record albums of Percy Faith, Johnny Mathis, Roger Williams, Jackie Gleason, Andre Kostelanetz, Hank Williams, and Jo Stafford, the music I remembered Patterson listening to in his training camps. Behind the bar the glasses were neatly aligned, the only bottles being two fifths of Seagram's Crown Royal, the tax seals on them unbroken.

"Do you do much business at this bar," I asked, when Patterson came back.

"It was here when we bought the house," he said. "Like those animal heads up there. My wife takes a drink now and then, but I can't stand the smell of the stuff."

"Don't fight it," I said.

"I was going to have an appointment, like at 3:30," he said, "but the man didn't come. He's the piano teacher, and I told him, 'I'll call you if I'm not going to be here today.' I just called him now to see where he was, and he assumed I would call if I wanted him to come."

"Who's taking the lessons?"

"My daughters and I. I take them because Jennifer is a perfectionist, and she hates to make a mistake and she won't play in front of the teacher. She has taken one lesson and Janene has taken three and I've taken three, and Jennifer plays better than both of us. She's the only one who doesn't have to look at the keys, so I reasoned I should take lessons with her and maybe that would help her."

"She's a natural athlete, too," he said. "She has tremendous coordination, but she hates to be the center of attraction. I remember when she was small and her birthday came and we got her a cake. My wife and I and my older daughter started to sing and she was crying, 'Don't! Don't!' "

"In the school she'll play all the games with team participation, but when it comes to her doing it alone, she won't do it. She took ballet. The teacher, he told me she was fantastic, the best of all, and he had about fifty between the ages of six and twelve, but we took her out because she wouldn't do it alone in front of the others."

"I think I can understand that," I said.

"It's understandable to a certain degree," he said.

"I mean," I said, "that I remember a fella who was very shy."

"Yes," he said. "I know."

It was only three weeks after he had knocked out Archie Moore to win the heavyweight championship and it was just before Christmas, but he was back in training at the Long Pond Inn at Greenwood Lake, New York. The inn burned to the ground some years ago, about there used to be a bar and restaurant on the first floor with the living quarters and the gymnasium over it. When I checked with Ollie Cromwell, who was one of the owners and tended bar, he said that Patterson was up in his room, and I went up there where he was lying on the bed and listening to that music, and we shook hands.

"What time is it?" he said.

"One o'clock," I said.

"I'll be down in the dining room in a half hour," he said.

I waited in the dining room for three and a half hours. As I sat there, the place came alive with teenagers who had been ice skating on the lake, and who had come in to play the juke box and dance. Finally, at 4:30, one of Patterson's sparring partners came in and walked over to the table where I was sitting.

"Floyd says he'll meet you in the gym in five minutes," the sparring partner said. "He apologizes."

"That's fine," I said, annoyed "Where has he been?"

"Up in the room," the sparring partner said. "He came down a couple of times, but when he saw all these kids here, he went back. He was embarrassed to come in."

I said nothing about it when I met him in the gym, but two nights late we were standing and talking by the pool table beyond the bar. A couple of sparring partners were shooting pool, and I was working Patterson around slowly when I mentioned it, trying to get him to elaborate on the feelings he had had when he saw the dining room jumping with those kids.

"You're heavyweight champion of the world now," I said. "Doesn't that give you the security to walk through a room of teenagers?"

"No," he said. "I still don't like to be stared at."

I thought of John L. Sullivan, this country's first sports hero, who used to stride into saloons and announce, "I can lick any man in the world!" The next morning we were standing in front of the Long Pond Inn, waiting for one of the sparring partners who had been sent to town to buy the morning newspapers, when I came back to it.

"But you're going to be stared at a lot," I said.

"I know," Patterson said.

"When did you first realize that this was going to be a problem?"

"The day after I won the title," he said. "Just before the fight my wife gave birth to our daughter, so right after the fight, these friends and I, we got in the car to drive back from Chicago. The next day we stopped at one of those roadside restaurants and went in. By then the fight was all over the pages of the newspapers, pictures and all, and I could see the people around the place recognizing me and starting to whisper. I figured we better get out of there quick, so we didn't even finish our meal."

Just before he won the title, Patterson had bought a ten-room house in Mount Vernon, New York, for his mother and the eight youngest of the eleven children. After Patterson beat Moore, the mayor of the city, who was an ex-fighter, staged a torch-light parade for him, and I asked Patterson what that was like.

"I was ashamed," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"Me sitting in an open car and waving to people," he said. "Those are things you only see kings and Presidents doing."

A heavyweight champion has to spend some of his time banquet-hopping, and Cus D'Amato made Patterson buy a tuxedo. He said it embarrassed him to wear it because, in his view, formal clothes were for those who had been born and raised to them, and he was not. When he was not in camp he lived with his wife and daughter in St. Albans, on Long Island, and he would do roadwork in a park there a couple of days a week.

"What time do you run?" I asked him once.

"I get up at 5:30, so I finish before the people start to work and see me," he said.

"Doesn't anybody ever see you?" I said.

"Usually I run on Saturday and Sunday when everybody don't get up so early," he said, "but one day I ran during the week. It was a Thursday, and after I finished in the park the fella who was supposed to pick me up was late. About an hour passed before he came, and there I was sitting on the park bench with my heavy clothes on and all sweaty and a towel around my neck. All these people were going to work by then, and they were looking at me like I was crazy."

"Didn't anyone recognize you?" I said.

"No," he said. "I was the champion, so I hid my face."

"Shyness is so deeply ingrained in you," I said to him another night at the Long Pond, "that I suppose one of your earliest memories is being embarrassed in public."

"I guess that's right," he said. "I remember when I was just a little kid. I used to have long hair and my father would comb it. Then he'd send me around the corner for cigaretts, and I remember one day a lady stopping me and running her fingers through my hair. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to cry, and I ran."

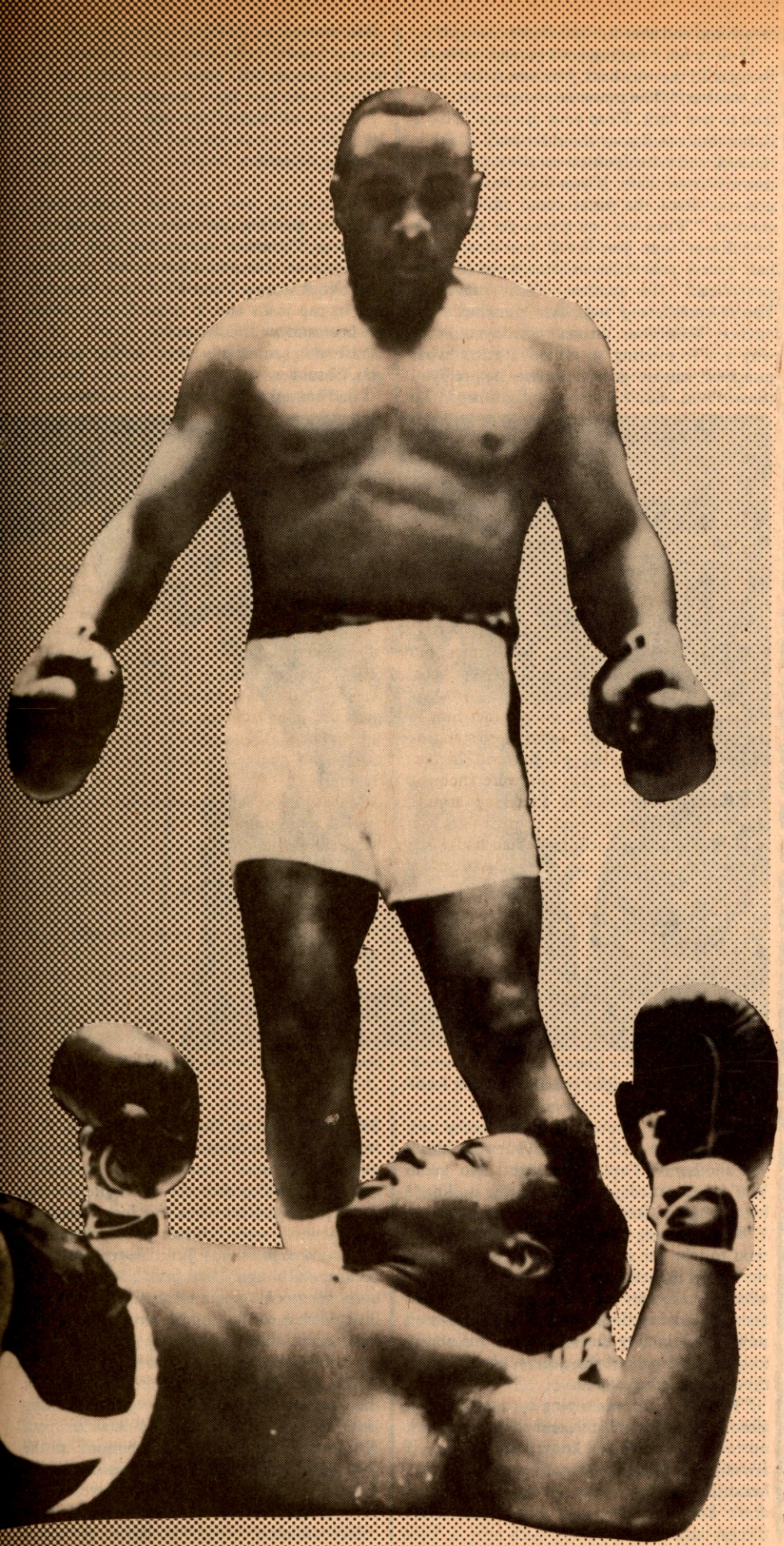
He thought about it. It was after dinner and we were still sitting at the table.

"I had to be just a tiny kid for a lady to do that," he said, "but I never forgot it."

So all of that was twenty years before, and now he was supplying a gym and running a boxing club to provide a port for the young of the area who need it. At forty-plus he was starting to take piano lessons to help a daughter in who he saw himself.

"I hope she can come out of it by herself," he said now. "The first time somebody asked me for my autograph there were like twenty people waiting, and the guy gave me a piece of paper and I forgot how to spell my own name. I got a mental block."

Charles "Sonny" Liston stands over Patterson after dropping him with a left hook. The bout took place in Chicago's Comiskey Park on September 25, 1962, with the awesome Liston winning in 2:06 of the first round.



"I remember you saying how long it took you to be able to look people in the eye."

"It took years," he said, "and I don't want her to have to go through what I went through. When I came back from the Olympics—and I won the Olympics when I was seventeen—I went to a dinner and they handed me a microphone. I panicked. Fortunately the gentleman before me had said something, and I stopped to think about that and I commented. Thousands of microphones have been handed to me since then, and it's easier, but it's never easy."

"I recall," I said, "how you used to say that some day you wanted to own a place in the country and have horses. Do you own horses?"

"No," he said. "We've got three dogs and a cat and we travel. I take the family wherever I go, to England, to Sweden, to Portugal, to Spain, and to get somebody to take care of horses, too, would be too difficult. Even for me it would be difficult, because I devote so much time to my family. I get up with the kids, and I put them to bed at night. I try to do as much with them as I can, because in my first marriage that was lacking. I was in camp all the time."

"How are your other children?"

"My son spent three weeks with me this summer, and he's thirteen now. The two daughters I see occasionally, but they live in Springfield, Massachusetts, and I don't see them as much as I'd like."

"How did you meet your present wife?" I asked.

"Janet?" he said. "It's strange how I met her. After I had re-won the title—not right then but in 1962—the secretary I had got married. I used to get thousands of letters, and I needed someone to answer the mail. I have this friend, Mickey Allen . . . "

"I remember him. He wanted to be a singer, and once you arranged for him to sing the National Anthem at one of your fights."

I remember how pleased and excited about it Allen was. He reasoned that the exposure on national television would launch him on his vocal career.

"That's right," Patterson said. "He owns a discotheque and a catering service now, and he said, 'My wife's sister can type. She was secretary to the vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange.' So she worked for me once a week, and that's how I met her. She was born in Rosedale, New York, but her parents moved to Greenwood Lake. I have a house right here for her parents when they come here, and they may stay a week or a month."

"I'd like to meet your wife," I said, "and I'm wondering if I might take you both to dinner tonight?"

"That would be nice," he said, "but I'm not sure. There's this seventy-five-year-old woman my wife got to know, and she just lost her husband. She's lonely, and I know it's on the calendar that we're supposed to visit her tonight. Maybe she can change it to tomorrow night. I'll ask her."

He went out and I walked around the room

again reading the inscriptions on the plaques, and there was a framed hand-lettered quotation from Vice Lombardi that had been presented to Patterson by the 501st Replacement Detachment of the First Armored Division. It was about making winning a habit, even as losing can be, and about doing things right not once in a while but all of the time.

"I'm sorry," Patterson said when he came back. "My wife says the lady is expecting us, and she's very lonely and she doesn't want to disappoint her. She's sorry."

"I understand," I said.

"It's time I went over to the gym," he said. "You want to come along?"

"Yes, indeed," I said.

We walked out through the entry hall and the dining room and into the kitchen. The two girls were in the kitchen.

"I'm going over to the gym now," Patterson said to them, "and you lock the storm door after us. All right?"

Outside he turned and waited while one of them locked the door. We walked across the parking area at the top of the driveway to the white-painted two-story barn. The ring is on the first floor, with stairs leading up to the loft, like a balcony, overhanging the first floor. In the loft were a couple of heavy punching bags and one light bag and two full-length mirrors. At the back of the loft is the dressing room with steel lockers, and there was a handprinted notice on the wall:

TO ALL CLUB MEMBERS
Do not Invite Anyone To The Gym Without First Telling Me—I Do Not Want Strangers Wandering Around My House—Casing The Place—Should Anyone Violate This I Will Have To Ask Them To Leave.

There were four young fighters, who seemed to be in their teens, undressing in front of the lockers and getting into their ring trunks and boxing shoes. It had been chilly all day and it was cold in the locker room and, after he had stripped, Patterson put on thermal underwear and a sweat suit.

"You see," he was saying, sitting and lacing one of his ring shoes and looking up at one of the young fighters, "if anybody quits, they can't came back. I take the time. I take the punches, so they can't come back."

"I know," the fighter was saying, nodding. "I know."

Two more young fighters came in, and when Patterson finished lacing his shoes and got up, the ones who were ready followed him down the stairs to the gym. It was 5:15, and it was 7:15 when Patterson called it quits. Others came in, the two firemen from Poughkeepsie among them, and Patterson took them on one after the other, moving around on the worn canvas patched with green plastic tape, blocking and picking off their punches, occasionally countering and the sweat beading on his neck and face so that between rounds he had to towel. For two unbroken hours there was the thwack sound of gloves against gloves and the thup sound on canvas, the rhythmic sound on heavy breathing, and over it, Patterson's comments.

"You're not bringing your second jab back. Bring it all the way back," he was telling one. To another, "The moment you get close you tend to rear back. Keep your distance. That's it, but don't pull your shoulder back. Keep it relaxed, and when you throw the right hand, throw it from there. If you hold the shoulder up you force the right hand down." To another, "When are you gonna get your hair cut? Every time you lower your head your hair covers your eyes and you have to raise your head." To another, "Why move in? You're smothering your own punches. You have to keep your distance, and you know why you're missing so much? I know what punches you're gonna throw before you throw them. You have to mix them up." To another, "Keep your head down. Every now and then touch your chin to your shoulder." To another, "Throw the right. No good. You're just putting it there. Throw it. That's better. Again. Good."

When we judge professional performers we tend to take for granted, and forget, some of the things that they do well. During the years when I had watched Patterson fight I had fastened on his flaws, and I was impressed now by his boxing knowledge and his ability to spot the errors of the others, even though they were just beginners.

"You see," he was saying to one of them, after I had followed him and the others back upstairs, "as much as I know about boxing, if I was going to fight again I'd need a trainer, because I can't see what I'm doing wrong. I don't know. That's why I tell you these things, because I can see."

He started to undress, then, to take his shower, and I told him that I thought the boxing lessons had gone very well. I said I wanted to see him again the next morning.

"That's all right," he said. "How about 10:30?"

"Fine," I said.

At 10:30 the next morning, when I drove into the parking area at the top of the driveway, Patterson was washing a car. It was a golden-tan Lincoln Continental with the New York license plate FP 1, and Patterson was in the jeans and T-shirt. He turned off the hose and we shook hands.

"Here's something that might interest you," I said.

I had brought along a copy of the February 28, 1959, issue of *The Sunday Evening Post.* In those days the magazine ran long interview pieces they called "visits" with celebrities, and they used to give me the fighters. I did Patterson and Johansson and Jack Dempsey, always with Jacob Lofman photographing it and with my friend Jim Cleary taping it because, although I had been taking accurate notes for twenty years by then, the magazine insisted that everything be recorded and then transcribed onto some sixty pages of typescript from which I had to work.

The Patterson piece led the issue, and on the opening page there was a picture of him in the ring after he had knocked out Hurricane Jackson. At the bottom of the page, was a shot of the two of us sitting and talking by the ring in the Gramercy Gym. Patterson, gesticulating, was wearing a sand-colored, medium-weight cardigan.

Patterson takes a break during training to pour some coffee for Jim (IBC) Norris and former heavyweight titleholder Joe Louis.

"You haven't changed much," I said, showing him the picture, "but I have."

"Look at the sweater, " Patterson said. "I still have that sweater."

"I remember it as a particularly fine one."

"Is it all right if I show this to my wife?" he said, "My wife would be interested to read it."

"Of course," I said.

He took the magazine, and I followed him around the front of the house and into the entry hall. He motioned me into the bar room and then excused himself and disappeared with the magazine.

"I'm always interested," I said when he came back, "in the relationships, years later, between fighters who fought each other. In your travels do you ever see Johansson?"

"I've been to Sweden a few times," he said, "but I and Johansson never showed any friendship until lately. He said so many derogatory things. In 1964, when I beat Eddie Machen in Stockholm, he said that Machen would knock me out and that Floyd was over the hill. It was an afternoon fight, and just as I walked out to get in the ring, Ingemar was in the first row. Our eyes met and I went over and shook hands and everybody booed. I don't know why."

"Probably," I said, "because he'd taken himself and his money to Switzerland."

"Then in 1974, after I hadn't fought in two years, I was in a restaurant in Stockholm, and who walked over but Ingemar Johansson. He was very nice then, and I've seen him a few times since."

"What about some of the other fighters you fought?"

"There were some of the guys, coming up in my career, like Hurricane Jackson and Jimmy Slade who were in the same camp until we fought. In camp, Jimmy Slade and I would play cards, and he'd get angry when I won. He'd throw the cards in my face, and in camp he'd be in charge."

"Then one day Cus asked me would I fight Jimmy Slade. I said, 'Of course not. We're friends.' Cus said, 'There comes a time in a fighter's career when he has to forget friendship.' I said, 'Ask Jimmy.' Jimmy said, 'Sure.' I was hurt, it came so easy to him."

"The guys I fought I don't dislike," he said, "and I'd like to stay in communication with them. I tried to call Jimmy Slade for days and days after I beat him, but I never got an answer. Dick Wagner, though, my first fight with him was difficult, and in the second I stopped him, but I made it known to the press that I respected him. He's out in Portland, Oregon, where he works on the railroad, and he's married to a school teacher. I had dinner at his house and his family met my family and I sent him cards from Sweden."

"A lot of guys I fought, though, have nothing but derogatory things to say. I saw Roy Harris when Joe Frazier fought Bob Foster. I met him in the lobby of the hotel and we talked a while, and the following day there was an article in the press where he said some derogatory things. Brian London said derogatory things. Why do they do this?"

"I guess they're still trying to win fights they lost to you years ago."

"It tends to bring them down," Patterson said. "They should carry themselves like Joe Louis."

When Patterson was small Louis was his idol. He kept scrap books filled with clippings and pictures of Joe, and after Patterson won the title the two met for the first time at a dinner.

"What was it like finally meeting him?" I asked Patterson, shortly after that.

"Well," Patterson had said, "I said to myself, 'Is this really Joe Louis? Am I finally meetng the man who is my idol?" I almost couldn't believe it."

"But you were the heavyweight champion of the world," I had said. "You had his old title."

"It seemed to me," Patterson had said, "like Joe Louis was still the champion, and I wasn't."

"Do you ever see Joe?" I asked him now.

"I see Joe often," he said, "and I'll still flash back to when I was nine, ten, and eleven and how I admired him, the way he carried himself. Here it is thirty years later, and I try to carry myself so that they might say that same thing about me."

"You picked a good model," I said.

"I know who I am," he said, "and what I believe in, but today you must be militant—down with Whitey—to be accepted. If that's what it takes, then I'll be the white man's black man, because I won't accept it the other way. I'd leave the country first. In my gym there are whites and colored and Puerto Ricans. I believe in an equal society. I see no colors. Everybody is the same like in my gym—but the militants don't like me."

"You know that?"

"I go over to the college here," he said. "This black group—the black something—asked me to give a speech. I knew they'd harass me. This one guy said, 'How come you call him Cassius Clay. Why not Muhammad Ali?' I said, 'First of all, I think Cassius is a beautiful name, and I can't pronounce Muhammad. My tongue won't pronounce it. Then you give him rights you don't give me. I believe Clay believes in a separate society. You believe the same, or you wouldn't be all blacks here. He called Liston 'The Ugly Bear.' He called George Forman 'The Mummy.' He called me 'The Rabbit.' You must give me the right to call him 'Clay.' "

"But what did you say in your speech?" I said.

"I'll get it," he said. "I'll be right back."

What I had really wanted to say was that he should be done with the name-calling, that the beauty he ascribes to the name Cassius and his problem in pronouncing Muhammad are pretexts and have nothing to do with it. Louis would have pronounced it as best he could. When he came back now he handed me the typewritten speech and I read:

"To all you young people, I would like to see you go out in the world and have all your dreams come true, and they can if you work hard at your God-given talents. Our people have come a long way, and we have had to struggle to get where we are today."

"You young people are our hopes and pride. It is you who must continue to struggle. This world is not all black, and we can't make it so. We must live with all people. The sooner we realize that, the happier we'll be. You're young and you're beautiful and have a whole lifetime of living to do. Be conscious of your dreams and pride. Leave color at the end of the list—not the beginning."

"Black power is not a true power. White power is not a true power. What I ask you to look for is the power of right, not the power of might. My career has shaped my life, and I have learned much. I have met people from all over the world, the highest to the most humble. The finest of these people accept a man for what he is. Be men, and other men will know you at a glance. Remember Jesus said: 'Love.' Racists say: 'Hate.' One of most renowned Americans who died for what he believed preached love. He was a black man. Some of our people did not agree with him, but the annals of history his name will be at the top. I speak of Martin Luther King."

At the age of ten Patterson was unable to read, and he refused to talk. His family had moved seven times, and he had attended irregularly seven schools before they sent him to Wiltwyck, a school for emotionally disturbed boys, at Esopus, New York, and later to P.S. 614, one of New York City's five schools for maladjusted children.

"That's a good speech," I said now.

"My wife helped me with it," he said. "She helps me with all my speeches."

"What kind of reception did it get? Did they applaud?"

"Yes," he said. "About two thirds did. One third, I guess they couldn't be broke. If I reach one, though, I think it's fine."

"If I may say so," I said, "you should shut your mind to Ali. To begin with, you were in no shape to fight him the first time, and . . ."

"I had a slipped disc," Patterson said. "It started in 1956, before the fight with Archie Moore, and I took three or four days off. Before the fight with Clay it went out. I took some days off, and it was all right. Then in the first round it went out, and there was a knot in my back as big as a fist. The pain was so bad that it was the first time in a fight I was begging to be knocked out."

Between rounds, as I had watched on television, Al Silvani, who trained Patterson for the fight, would stand behind Patterson and put his arms around him, under the armpits and across the chest. He would lift Patterson, Patterson's feet dangling above the canvas as Silvani tried to slip the disc back in. Then, during the rounds, until they stopped it in the twelfth, Ali would taunt and torture him.

"In the eighth and ninth rounds," Patterson was saying now, "I was saying to myself, 'The first good punch he catches me with I'm going to go down.' He hit me good punches. I was down. I was dizzy, but when I opened my eyes I was up again. I could not

take a dive."

"I believe that," I said, "and you should be proud of it."

"There are things I like about myself," he said "I could not stay down. In boxing you learn about yourself. The feeling of shame I will never lose, because I let people down, but I will never again feel ashamed of being ashamed."

"And you shouldn't." I said.

"It's me," he said. "I can't change it."

"I was impressed yesterday," I said, "watching you teach those kids. When it was over you were telling one of them that, if you were to fight again, you'd need a trainer because you wouldn't be able to see what you were doing wrong."

"That's right," he said.

"I know," I said, "and I remember something you used to do wrong, and I begged you not to do it against Johansson in that second fight."

"You did?" he said.

In their first fight, Johansson, firing the big right hand, had had him down seven times in the third round before they had stopped it. Before the second fight, Alvin Boretz, the television writer, and I wrote a half-hour special that was to be aired on the ABC network the night before the fight. With Manny Spiro, the producer, and a camera crew, I had gone to both camps, first to interview Johansson late one afternoon in the octagonal ski hut at Grossinger's, and then Patterson early the next afternoon in the main dining room of the dilapidated roadhouse in Newton.

We shot them both the same way, from the waist up and full face to the camera while, off-camera, I asked both of them the same questions, about how they started as fighters, about their previous fights, in particular about what feelings they had had about the men they had fought, before and after those fights. Johansson was excellent, confident and even haughty—the way, if you are handling a fighter, you want him to be.

"After you had knocked Patterson down seven times and were now heavyweight champion of the world," I said, "did you have any feeling, looking across the ring at him, of sympathy for him?"

"No," Johansson said, "I did not. He'd gladly like to have me in the same situation."

"How about in the days after the fight when you thought about him?"

"I know my sister," he said, "she walk over when Patterson went from ring. My sister walked to him and raised her hand, and did like this on his chin. She feel sorry for him. But not me."

"This guy was great," Leonard Anderson, the director, said, as we walked back to the main building at Grossinger's.

"Terrific," Manny Spiro said, and he was obviously excited. "Just terrific, but what is poor Patterson going to do compared to that?"

"Just wait," I said.

The next morning we drove down to Newtown and, coming right out of Grossinger's, the others were appalled by the place. When Patterson came out to greet us he was in his road clothes, and he shook hands humbly, in that small-boy manner, and then he went back inside while they set up.

"This is unbelievable," Leonard Anderson said. "Looking at the two champs and the two fighters, I can't give this guy a chance."

"I feel sorry for him," Manny Spiro said, and then to me, "After Johansson what can this poor *Nebbish* say?"

"Relax," I said. "In fact, I'll guarantee you one thing right now. I don't know how he'll do in the fight, but I'll bet you he boxes rings around Johansson and flattens him in the interview segment."

I went inside then, and I found Patterson. I explained to him how we were going to film him, just sitting on a stool and facing the camera.

"But I don't know what you want me to say," he said.

"It's going to be easy," I said. "I'll just ask you questions I've asked you before, about your first fight on the street, and about your feelings for other fighters. I'll ask you about how you felt about Archie Moore after you won the title, and then I'll ask you about how you went into seclusion after the Johansson fight, and then about the little girl in the hospital in Atlantic City. All you have to do is tell me what you've told me before."

"All right," he said.

Sitting there on that stool and looking right at the camera, he told it as he had told it to me before, the voice low level and neither rising nor falling, but the answers direct and explicit. He told about knocking out Moore, and then looking across the ring and, realizing that Moore had wanted the heavyweight championship as much as he and was now so old that he would never get another chance; feeling sorry for him. Then I asked him about the month he had spent in seclusion at home after Johansson had knocked him out, and he explained how he had felt that he had let all of his friends and the United States down, and that late one night he was sitting in the game room in the basement, still feeling sorry for himself.

"I was just sitting there, thinking," he said. "You know, when your mind just wanders. I was thinking about some things that had happened in some of the places that I had been to, and I thought about being in Atlantic City one time and going through a hospital for leukemia and blood diseases and cancer, and I specifically remember a girl in the hospital."

"She had leukemia," he said, and he gave a pause that you would celebrate a professional actor for timing. "Cancer. The doctor was showing me through the wards, and he brought me into this little girl's room and she had a tube running through her arms and whatnot, and said she was about four and she was small for a four-year-old girl and you'd think she was just born. She was just nothing but bones, and as I walked out of the room and upon viewing this, I remember the doctor saying to me it would be a miracle if she should live past tonight or tomorrow."

"So," he said, "after thinking about this, I thought, 'Who am I to feel sorry for myself?' I should get down on my knees and thank God for the things I do have, and actually all I did was lose a fight, and I got paid for the fight and I have a beautiful home, and all the things the average man would want and even more. So, why should I feel sorry for myself?" I began to come out of it then, and I started going out the very next day, and that night was the first night that I think I got a good night's sleep."

"Cut!" Leonard Anderson said. "Great!"

"Thank you, Floyd," I said.

FLOYD PATTERSON

Height: 6′ **Reach:** 71″
Weight: 164-196 pounds
Born: January 4, 1935, Waco, N.C.

1952

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 12	Eddie Godbold	New York	KO 4
Oct. 6	Sammy Walker	Brooklyn	KO 2
Oct. 21	Lester Jackson	New York	KO 3
Dec. 29	Lalu Sabotin	Brooklyn	KO 5

1953

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 28	Chester Mieszala	Chicago	KO 5
Apr. 3	Dick Wagner	Brooklyn	W 8
June 1	Gordon Wallace	Brooklyn	KO 3
Oct. 19	Wes Bascom	Brooklyn	W 8
Dec. 14	Dick Wagner	Brooklyn	KO 5

1954

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 15	Yvon Durelle	Brooklyn	W 8
Mar. 30	Sam Brown	Washington	KO 2
Apr. 19	Alvin Williams	Brooklyn	W 8
May 10	Jesse Turner	Brooklyn	W 8
June 7	Joey Maxim	Brooklyn	L 8
July 12	Jacques Royer-Crecy	New York	KO 7
Aug. 2	Tommy Harrison	Brooklyn	KO 1
Oct. 11	Esau Ferdinand	New York	W 8
Oct. 22	Joe Gannon	New York	W 8
Nov. 19	Jimmy Slade	New York	W 8

1955

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 7	Willie Troy	New York	KO 5
Jan. 17	Don Grant	Brooklyn	KO 5
Mar. 17	Esau Ferdinand	Oakland	KO 10
June 23	Yvon Durelle	Newcastle	KO 5
July 6	Archie McBride	New York	KO 7
Sept. 8	Alvin Williams	Moncton	KO 8
Sept. 29	Dave Whitlock	San Francisco	KO 3
Oct. 13	Calvin Brad	Los Angeles	KO 1
Dec. 8	Jimmy Slade	Los Angeles	KO 7

1956

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 12	Jimmy Walls	New Britain	KO 2
Apr. 10	Alvin Williams	Kansas City	KO 3
June 8	Tommy Jackson	New York	W 12
Nov. 30	Archie Moore	Chicago	KO 5
	(Won Vacant World Heavyweight Title)		

1957

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
July 29	Tommy Jackson	New York	KO 10
	(Retained World Heavyweight Title)		
Aug. 22	Pete Rademacher	Seattle	KO 6
	(Retained World Heavyweight Title)		

1958

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Aug. 18	Roy Harris	Los Angeles	KO 12
	(Retained World Heavyweight Title)		

1959

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 1	Brian London	Indianapolis	KO 11
	(Retained World Heavyweight Title)		
June 26	Ingemar Johansson	New York	KO by 3
	(Lost World Heavyweight Title)		

1960

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
June 20	Ingemar Johansson	New York	KO 5
	(Regained World Heavyweight Title)		

1961

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 13	Ingemar Johansson	Miami Beach	KO 6
	(Retained World Heavyweight Title)		
Dec. 4	Tom McNeeley	Toronto	KO 4
	(Retained World Heavyweight Title)		

1962

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 25	Sonny Liston	Chicago	KO by 1
	(Lost World Heavyweight Title)		

1963

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
July 22	Sonny Liston	Las Vegas	KO by 1
	(For World Heavyweight Title)		

1964

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 6	Sante Amonti	Stockholm	KO 8
July 5	Eddie Machen	Stockholm	W 12
Dec. 12	Charley Powell	San Juan	KO 6

1965

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 1	George Chuvalo	New York	W 12
May 14	Tod Herring	Stockholm	KO 3
Nov. 22	Muhammad Ali	Las Vegas	KO by 12
	(For World Heavyweight Title)		

1966

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 20	Henry Cooper	London	KO 4

1967

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 13	Willie Johnson	Miami Beach	KO 3
Mar. 30	Bill McMurray	Pittsburgh	KO 1
June 9	Jerry Quarry	Los Angeles	D 10
Oct. 28	Jerry Quarry	Los Angeles	L 12
	(WBA Heavyweight Elimination Tournament)		

1968

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 14	Jimmy Ellis	Stockholm	L 15
	(For WBA Heavyweight Title)		

1969

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
	(Inactive)		

1970

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 15	Charlie Green	New York	KO 10

1971

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 16	Levi Forte	Miami Beach	KO 2
Mar. 29	Roger Russell	Philadelphia	KO 9
May 26	Terry Daniels	Cleveland	W 10
July 17	Charlie Polite	Erie	W 10
Aug. 21	Vic Brown	Buffalo	W 10
Nov. 23	Charlie Harris	Portland	KO 6

1972

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 11	Oscar Bonavena	New York	W 10
July 14	Pedro Agosto	New York	KO 6
Sept. 20	Muhammad Ali	New York	KO by 7
	(For NABF Heavyweight Title)		

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
64	55	8	1	40

"You're welcome," he said.

"Floyd, you were terrific," Manny Spiro was saying. "That was absolutely terrific."

The whole thing had taken no more than fifteen minutes, but I was spent. I walked out into the sunlight and onto the terrace, with the weeds starting to grow between the cracked and uneven slates. Bill Mason, the sound engineer, had set up his recording equipment out there, with the cord to the microphone running through an open window, and he was still sitting there in front of his gear on a wooden folding chair.

"Wow!" he said. "What an interview!"

"It was all right," I said.

"All right?" he said. "Let me tell you something. I've been in this business for twenty years, and I've recorded everybody, including Presidents in the White House. I never recorded anything like that."

"That's Patterson," I said.

"When he told that story about the little girl dying in the hospital," Mason said, "I couldn't see him, but just sitting here with the headset on and listening—I'm telling you—tears were running down my cheeks."

They had signed up James Cagney to host the program, and I could remember him dying on the church steps in *The Roaring Twenties*, his body riddled with the submachine gun bullets that had spewed out of the black limousine as it came around the corner, sliding and careening across the screen, while I sat, a teenager, in the Proctor's theater, gripped and hollow-sad. I could remember him, dead and bound like a mummy and propped against his mother's front door, falling forward onto the floor in *Public Enemy*, and now the teenager still in me found it almost absurd that he should be reading lines I had written.

"Patterson's great in the interview," he had said, after we had shown him and Robert Montgomery in a screening room on Broadway the rushes of what we had shot in the camps, "but can he lick the other guy?"

Between reels, while we waited for the projectionist to change over, we had talked about fights and fighters he remembered, and I had found that he has what I call the ability to read fights. It is like the ability to read writing, when the writing is worthy of it—not just what a writer says, but what he doesn't say and what he implies. Reading fights is not just reading the punches, which are obvious, but it is reading between the punches, the styles and the thinking or what each fighter should be thinking, to set up what he has to say while silencing the other.

"He can lick him if he fights him right," I had said. "All he has to worry about is that one punch, the right hand."

"It's some right hand," Cagney had said, "and the way Patterson comes up out of his crouch he bobs right up into it."

Alvin Boretz had shown me how, filming Cagney in the studio, we could interpolate him into the interviews, and then I had had to convince Jack Dempsey to give Patterson a chance. For the last segment of the program I had wanted Dempsey and Joe Louis, the

dream match, with Dempsey picking Johansson and Louis explaining how Patterson could beat him. Someone at the advertising agency, or perhaps the sponsor, had discovered, however, that Louis was associated with an advertising firm that represented an account in Castro's Cuba, and so they had turned down Joe, who had defended his title without pay for Army and Navy relief and is one of the noblest of men any of us has known in sports, and they picked Gene Tunney.

"I like Johansson," Dempsey had said, when I had gone to see him in his Broadway restaurant about the segment on the show. We were sitting in one of the booths.

"I know," I said, "but Tunney picks Johansson. Let me tell you what I'd like you to say."

It was another absurdity. A small boy, his hair freshly shampooed and his mother insisting that he not go to bed before it had thoroughly dried, would come down the stairs to listen on the radio to "The Cliquot Club Eskimos," "The A & P Gypsies," or Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who called themselves "The Happiness Boys" when they broadcast from the Happiness Restaurant in New York, and later "The Interwoven Pair" when they advertised men's hose. The small boy, outpunched in the playground and scared in the street scrambles, would be wearing a heavy flannel bathrobe with an Indian blanket design on it, as he walked into the living room.

"Here he comes now!" his father would inevitably announce, and the boy would inevitably cringe inside. "Jack Dempsey!"

So I told Dempsey how I thought Patterson should fight it. If he worked inside Johansson's left jab, which in the first fight had set him up for Johansson's right, and if he kept firing left hooks while he turned it into a street fight and backed Johansson up, he could win it.

"That's right," Dempsey said. "If he does that, he could lick the Swede. I can say that."

After we had filmed Cagney in the studio, leading into the interviews and then with Dempsey and Tunney, someone had asked him to visit the two camps for some publicity still photos with the fighters. The next day, he and his friend Roland Winters drove into Patterson's camp where a half dozen of us were waiting.

"You have a picture over there on the wall," I said to Patterson now, sixteen years later, "of you with James Cagney and Roland Winters. That was taken for that TV program before the second Johansson fight when I interviewed you and Ingemar."

"That's right," he said. "I remember."

"After the picture-taking," I said, "the rest of us went to lunch at the inn in Newtown. You weren't having your meal then, but you came along and sat with us. You were at the end of the table, with Cagney on your right and me on your left. We talked awhile, and you were about to leave to work out, and that's when I asked you not to make the same mistake again."

"You did?" Patterson said.

"Sure," I said, thinking that he should remember this. "I said, 'Floyd, do yourself and me a favor. This guy has only one punch, the right hand. His jab isn't much, but it's just heavy enough to keep you in range for the right, so you've got to slip the jab, work on the inside, back him up and turn it into a street fight. None of these fellas from Europe, who have that stand-up continental style, can handle it when it's a street fight.' "

"Then," I was saying now, and I was up and demonstrating again as I had in the dining room at the inn, "I told you to finish every one of your combinations, every sequence of punches, with the left hook. I said, 'This is the most important point of all. When you finish with a right hand, and if you hurt him with it or back him up, it still leaves you over here on your left, and in line for his right. You've got to finish with the hook, every time, and I don't care if you don't even hit him with it. Even if you miss it, it will carry you over to your right and out of line of his right.' "

"That's correct," Patterson said now, sitting there and nodding. "That's right."

"So you said, 'But I'm not sure I can learn that, to always finish with the left.' I said, 'Of course you can. When you're shadowboxing, when you're sparring in the ring, finish with the hook. When you're running on the road, throw half-punches and finish with the hook. Keep telling yourself, 'Left hook. Left hook.' You've got to do that, because you'll be taking away his only punch and throwing your best one. You can learn it.' Then you said, 'I'll try.' "

He had shaken hands with us then, to go back to camp. I didn't tell him now what Cagney had said as soon as he left.

"Tell me something," Cagney said to me. "Who's been teaching that guy?"

"I remember," Patterson said now, "somebody telling me that about the left hook, but I forgot that it was you. Then I remembered I also got a letter from a man—I don't know who he was—and he told me to always double-jab."

"That was good advice," I said, "because Johansson liked to throw the right hand over your single jab. That was very good advice."

"And that was some hook I hit him with," Patterson said, a small smile of satisfaction crossing his face.

That night at the Polo Grounds, left hooks and the only anger he ever carried into a ring won the fight for Patterson. He had backed Johansson up from the start, working inside the jab, but he had been in and out of trouble a half dozen times when he had forgotten to finish his combinations with a hook. Only Johansson's inability to spot this and time him and saved Patterson, and then in the fifth round, with Johansson backing up again, he had let go a wide hook, that was more a leaping swing. Johansson's back was to his own corner, and when he went down he landed on his rump and then his head hit the canvas and he lay there, his right leg twitching and the blood coming out of his mouth, for what seemed like ten minutes, while I feared for him, and before they dared move him back to his corner and prop him up on the stool.

When I next saw Patterson he was going into training for the third Johansson fight the following March in Miami. I asked him how he had felt after he had won the title back.

"When I left the Polo Grounds," he said, "the promoters had a car and chauffeur waiting for me. I was sitting in the back seat alone, and when we drove through Harlem and I saw all the people celebrating in the street I felt good."

"You should have," I said. "There'd been nothing like it since Louis knocked out Billy Conn."

I meant there had been nothing like it for the Negro race in this country, and this will show you how far we have come. In the summer of 1936 I worked with a mixed gang on the railroad tracks that run through the Bronx and into Manhattan, and the day after Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis, Joe's people, so expectant and exuberant the day before, worked all day in saddened silence. Then, after Louis had knocked out Schmeling in two minutes and four seconds in their second fight, I had read about the all-night celebration in Harlem, and I had seen some of it after the second Conn fight and after Patterson had knocked out Johansson. And we have all come so far that there has been nothing like it since.

"Then I thought about Johansson," Patterson had said, describing that ride through Harlem. "I thought how he would have to drive through here, too, and then he would have to go through what I went through after the first fight. I thought that he would be even more ashamed than I was because he'd knocked me out the first time. Then I felt sorry for him."

"Do you think," I had asked him, "that you can call up the same kind of anger and viciousness the next time you fight Johansson?"

"Why should I?" he had said. "In all my other fights I was never vicious, and I won out in almost all of them."

"But you had to be vicious against this guy," I had said. "You had to turn a boxing contest into a kind of street fight to destroy this guy's classic style. When you did that, he came apart. This was your greatest fight, because for the first time you expressed emotion. A fight, a piece of writing, a painting, or a passage of music is nothing without emotion."

"I just hope," Patterson had said, "that I'll never be as vicious again."

He never was, in his third fight with Johansson, when he was on the floor himself before he knocked Johansson out, or in the two each with Liston and Ali, when anger translated into viciousness might have given him the only chance he had. In what is the most totally expressive of the arts, for it permits man to vent and divest himself of his hatred and his anger, deplorable though they may be, he had delivered his finest performance when he held himself to be out of character, or at least the character he has tried always to assume. ■

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VETERAN BOXERS' BEAT

SAMMY MARKOWITZ, FORMER FISTIC great of the 20's was recently presented the Humanitarian Award of the Community Mayors of New York State. Sammy, who is the Community Mayor of Borough Park, Brooklyn, N.Y., was named "Man of the Year" at a dinner held recently at the Waldorf Astoria. Sammy Markowitz was honored for his outstanding contributions and deeds of charity on behalf of the handicapped.

On Saturday, May 2, 1981, the International Veteran Boxers Association Ladies Auxiliary will hold their 7th Annual Dinner and Dance at Biase's Restaurant, 451 Bloomfield Ave., Newark, N.J. This year they will honor Jackie Lotz, Phil LaMotta, Pete Smith, Linda Mitchell and, yours truly, Charlie Spina.

Bobby Ruffin, the one-time classy lightweight boxer who fought from 1938 to 1948, recently celebrated his 60th birthday this past January 4th. Bobby is employed as a security guard by the First Boston Corp. at 20 Exchange Place on Wall St., N.Y.C. He lives in Nassau County, New York and has spent the past 26 years in a home which he bought for his parents during his boxing years . . . Bobby's father, who fought under the name Teddy Hubbs, battled the best in his division, including names like Benny Leonard, Frankie Fleming, Johnny Shugrue, Knockout Brown, Kid Julian, Irish Patsy Kline and many others in a career of close to 200 bouts . . . Bobby Ruffin also boxed the best in his class, being somewhat of a fistic flash with his slambang punching style in his bouts with Johnny Greco, Allie Stolz, Terry Young, Beau Jack, Tippy Larkin, Bob Montgomery, Ike Williams, Sammy Angott, Chalky Wright, Sal Bartolo, Richie Lemos, Mike Belloise and many others. Ruffin fought nine men who were world champions at one time or another, including a 20-round bout with Bobby McIntiyre in New Orleans, March 17, 1943, winning by a KO in the 17th round. It was the last twenty-round bout in America . . . A great competitor with many fans, Bobby was visited by the late Al Jolson, who sang the song "Sonny Boy" to him while Bobby was training in Pompton Lakes, N.J. Bobby is also a friend of noted boxing historian Angelo Sinito.

The officers for 1981 of International Veteran Boxers Assoc., Ring 107, Province, R.I. are: *President*—Dom De Ciantis; *Vice President*—Joe Gomes; *2nd Vice President*—Jack Amado; *Secretary*—Al Costa; *Treasurer*—Martin J. Taber, Jr.; *Legal Counsel*—John Quattrochi, Jr.; *Chairman of Committees*—Al Provost; *Publicity*—Warren Walden and Tex Jordan; *Sgt. at Arms*—Joe De Piro and John DeCiantis; *Life Member*—Tony Costa.

Norman Genet, the former "Barberton Iron Man", was inducted into the Barberton Hall of Fame on Nov. 26, 1980, in Barberton, Ohio. He fought in the 20's and 30's throughout the U.S. and in Africa, Canada, and Mexico. On Oct. 26, 1924, he boxed Jack Dempsey in an exhibition bout in Buffalo, N.Y. He was managed by Harold J. Walsh. Norman is 80 years old now and still lives in Barberton, Ohio with his wife.

Danny Jo Perez, ex-lightweight contender from the 50's, now living in Northvale, N.J., is an ironworker by trade and also operates the "Danny Jo's Boxing Club", teaching private and semiprivate boxing lessons. The address of his gym is: 400 Briarwood Lane, Northvale, N.J. 07647.

Vince Cala, veteran fight promoter from Baltimore, is now recuperating from a major operation at Good Samaritan Hospital in Baltimore, Md. God speed, Vince.

The members of VBA Ring 4, Boston, sent a letter to President Reagan thanking him for his recent communication and advising the President that he had been unanimously elected a Life Member of Ring 4 . . .

Didya know that? Al Hostak, former middleweight champ, was also the Washington State Class B Horseshoe Pitching Champion in the 1960s? And, for some 15 years now, he has been working as a security guard at the Longacrew Race Track in Renton, Washington . . . Melio Bettina, ex-175-pound king, now works for Foothill Motors Corp, a Chrysler-Plymouth dealer in Beacon, N.Y., where Melio has been living for many years . . . Johnny Wilson, the oldest living former world champion, celebrated his 88th birthday this past March 23rd . . . Frankie Scire, Veteran mitt-slinger and a member of Ring 4, Boston, was a silver medal winner in the 1920 Olympics . . . Ben Jeby, the former middleweight champ, is very high on his 18-year-old protege Lavy McKeever, a 135-pound Golden Glover, whom Ben hopes will soon turn pro . . . And ditto for Nickie Gerard's furture champ, middleweight Irish Jimmy McGovern, who will make his pro debut this coming May . . .

Joe Herman of San Francisco, Calif., sends word that old-timer King Tut is ailing. Well wishers can send get-well cards to: Henry Tuttle, Elm Havendone, 6940 Pacific Ave., Stockton, Calif. 95207 . . . Paolo Rosi, one time slam-bang lightweight contender from Rieti, Italy—who thrilled many fans here in the United States in fights with men like Orlando Zulueta, Joe Brown, Flash Elorde, Johnny Busso, Bobby Scanlon, Lulu Perez, Frankie Ryff, Carlos Hernandez and many others—now lives in Stamford, Conn., with his wife and three children. Paolo commutes daily from his home in Stamford to Kennedy Airport in Queens, N.Y., where he works in the commissary division. During his off-duty hours Paolo works with Stamford's underpriviledged youngsters, where he is actively campaigning to secure a gymnasium for them . . . Freddie Steele, one-time claimant of the middleweight title in the thirties, is gamely fighting the effects of a stroke. Word comes that Steele, age 68, is in a hospital in Aberdeen, Washington. God speed, Champ.

Former Hell's Kitchen welterweight Tony Tufo is now living in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Tony was recently discharged from the Saratoga Hospital after a long illnes and is now recuperating and coming along fine. Tufo, when he was fighting, trained at Billy Grupps Gym, at 116 St. between 8th and 9th Aves. in N.Y.C. during the 30's and is well remembered for his war with Luther "Slugger" White, Steve Riggio, Indian Hurtado and Irish Eddie Brink. Tony Tufo wishes to be remembered to all his friends in both Rings 8 and 30 of New York . . .

BY CHARLIE SPINA AND HARRY WARREN

RED ALL OVER

BY RED SMITH

DA PREEM

JULY 30, 1946—PRIMO CARNERA, WHO WAS the world's most beautiful, most ferocious and most talented heavyweight champion in the era between Jack Sharkey and Max Baer, came back to town. And when you walked into his room at the Commodore Hotel it was like stripping fifteen years off the calendar.

Nothing had changed except the stage management since the days when this snaggle-toothed and amiable ogre was a bigger attraction in the provinces than an obsolete whale on a flatcar. In those days he wouldn't have just one hotel room; an entire floor was needed to house all the pieces of him and all such owners of the pieces as Honest Bill Duffy and Good-Time Charley Friedman and Leon See and the others who trailed at his heels with their chisels bared, guzzling the contraband of prohibition and contributing monstrous lies toward the greatest build-up a fist fighter ever had.

Coming from his home in Sequals, Italy, to tour as a wrestler and wrestling referee, Primo was untroubled by crowds. He was found having a quiet beer with his brother, Severino, and his brother's wife, who live in Newark. He looked exactly as he did when he was called the Ambling Alp by practically everybody except Bill McGeehan, who called him the Tall Tower of Gorgonzola.

The fist he extended in greeting still went twice around an ordinary hand; his ankles were thick as fence posts; his brown suede shoes could have been let for light housekeeping. His long, toothy face was unmarked save for a purple hump on his nose. He was either forty-one years old, as reported in the passenger list of the airline that brought him over, or thirty-six, as he said.

This was his first visit to the United States since 1938. He wasn't in the Italian forces during the war, he said. Too big. In fact, he did nothing but "sit and wait for you guys to come get us loose," his English as good as he wanted it to be.

"Didn't you have any business at home, Primo?"

"Oh, I work for myself some. Some wrestling. Some movies."

He had a little trouble explaining that he played character roles in Italian films. "Big guy, strong man, defending weak guys."

"Primo, did the mob leave anything for you when they got through cutting you up over here?"

His face darkened. "What do you mean?"

"Well, it was always said you got as bad a deal financially as any fighter."

He snorted. "They say so. I say no. I did all right."

He grinned again, dreamily. "There was so many money," he said. "There was money for everybody then."

"Would you take a good fight this trip if it was offered?"

"No. They said something about a bout with Buddy Baer. Not for me any more. I thank God I got out of fighting without a hurt, without a mark. I had more than four hundred fights, and for a heavyweight that is many. I started in 1928 and my last fight was three years ago. No more, ever."

"Not even for one big payday?"

"No, I would not care so much for that as for my health."

He wanted to stay here as long as permitted, at least six months, and was to start his wrestling tour in Los Angeles the following week. Harry Harris, of Los Angeles, wrote to Italy suggesting the tour and managed him. Primo wanted to know how Jack Dempsey was doing, whether Sharkey was fat, how Joe Louis looked against Billy Conn, whether it was true Max Baer and Maxie Rosenbloom were entertainers.

"How good is this Mauriello? As good as Galento?"

"Not so dangerous," he was told, "and not such a clown." He nodded. Then, switching the subject abruptly he asked whether it was true clothing was difficult to buy here?

"I need suits," he said. "I had many suits, one hundred. I gave them away for food." He picked up two photographs. "Food for the family." The pictures showed a hansome boy of seven in a lace-trimmed Fauntleroy suit and a pretty girl of three. Good-looking kids.

"Like their father," Primo said.

The talk turned to Louis again and Primo was asked if Joe, who beat him unmercifully, gave him his toughest fight.

"One of them," he agreed. "And that George Godfrey."

Oh, yes. George fouled out against you in Philadelphia."

"Yes. Oooh, he was a rough beggar. And taller than me."

As a matter of fact, the legend is that Godfrey was beating the whey out of Primo until a ringsider, unidentified, reasoned with George between rounds. But you don't bring up matters like that with Primo. After all, he *was* world champion and he had his pride. And, anyway, his accent became undecipherable when he was pressed for such details.

"What do you remember best about the old days, Primo? Any particular fight? And special fun?"

He rocked back in his chair, flexing his arms and smiling. "That is hard to say. There were so many fights. So many fun."

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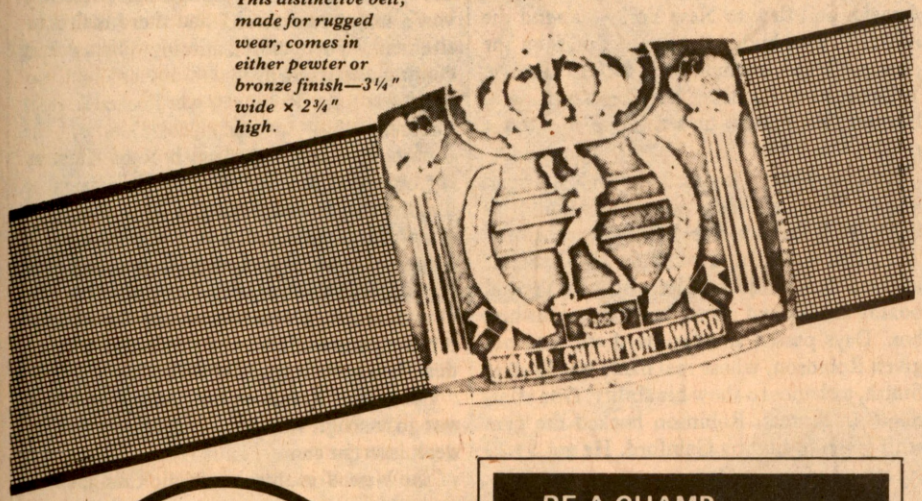

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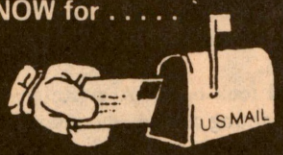

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LAST ROUND

GEORGE GAINFORD

GEORGE GAINFORD DIED ON MARCH 13 at 79. Nine days later, Hazel, his wife of 53 years, passed away. Gainford never was one to do things by halves. A large imperious man, he bestrode the boxing business for years, a vast personage whose booming voice and royal manner caused people to call him "The Emperor." Those who knew him well defined him as a good man with a common touch.

Not that he was a babe in the woods. In his time, Gainford had peered into every nook and cranny of the dark side of boxing, both pro and amateur, and knew every trick in the game. He used most of them to survive in the business. It was not easy being black, though beautiful, when he came out of Harlem in the late '30s and early '40s with fighters like Artie Towne and Coley Wallace and Sugar Ray Robinson.

For years, Gainford ran the amateur boxing program at the Salem-Crescent Club in Harlem. He produced one superb amateur boxer after another, but never realized his primary ambition.

"What I wanted all the time I was with the amateurs," Gainford once told a boxing man, "was to coach the U.S. Olympic team. I never made it. Them days it didn't happen that way. If you were black, you didn't have a shot."

What he made, however, was a place for himself among the professionals. His role as Robinson's manager was nebulous, all clouded over by deals Sugar Ray made with various other operators who were granted pieces of his contract. But this did not seem to bother Gainford, who went along training Sugar Ray with the same fidelity and earnestness he had when he first brought the kid down from Harlem in 1940.

In 1952, writing in a nationally distributed magazine, Robinson said of Gainford, "He's a man who knows more about boxing than anybody else I know." The reference was pried loose from Sugar Ray's ego by the recital of the origin of his nickname.

"Right here," Robinson said in the article, "I should tell you how I got to be called Sugar Ray Robinson. It was a fight in Watertown, New York, and I won. When Mr. Gainford was leading me down the stairs, a newspaper man up there looked at me and said to Mr. Gainford, 'That's a sweet fighter you got there.' Mr. Gainford said, 'Right, mister. This here fighter's sweet. Sweet as sugar.' I felt good hearing Mr. Gainford say that."

When Robinson learned of Gainford's death, the old fighter grabbed a plane in Los Angeles and flew to New York to attend the funeral. "Old buddy," he told a man on the phone, "I had to come back for old George. Without him, I'd never have been a thing in boxing. Old buddy, he's the one that made me."

Robinson met Gainford through a friend named Warren Jones, who was Gainford's nephew. Robinson was 14, tall and skinny, and when Gainford saw him for the first time at the Salem-Crescent Club, he gave the kid boxing trunks and shoes, but did not let him box. Days passed and Gainford still had not given Robinson, whose real name was Walker Smith, a chance to show his ability. One afternoon, in disgust, Robinson hocked the gym stuff given to him by Gainford. He got $3.20 for it.

A year later, Robinson was caught shooting dice on the stoop of the African M.E. Church in Harlem. The Reverend Cullen grabbed him and took him down to the church basement, where the Salem-Crescent Club had its gym.

Gainford took one look at Robinson, put him into fighting clothes, and tossed him into the ring. "Show me if you can fight," Gainford said. Robinson moved with natural grace and impressed Gainford. "You can fight, Smitty," he told Robinson, "but you are too young. You'll have to wait."

The kid was only 15, but he pleaded with Gainford. "I want to be a fighter," he said. "Can't wait. I need money." Gainford relented and said it would be all right for Robinson to come to the gym daily, but almost immediately Robinson disappeared again.

A few weeks later, Gainford found the kid in a poolroom in Harlem. He slapped Robinson around. "Don't you play 'round with me," Gainford yelled. The next day the kid was back in the gym.

"I remember that like it happened last week," Robinson said a few days after Gainford's funeral. "I thought I'd get rich fast by boxing, but I didn't know there was so much work in it. George made me change my mind about hard work. He just ran my ass off. Old buddy, I never told him how much I liked him. People say I was a great fighter. I say Gainford was a great trainer. But I never told him that, not to his face, like I never told Harry Wiley, who trained me with George, how much I liked him and how good he was, too."

If for no other reason, Gainford will be remembered in boxing for propounding "Gainford's Law." This intellectual contribution to the sport was made at a time when Sugar Ray was a major gate attraction, after his first retirement, when closed-curcuit TV was just coming into its own.

At that time, Robinson was booked to fight Carmen Basilio, and Jim Norris, the promoter, made a deal with Nate Halpern, the owner of Theatre Network Television, to handle the closed-curcuit TV of the fight. Gainford complained that it was a bad deal. Moreover, he and Robinson insisted that Irving Kahn—who was moving into the closed-circuit TV field with the Teleprompter company—offered the promotion a better deal then the one made with TNT.

For a time, Robinson insisted that he would not go through with the bout if Kahn was not dealt into the game. Julius Helfand, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, summoned all the parties to a hearing on the matter.

In the course of that meeting, an official of Norris's International Boxing Club proudly proclaimed that, under TNT's exclusive promotion of the closed-circuit TV portion of the Robinson-Basilio bout, more than 500,000 seats would be available in the theatres.

Gainford rose to his full height of six feet, three inches, with a displacement of some 240 pounds, and in a booming voice proclaimed: "Mr. Chairman, it don't count how many seats you got. What counts is how many asses you got in them seats."

There was widespread laughter in the hearing room. Against that rollicking wave Norris's case was smashed. Robinson got his way. Teleprompter got a piece of the deal. And Gainford's Law was indelibly inscribed into the history books.

Gainford managed many fighters,—like Danny (Bang Bang) Womber, a welter-middleweight of the '40s and early '50s—but none came close to Robinson in quality or magnetism. Still, he had some pretty good ones to offer the matchmakers who liked to do business with Gainford because he was, from their point of view, a man of his word. Once he told a matchmaker that a certain fighter was capable of doing this or that, the matchmaker could go to sleep on the proposition. "He never went back on his word," a veteran matchmaker said a day or so after Gainford's death. "He was a boxing man through and through."

BY BARNEY NAGLER

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